OCTOBER 1931

The American MERCURY

Edited by H·L·MENCKEN

THE BLACK BELT OF THE CARIBBEAN
Carleton Beals

PALADIN OF THE DRYS — *W. J. Cash*
AMERICANS IN THE SOUTH SEAS — *Robert Dean Frisbie*
THE MAKING OF A WOWSER — *Benjamin DeCasseres*
EXTRA GANG — *H. L. Davis*
A DEATH IN THE FAMILY — *Joel Sayre*
THE DEVIL WAS IN IT — *James Southall Wilson*
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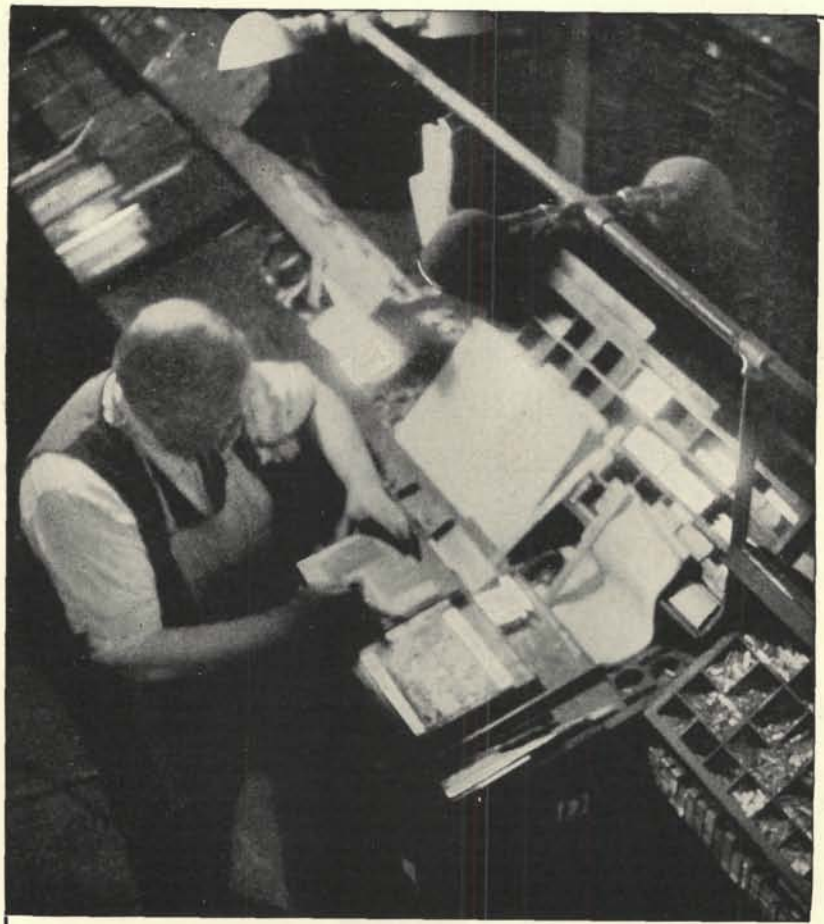

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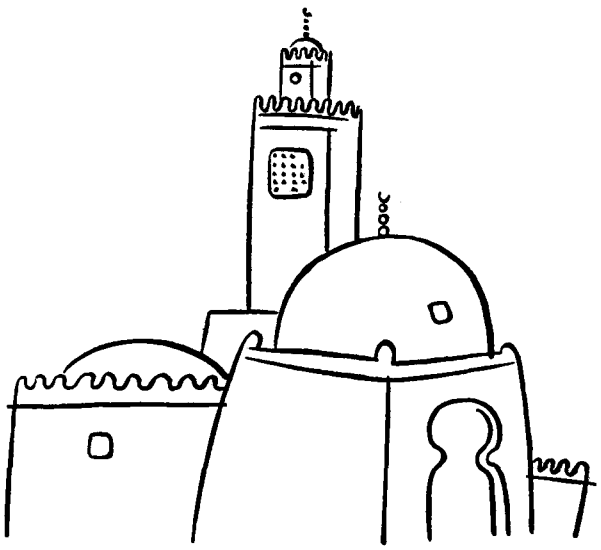

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT.
By Paul H. Douglas & Aaron Director. *The Macmillan Company*
$3.50 8⅞ x 5¾; 505 pp. *New York*

After reviewing the causes and extent of unemployment in the United States in a very thorough manner Dr. Douglas and Mr. Director present a plan for insurance against it. They propose that it include "all manual workers in industries other than agriculture employed by employers who have three or more workmen on their payrolls, and all clerical workers whose full-time salary is less than $2000 a year". They believe that the insurance fund should be administered by "a joint board representing the accredited organizations of workers and employers, with a chairman representing the state." This board should also manage the public employment offices. The benefits should be "appreciably less than the wages the worker could earn at his work." The authors discuss a number of possible objections to their plan, and argue that it would not set up a dole. They believe that its costs could be met by assessments running to between 3% and 4% of the average payroll. Dr. Douglas is professor of economics at the University of Chicago, and Mr. Director is an instructor there, but their inquiry was undertaken under the auspices of Swarthmore College. Their book is heavily documented, and has an index. There is an introduction by President Frank Aydelotte of Swarthmore.

UNITED STATES POSTAL POLICY.
By Clyde Kelly. *D. Appelton & Company*
$2 8¼ x 5⅜; 321 pp. *New York City*

This is a useful book. It traces the history of the postal system in the United States from the earliest times down to the present, and has separate chapters on such things as postal rates, free mails, postal personnel, and postal finances. Unfortunately, Mr. Kelly, who is a member of Congress from Pennsylvania and member of the Post-Office and Post-Roads Committee of the House, has almost nothing to say about the attempts made by the postal authorities to regulate the reading of the public. The postal service has seldom paid its way. In 1930 it cost the government $98,000,000, or one-fortieth of the total Federal expenditure for the same year. In 1931 the cost will be much higher, for fewer letters and parcels have been sent through the mails on account of the depression. Mr. Kelly is strongly against raising the postal rates, now or at any other time, to make the service self-supporting. The money spent on it, he holds, "is not a liability but an investment, the dividends being just as substantial as though they were paid in cash. There is not a business in America whose income is not due in considerable measure to the postal service." A chronology of postal history and an index are appended.

THE BACKGROUND OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.
By Charles Hodges. *John Wiley & Sons*
$5 9¼ x 6⅛; 743 pp. *New York*

Dr. Hodges, who is associate professor of politics at New York University, here attempts a brief survey of the political and economic forces that have brought the world to the mess it is in today. He takes up such things as economic nationalism, modern imperialism, the growing influence of the press, the rôle of diplomacy in world affairs, and the growing cost of national armaments. His aim, apparently, is to exhort rather than instruct. He presents few figures or other facts. Here are three typical pronouncements: (a) "World forces do not yield to emotion; knowledge only can control the destiny of peoples today"; (b) "The need for the limitation of armaments, sea, land and air, challenges us as a social question"; and (c) "Peace is a state of mind —not a political institution." He relies a great deal on the writings of E. A. Filene and Walter Lippmann. There are many illustrations and a bibliography. The index, which takes up only seven pages, is too brief.

RUSSIA & THE SOVIET UNION IN THE FAR EAST.
By Victor A. Yakhontoff. *Coward-McCann*
$5 9¼ x 6⅛; 454 pp. *New York*

General Yakhontoff was military attaché at the Imperial Russian Embassy in Tokyo, and assistant secretary of war under Kerensky. He has been in the United States, off and on, since 1925, and has lectured at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, at the Institute of International Relations of the University of Southern California, and at several American universities. He is plainly a man of wide learning and of impartial mind. His present book is the first full length study of Russia's activities in the Far East from the earliest times, and is a useful reference work. It is well written and heavily documented. "It is quite obvious," he says, "that the

Continued on page vi

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

question of the peace of the Far East rests with the fate of China now no less than fifteen years ago." Since the World War China has betrayed more and more her bitterness against the Western Powers that have plundered her. In the last fourteen years the only friendly country she has found has been Soviet Russia, which, "patiently enduring abuses and even humiliations in order not to fall a prey" to deliberate provocations, "has become actually a factor for peace in the Orient." Russia has no need for further territorial expansion, she has no need for the raw materials of her Asiatic neighbors, and it is to her interest not to participate in any wars. There are a chronology, a bibliography, an index, and two maps.

THE SACCO-VANZETTI CASE.
By Osmond K. Fraenkel. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9⅜ x 6; 550 pp. *New York*

The complete record in the Sacco-Vanzetti case has been published in six large volumes, and there are several briefer works which profess to give the substance of it. But none other is so carefully and impartially done as this one. After a preliminary narrative of the whole case Mr. Fraenkel describes the trial, the various appeals, and the final sentence of death, and then proceeds to subject each step to a thorough analysis, with copious quotations from the record. Here he includes not only the stenographic report of the actual trial, but also the arguments and decisions on the eleven ensuing motions, the evidence before the Lowell committee, its report, and that of Governor Fuller. At all hotly disputed points he gives the record in detail, and is especially careful to quote it when it runs against the two defendants. His verdict at the end is that the case against them was not sufficient to convict them, that Judge Webster Thayer was guilty of gross and damaging prejudice, and that the Lowell committee carried on its inquiry in an unsatisfactory manner. He inclines to believe that the murders for which the two men were executed were actually committed by the Morelli gang, and that the confession to that effect by Celestino Medeiros was substantially true. The author is a member of the New York bar. The volume belongs to the series of American Trials, edited by Samuel Klaus.

AMERICA, WE NEED YOU.
By E. Müller-Sturmheim.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$1.75 8 x 4¾; 142 pp. *Boston*

Who Herr Müller-Sturmheim may be is not very clear: on the slip-cover of his book he is spoken of simply as a "distinguished German economist and newspaper man." There is no mention of him in "Wer Ist's", the German "Who's Who". His book was apparently written before the present depression began, and so he is very enthusiastic about the future of the United States. He believes that the policy it followed during the late war and after was wholly idealistic, and that Woodrow Wilson was a great seer. He compares Henry Ford to Gandhi, and says that "only a nation with a strong feeling for justice" could produce a statesman like the late Secretary Kellogg. His book, in general, will provide the more intelligent sort of Americans with some innocent amusement. It makes a good foil for Georges Duhamel's "America the Menace". The translation is by Elizabeth Houghton.

CRITICISM

CREATIVE POETRY: *A Study of its Organic Principles.*
By R. Roland Lewis. The Stanford University Press.
$5 9¼ x 6⅜; 399 pp. *Stanford University, Calif.*

The literature in English on the technique and philosophy of poetry has been, in the main, rubbish. Even the writings on the subject by such critics as Coleridge, Hazlitt, Saintsbury and Poe have been generally superficial. The present book by Dr. Lewis, who is professor of English at the University of Utah, has, for all its deficiencies, at least the merit of tackling the real problems of poetical composition. Poetry, to him, "is the rhythmic expression in rhythmic language of rhythmic poetic emotions." Its ideas are purely emotional ones, and to judge them by intellectual standards is to misunderstand the essence of the poetic impulse. The central emotional idea behind a poem can always be detected in its "organic rhythm, . . . its singleness of rhythmic unity." Organic rhythm is different from metre, which may enhance it or retard it. The poetic emotion, like all other emotions, is probably the result of impeded muscular activity. The highly sensitive man will always experience such impediment, for his imagination is forever leaping beyond objective reality. Poetry is thus a safety-valve for the poet—and for the public, too, for what the poet experiences *in extenso*, his less gifted readers experience *in petto*. To say that the poet is effeminate and of feeble mind is to say an untruth. His work demands "the strength of maturity and the courage of conviction." There is an index. Bibliographical notes appear throughout the book.

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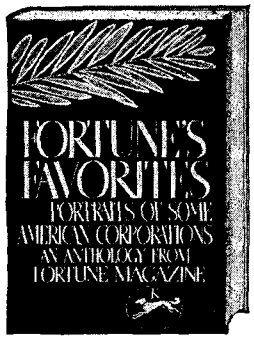

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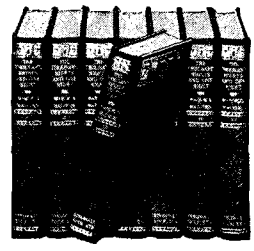

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Continued from page vi

MAKERS OF EUROPE.
By Robert Seymour Conway.
The Harvard University Press
$1.25 9¼ x 5¾; 89 pp. *Cambridge*

Dr. Conway, the well-known classical scholar, here deals with the four Romans "who left their mark most deeply on Western civilization as a whole," namely, Caesar, Cicero, Horace and Virgil. To the last three, he says, "our debt is wholly good." About Caesar he is not so sure. He thinks he lacked humor, was without sympathy with individuals, and was frequently ruthlessly severe in his political and military dealings.

RELIGION

THE FAITH OF A MORALIST.
By A. E. Taylor. *The Macmillan Company*
$10.50 8½ x 5⅜; 2 vols.; 437+437 pp. *New York*

Dr. Taylor, who was professor of moral theology at St. Andrew's until 1924 and now holds the same chair at Edinburgh, is well known both as a metaphysician and as a writer on ethics. In the present book, which is made up of the Gifford lectures for 1926-28, he combats the common assumption that the speculations of theologians must be carried on within the limits of what philosophers define as sound thinking. Divinity, he argues, is as distinct from metaphysics as it is from science, and must be permitted to conduct its operations according to its own criteria of truth. "In the last resort," he says, "the *raison d'être* of any fact must be a value". Dr. Taylor covers a great deal of territory, and his discourse is often laborious. Nevertheless, his two volumes have a great deal of interesting matter in them, and persons with a taste for theorizing will find them suggestive and instructive. They are heavily documented, and each has an index.

A MONUMENT TO SAINT AUGUSTINE.
By M. C. D'Arcy & Others. *Lincoln MacVeagh*
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅝; 367 pp. *New York*

There are ten essays in this collection, which is issued in commemoration of Augustine's fifteenth centenary. The authors are mainly Catholic clergymen, and chief stress is laid on the metaphysical aspects of the great bishop's writings. Perhaps the most interesting of the essays is the one by Bernard Roland-Gosselin on the Augustinian moral system. It presents a very clear statement and defense of the central doctrine that "our nature tends naturally to God" and that the faithful "are morally obliged to love Him." Among the other topics discussed are the relations of Augustinism to Humanism, to mysticism, and to the Thomistic philosophy. Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., supplies a brief sketch of the life and character of St. Augustine, and Christopher Dawson describes the background of his time. The volume is to be followed by a second dealing with Augustine as theologian and ecclesiologist. It is only sparsely documented, but has a good index.

THE PROBLEM OF RIGHT CONDUCT: *A Text-Book of Christian Ethics.*
By Peter Green. *Longmans, Green & Company*
$2.50 7¼ x 4¾; 296 pp. *New York*

In his preface Canon Green points out that text-books of Christian ethics, at least in English and from the Protestant standpoint, are relatively rare. His own meets ordinary needs very well. There is no sign in it of a new thinking out of any important problem, but what is generally believed is set forth clearly and succinctly, and it is supported by plausible reasoning. The author is a vegetarian, but he does not believe that meat eating is immoral. He is against capital punishment, but holds that, for the present, it is probably expedient. He favors free conscience and free speech, but shows that there are bounds beyond which they may not go. He is disposed to liberalize divorce, but about birth control he is somewhat cagey. He is canon residentiary of Manchester (England), and the author of many books. The present volume includes a useful bibliography and a good index.

HISTORY

LIBERALISM IN MEXICO.
By Wilfrid Hardy Callcott.
The Stanford University Press
$5 9 x 6⅛; 410 pp. *Stanford University, Calif.*

Dr. Callcott, who is professor of history at the University of South Carolina, makes no pretensions that his book covers the history of Mexico from the earliest times. He is concerned chiefly with the state-church struggle and with the gradual democratization of the country since the Constitution of 1857, the Mexican Magna Charta. His discussion is chronological in order, and deals with the various administrations from that of Juárez to that of Portes Gil. The narrative is in the form of straightforward reporting, very little burdened with opinion. There are numerous illustrations, a comprehensive bibliography, and an index.

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Continued from page viii

THE PARIS COMMUNE.
By Edward S. Mason. *The Macmillan Company*
$5 8½ x 5½; 386 pp. *New York*

Immediately after the Paris Commune of 1871 Karl Marx and other Socialist prophets began to write of it as a purely Socialistic phenomenon, and to hail it as the first great battle in the war upon the *bourgeoisie*. Later on this view was attacked by non-Socialist historians, but of late the Russian Communists have revived it, and sought to win general acceptance for it. Mr. Mason, reviewing the evidence at length, finds that there is little support for it in the facts. "The Commune," he says, "was not essentially a Socialist movement. At the outset it recruited its adherents from another milieu, and, although at the end its strength had simmered down to a revolutionary group pretty thoroughly imbued with Socialism, its impetus and *raison d'être* are to be found in causes which lie outside the domain of Socialism. The war with Germany, the events of the siege, disgust with a strongly centralized and incompetent government, were of more decisive significance." Mr. Mason has gone to the sources and presents an impressive record.

PEACOCKS ON PARADE.
By Albert Stevens Crockett.
The Sears Publishing Company
$3.50 8⅝ x 5¾; 314 pp. *New York*

Mr. Crockett was a newspaper man in New York for many years, and later served as press-agent of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. He thus came into contact with most of the characters who figured in the life of the town during the gay days before Prohibition, and in the present volume he tells about them pleasantly, with many odd anecdotes. He also adds a number of tales with foreign scenes, for his newspaper work often took him abroad. Some of the celebrities who appear in his narrative are Diamond Jim Brady, Col. William D'Alton Mann of *Town Topics*, Col. Tom Ochiltree, John W. Gates, Col. John A. Cockerill, Col. Henry Watterson, Oscar of the Waldorf, James R. Keene, Henry C. Frick, Judge Elbert H. Gary, Daniel G. Reid, William M. Leeds, Harry Lehr, Daniel J. Sully and Charles T. Yerkes. There are interesting reminiscences of some famous events of the time—the Bradley-Martin ball, the Seeley dinner, and the invasion of New York by John Alexander Dowie. The book has eight full-page illustrations, but there is no index—a serious lack in such a record.

EUROPEAN ALLIANCES & ALIGNMENTS: 1871-1890.
By William L. Langer. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9½ x 6⅜; 509 pp. *New York*

This book deals with what might be called the Golden Age of European diplomacy. Modern nationalism, militarism, and imperialism were then born and developed, to plague the world ever since. Bismarck was in his glory, and the Triple Alliance and Triple Entente were formed. It was then that the seeds of the Great War were sown. The literature on the period is immense, but it is mainly in monographs, and most of them are in French, German or Italian. There has long been a need for a critical correlation of all this material, particularly the political and economic parts of it, and Dr. Langer, who is associate professor of history at Harvard, has filled that need admirably. He has taken into account the most recent writings, both domestic and foreign, and has covered the field as comprehensively as possible in the space of a volume. He writes very clearly and cautiously, and documents his statements fully. His book is a real contribution to American historical scholarship. There are brief bibliographies at the ends of the chapters, seven maps, and a good index.

UNDERWORLD & SOVIET.
By Vladimir Orloff. *The Dial Press*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅝; 274 pp. *New York*

Orloff comes from an aristocratic Russian-Polish family. He traveled extensively in his youth, and participated in the Russian-Japanese War. From 1905 to 1914 he served as a judge or prosecuting attorney in various States of the Russian Empire, and during the World War conducted numerous official inquiries into the graft that went on in the imperial army. For a time, after the Revolution of October, 1917, he worked as a lawyer for the Bolsheviks, but he was taken in by the preposterous Wrangel, and since then he has been giving "information" to American correspondents in Riga and Berlin. He also claims to be studying jurisprudence in the latter city. The present book is full of self-glorification. His stories, however, particularly those dealing with his relations with the notorious Boris Savinkoff and Dzerjinski, head of the Cheka, make very interesting and illuminating reading. He pays the latter the following compliment: "He was not to be bought for gold, ambition, or women." There is no index. The name of the translator is not given.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page ix

THE GREAT TREK.
By Owen Cochran Coy.
The Powell Publishing Company
$5 9⅜ x 6¼; 349 pp. *Los Angeles*

This is one of the most useful books on the Forty-niners in print. "The plan of the author has been to give an account of this [Western] movement as nearly as possible in the words of contemporaneous writers. Where a single narrative would not suffice to indicate the variety of hardships encountered or the diversity of routes followed, the diaries of several travelers have been pieced together in a sort of literary mosaic, preserving for the reader as much of the original narratives as possible." Much of the material thus used is here printed for the first time. There are three maps, several excellent illustrations by Franz Geritz, and a good index. Dr. Coy has been director of the California State Historical Survey Commission since 1925. He is also professor of history at the University of Southern California.

HIDDEN SPRINGS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. *Personal Memoirs of Katerina Breshkovskaia.*
Edited by Lincoln Hutchinson.
The Stanford University Press
$5 7⅞ x 5½; 369 pp. *Stanford University*

A WORLD CAN END. *A Chronicle of the Russian Revolution.*
By Irina Skariätina. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$3.50 8¾ x 6; 351 pp. *New York*

Mme. Breshkovskaia was born in 1844, the daughter of a wealthy Russian landowner. In 1873, at the age of twenty-nine, she "went to the people," as the phrase was in those days, and soon she found herself in Siberia, whither she was sent many more times before the revolution of March, 1917. In all those years she was looked upon by all radicals as the Mother of the Revolution. She was its great heart, and the mere mention of her name was enough to put new fire into the underground conferences of the rebellious *moujiks* and proletarians. A gentle and very sentimental woman, she put all her hope in Kerensky—who supplies a colorless foreword to her present book—, and when he surrendered to Lenin and Trotsky she fled to Prague, where she has been ever since. Her memoirs have appeared in English before, in one form or another, but it is useful to have them between boards. Irina Skariätina, formerly the Countess Irina Wladimirovna Keller and now Mrs. Victor F. Blakeslee, comes from one of the most celebrated lines of Russian nobility. With the Revolution her parents' possessions were confiscated, and her family was forced, for the first time in its history, to work for its bread. The greater part of her present book is in the form of a diary, in which she relates her experiences during the years 1917-1922, when she left for the United States, where she has lived ever since and where she has married. Her tale is not particularly illuminating historically, but it has its psychological value. Her book is illustrated, but has no index. The Breshkovskaia volume has an index.

LITERATURE

ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
By Mark Longaker.
The University of Pennsylvania Press
$5 9¼ x 6; 519 pp. *Philadelphia*

Biography in the modern sense was almost unknown in England before the Eighteenth Century. Despite the shining model of Plutarch's "Lives", which had been translated by Thomas North in 1579, the English biographers contented themselves with writing panegyrics, and even Isaak Walton, who introduced the innovation of using the correspondence of his subjects, was careful to suppress everything which showed them in an unfavorable light. But soon or late the realism that Pepys and Evelyn had got into their diaries was bound to show itself in biography, and this influence was presently supported by that of the lives of celebrated malefactors, so popular in the first days of the Eighteenth Century. There was thus a gradual approach toward honest dealing, and by the end of the century English literature had been enriched by many biographies which yet remain classics. Mr. Longaker's study shows a great painstaking, and is full of sound criticism and unfamiliar facts. It has good bibliographies and at the end there is an index.

HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.
By Francesco de Sanctis.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$7.50 8⅜ x 5⅝; 2 vol.; 972 pp. *New York*

De Sanctis was one of the potent forces in the fashioning of modern Italian thought, but he has been little heard of outside his own country. He was not only a critic of great penetration and fine originality, but also something of a politician, and on three differ-

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ent occasions he served as Minister of Education in the Kingdom of Naples. The present work, which begins with the primitive Italian poets of Sicily and ends with a brief glance at the literature of the first half of the Nineteenth Century, was published in 1870-71, but the present is the first English translation. It is more than a history of books; it also deals vividly with their authors, and paints in the unfolding background in a brilliant manner. The chapters on Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio are especially valuable, for they laid the foundations of modern Italian criticism, and greatly influenced both Giovanni Gentile and Benedetto Croce, the latter of whom provides a preface to the translation. The translator is John Redfern, and he has done his work very competently. There is a good index at the end of the second volume.

SOME RELIGIOUS ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.
By Rose Macaulay. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$1.25 7½ x 5; 160 pp. *New York*

The English-speaking peoples have been longer getting rid of religion than any other civilized race, and it still bulks very large, not only in their popular thinking but also in the cogitations of their intellectuals. In the present book, which is a reprint of her Hogarth lectures, Miss Macaulay goes back to the first days of English literature, and then traces the play of religious ideas in it down to the end of the Eighteenth Century. On the Continent, by 1800, unbelief had triumphed, and the battle was mainly between its factions, but in England the war was between parties that were, in theory at least, still Christian. Very few of the English skeptics, as Miss Macaulay shows, were Deists, and the only poet to take the plunge—and he went very gingerly—was Pope. Her book is small, but well ordered and interesting. It has an index of names.

SOCIOLOGY

BEHIND MUD WALLS.
By Charlotte Viall Wiser & William H. Wiser.
Richard R. Smith
$1.50 7¾ x 5⅛; 180 pp. *New York*

Mr. and Mrs. Wiser, who are American Presbyterian missionaries, went to Karimpur, a town of 800 souls on the North Indian plain, to make a study of the organization of a typical Indian village community. They have in preparation, it appears, a detailed report upon their findings; the present volume is simply a preliminary survey. They got into the good graces of the villagers by helping them in various difficulties, and so have a lot that is interesting to say. They have chapters on the leaders of the village, on the people of the lower castes, on the lives of the women and children, and on the work of the local government agents. The latter, as everywhere else in the world, appear to be mainly grafters. Mr. and Mrs. Wiser write in a tolerant and sensible manner, and their narrative is devoid of missionary libido. Their little book is illustrated with photographs, and at the end there is a useful glossary.

ECONOMIC EVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.
By Frederic Milner. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.75 7¾ x 5⅛; 451 pp. *New York*

Mr. Milner avoids economic theorizing as much as possible, and confines himself to a narrative of facts. He describes the organization of English agriculture, industry and trade at four stages of English history—the pre-Conquest era, the Middle Ages, the time from 1485 to 1760 (he calls it the Age of Nationalism), and the modern period. He is admirably succinct, and yet he leaves out little that is of importance. He is especially skillful in his treatment of such difficult matters as the origin of the English manor and the development of the guild system. He depends throughout upon secondary sources, but he uses them very intelligently, and has made a readable and valuable book. There are brief bibliographies at the ends of the different chapters. There is also a good index.

MAN'S OWN SHOW: CIVILIZATION.
By George A. Dorsey. *Harper & Brothers*
$5 9⅜ x 6⅛; 977 pp. *New York*

Dr. Dorsey died last March on the very day he finished the typescript of this book. If he had lived he might have revised it to some profit, for it is inconveniently diffuse and flabby as it stands. It is an attempt to cover the whole history of civilization. Beginning with a consideration of the characters of man as a domesticated animal, and of the origin and evolution of language, the family, religion and government, it proceeds to a discussion of the principal ancient civilizations, traces the rise and influence of Christianity, and then examines the dominant ideas and institutions of the present age. Human progress, the author argues, is greatly impeded by fixed ideas, and hence religion tends to be one of its chief obstacles. He believes, however, that the clergy still have an important part to play in history, and calls upon them formally to get rid of their barbaric superstitions and address themselves

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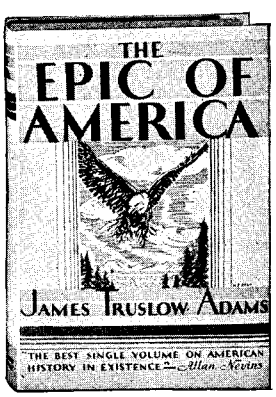

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to promoting "the endeavor toward understanding, the hunger for beauty, and the urge for justice". The greatest of these, he says, is justice. The author, an anthropologist, first came into general notice when he published "Why We Behave Like Human Beings".

MEXICO.
By Stuart Chase & Marian Tyler. *The Macmillan Company*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 338 pp. *New York*

In this study of two Americas Mr. Chase examines the culture below the Rio Grande, and propounds his thesis, to wit, "Not cash, but goods, indeed frequently not goods but happiness and peace of mind, is the prevailing Mexican desire. This centres values in innately valuable things, rather than in the artificial, unreal things—rows of figures, ink marks on ledgers, pieces of engraved paper—which govern us in the North. We have first to grope our way through this heavy litter of symbols to find life itself—and increasingly we never find it." This thesis he bolsters with a mass of data, gathered from various sources, including the recognized authorities upon Mexico (upon whom he draws rather heavily), and his own eyes and ears. His first-hand descriptions of the country have a good deal of charm, but his book, for all its color, is poorly assembled: there are whole chapters which might have been omitted in the interest of his main thesis, and others which would have gained by drastic cutting. Diego Rivera has done the many excellent illustrations; the book, which is very well turned out, contains a bibliography and an index.

BIOGRAPHY

FOUNDERS OF GREAT RELIGIONS.
By Millar Burrows. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 8¼ x 5¾; 243 pp. *New York*

Dr. Burrows is associate professor of Biblical literature and the history of religions at Brown University. His book is a collection of sketches of the lives of Lao-Tze, Confucius, Mahavira, Buddha, Zoroaster, Moses, Mohammed, Nanak, and Jesus. Wherever possible he tells the stories in the words of the original sacred books or translations of them. He makes little attempt to differentiate between fact and legend, for "a legend often reflects faithfully the real character of its hero." At the end he essays a brief comparative study of the different religions as expounded by their aforementioned founders. He has written a useful book for the general reader.

MAHATMA GANDHI: HIS OWN STORY.
Edited by C. F. Andrews. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7⅞ x 5¼; 372 pp. *New York*

Gandhi has written two autobiographies. The first, a large work, was first printed serially in an Indian paper, and has been reprinted in India in two volumes. The second, in one volume, deals with his adventures in South Africa. The present book is a composite of the two, with many omissions. It presents a picture of an earnest and unselfish, but extremely fanatical and unhumorous man. The central principle of his philosophy is the conquest of desire. He practises all sorts of ascetic rigors, and aims to reach the triple perfection of Satya, Ahimsa and Brahmacharya, *i.e.*, truth, non-resistance and chastity. "I must reduce myself," he says, "to zero". But despite this philosophy he still endeavors to impose his will upon the English overlords of his country, and has given them more trouble, in fact, than an army corps of armed rebels. His ideas must inevitably have a sickly, drug-storish flavor to most Occidentals. They vanished from the Western world with the pillar-saints. But there is no denying the tremendous sincerity of the man, despite his obvious inconsistencies. There is a preface to his book by C. F. Andrews, well known as a friend of Indian emancipation, and another by the Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes.

PLAIN ANNE ELLIS.
By Anne Ellis. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 265 pp. *Boston*

In "Plain Anne Ellis" Mrs. Ellis continues the chronicle begun with "The Life of an Ordinary Woman." This second volume opens when she has been some years a widow and is supporting her children by anything she can lay her hand to—taking in sewing, helping neighbors with odd jobs, cooking for construction camps, and electioneering for the office of county treasurer. Though it may lack some of the freshness of the first volume it is nevertheless an heroic story, particularly the chapters dealing with her fight, over a period of seven years, against asthma, and her struggles to get her first book published.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. *A Short Life of William Osler.*
By Edith Gittings Reid. *The Oxford University Press*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 299 pp. *New York*

Dr. Harvey Cushing's life of Osler, which appeared in 1925, is so admirable that it is likely to

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remain the standard biography of the celebrated physician for a long time. It is, however, somewhat too diffuse for the general reader, and so there is room for a briefer life. This want is supplied very well by Mrs. Reid's volume. She tells her story simply and effectively, and makes use of some material that was not available to Cushing, notably a number of letters. There are ten illustrations, including a portrait of Dr. Osler's only son, Revere, who was killed before Ypres in August, 1917. His distinguished father survived him by but little more than two years.

NELSON.
By Clennell Wilkinson.
Longmans, Green & Company
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅞; 322 pp. *New York*

The great admiral's story has been told often enough in the past, but nearly always in bulky tomes. Mr. Wilkinson does not pretend to have discovered any new information about the man. He has merely attempted to get all the important facts within the space of an ordinary novel, and he has succeeded admirably. He tells his story clearly and simply and yet with the proper ardor. There are many illustrations and an index.

LANGUAGE

CRUELTY TO WORDS.
By Ernest Weekley. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6⅜ x 4⅛; 94 pp. *New York*

Dr. Weekley, whose lexicographical works are well known and justly admired, here gives his eye to certain common errors in English—not among the untutored but among the ostensibly educated. He takes his examples from current books and magazines, and it is a pity that he identifies so few of them. Some specimens: "I wouldn't be surprised if she wasn't a spy . . . Three young players, each of whom have earned considerable distinction. . . . Everyone who believes what they say are eloquent. . . ." At the end Dr. Weekley prints a defense of the split infinitive.

THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN ENGLISH.
Edited by M. M. Mathews.
The University of Chicago Press
$2.50 8½ x 5⅜; 181 pp. *Chicago*

Most of the early observations upon the American dialect of English are long out of print, and hard to come by. This is true, for example, of the Rev. John Witherspoon's pioneer essays in the *Pennsylvania Journal*, and of David Humphrey's first American glossary. In the present volume Mr. Mathews gathers together a dozen or more of such documents and reprints them with notes. He has done his work very well, and his comments are shrewd and sound. It is to be hoped that he will do a second volume, made up of some of the things he here misses. There are a great many references to Americanisms in the books written by English travelers, and especially in those that came out before the Civil War. It would be interesting to make an exhaustive report upon them. All the locutions discussed in the present volume are listed alphabetically at the end.

THE STORY OF SURNAMES.
By William Dodgson Bowman. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.75 7⅜ x 4⅞; 280 pp. *New York*

Mr. Bowman concerns himself mainly with English surnames, but he also prints some observations on German, French, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, Jewish and American names, the last of which are of widely diverse origin and show many interesting changes. He makes good use of the investigations of Weekley, Harrison, Bardsley, Guppy, Searle and Skeat, and has put together a very instructive little book. One of his most valuable chapters deals with the surnames borrowed from the names of characters in the medieval miracle plays. At the end of the volume there is a complete alphabetical list of the surnames discussed in the text. They number nearly 2500.

TRAVEL

TRAILS TO INMOST ASIA.
By George N. Roerich. *The Yale University Press*
$7.50 9⅞ x 6½; 504 pp. *New Haven*

Beginning with the Spring of 1923 the Roerich Central Asian Expedition, under the direction of Nicholas Roerich, the Russian painter, spent five years traveling in the innermost parts of Asia, visiting numerous places that had not seen a white man for centuries. The director's son and colleague, George N. Roerich, an Orientalist of distinction, here gives a brief survey of the experiences and findings of the expedition, and the story he tells makes fascinating reading. He discovered a complete collection of the sacred books of the Bön-po religion, three hundred volumes in all, and he made the first com-

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plete dictionary of the different dialects of the local Mongol tribes in Tsaidam. His father painted nearly five hundred pictures of the sights encountered; they are now on permanent exhibition in the Roerich Museum, New York City. Louis Marin, president of the Society of Ethnography, Paris, author of the preface, says that the expedition "marks an important date in the history of Orientalism and represents a contribution of the first order to the conquests of civilization." There are numerous illustrations, a complete index, and a good map.

MOUNTAINS & MEN.
By Leonard H. Robbins. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5¾; 324 pp. *New York*

Using the words of the climbers themselves as much as possible Mr. Robbins here gives accounts of the conquests of the following mountain peaks: Kanchenjunga, Mount Godwin Austen, Mount McKinley, Aconcagua, Mount Erebus, Ruwenzori, Coropuna, the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, the Täschhorn, Mount Logan, Koshtantau, and Mount Everest. He argues that mountain climbing has "a spiritual side whose mysteries and beauties are little suspected by ordinary folks." The ancestor of all on earth today, he says, was a mountaineer, none other than Noah. "Another notable mountain figure of old . . . was Moses the Lawgiver, whose wise meditations among the stormy heights of Sinai produced the Commandments that rule a large part of humanity today." There are many illustrations and an index.

REPRINTS

THE DOCTOR & THE DEVIL, *or, The Midnight Adventures of Dr. Parkhurst.*
By Charles W. Gardner. *The Vanguard Press*
$1.50 7⅜ x 4⅞; 115 pp. *New York*

In February, 1892, Mr. Gardner, who was then in practise as a private detective in New York, was employed by certain Christian business men to take Dr. Parkhurst around the city at night, and show him the sights. The present volume is a record of their adventures. It was first printed in 1894, and is here reproduced with the original illustrations. As historians will recall, Dr. Parkhurst's nocturnal tours of the saloons, dance-halls and bawdy-houses of the time not only made excellent sermon material for him, and filled his church with shocked and fascinated Christians, but also led to the appointment of the celebrated Lexow Committee. This committee's labors filled the newspapers with first-page stuff for months on end, and resulted in the complete stamping out of gambling, prostitution and illicit liquor-selling in the town. New York, indeed, has been chemically pure ever since.

PLATO'S AMERICAN REPUBLIC.
By Douglas Woodruff. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6⅞ x 4¼; 116 pp. *New York*

This is the first volume in E. P. Dutton & Company's projected series of book revivals. It is the aim of the firm to reprint, every now and then, a book on its list which has been a consistent seller for at least five years. Mr. Woodruff's book was first published in the Fall of 1926, and was noticed in the Check List of New Books for December of that year. It is written in the form of a Platonic dialogue, and purports to tell what the philosopher might have said after a lecture tour in the United States. It is full of sharp humor and sound sense.

FICTION

COLORS.
By Remy de Gourmont. *The Panurge Press*
$5 8¼ x 5¾; 182 pp. *New York*

Dr. Isaac Goldberg here presents an excellent translation of Gourmont's highly exotic "experiment in æsthetics", first published in 1908, together with a critical introduction. The edition is limited to 1,000 copies, all printed on Italian rag paper.

SNUG HARBOUR.
By W. W. Jacobs. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 681 pp. *New York*

An omnibus volume containing representative stories of Mr. Jacobs, *i.e.*, "Easy Money", "Captains All", "The Old Man of the Sea", "Mixed Relations", "The Castaway", "The Persecution of Bob Pretty", "The Money-Box", "Back to Back," "For Better or Worse", and "Handsome Harry". Will Owen has done the numerous illustrations.

THE CHAMPION FROM FAR AWAY.
By Ben Hecht. *Covici-Friede*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 323 pp. *New York*

These thirteen stories, written during the past five years, are indicative of Mr. Hecht's best work, and the range, both in theme and treatment, is astonishingly wide. "Baby Milly and the Pharaoh" is a satire on Hollywood; "The Bull That Won" is the story of Pepe Santoya, a little Mexican bullfighter; "The American Kangaroo" is the hilarious description of a Florida realtor; "The Ax" is a crazy ver-

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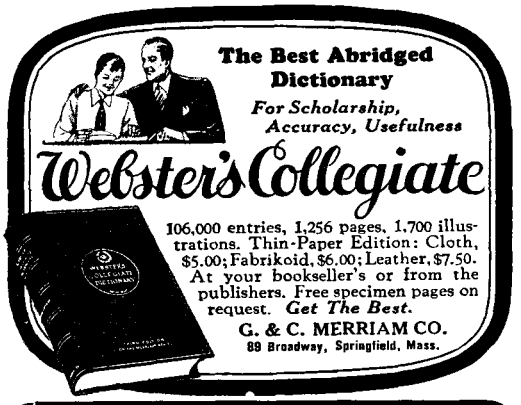

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sion of the murder of a landlady by her janitor; and the title story, "The Champion from Far Away" retails the fantastic career of Vanya Kovelenko, a Russian wrestler who "reared his six-feet-three" and was a "snorting dinosaur" when he got going.

SLEUTHS.
Edited by Kenneth Macgowan.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 595 pp. *New York*

Mr. Macgowan here presents twenty-three great detectives of fiction, and their most celebrated stories. They include such favorites as C. Auguste Dupin in "The Murders of the Rue Morgue", by Edgar Allan Poe; Sherlock Holmes in "Silver Blaze," by A. Conan Doyle; Craig Kennedy in "The Seismograph Adventure", by Arthur B. Reeve; Uncle Abner in "The Treasure Hunter", by Melville Davisson Post; Father Brown in "The Queer Feet", by Gilbert K. Chesterton; Mr. Fortune in "The Unknown Murderer", by H. C. Bailey; Jim Hanvey in "Homespun Silk," by Octavus Roy Cohen; J. G. Reeder in "The Treasure Hunt", by Edgar Wallace; and Detective Duff in "The Fogull Murder", by Harvey J. O'Higgins. There is a biographical sketch of each detective, prepared by Mr. Macgowan with the assistance of the authors, an introduction by Mr. Macgowan, and an excellent bibliography of detective fiction at the end.

BACKFIRE.
By Daniel Chase. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$2 7⅜ x 5; 300 pp. *Indianapolis*

A novel of the New England countryside with an unconvincing plot about a young rum-runner, and his exaggerated love-affair with bewitching, copper-haired Molly Bowditch. An undistinguished performance.

NEW ENGLAND HOLIDAY.
By Charles Allen Smart. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 272 pp. *New York*

Fourteen persons meet for a holiday at the home of a Unitarian minister and his wife, south of Boston, and recount their adventures, from their separate points of view, in as many chapters. There are five girls, seven young men, including T. Q. Morgan who organized the party, and the Rev. and Mrs. John W. Morgan, his parents, the hosts. Mr. Smart presents an interesting picture of New England youngsters, with their banalities, their posings, and their pseudo-sophisticated love-making, but his book is interlarded with tedious tracts with a decided collegiate flavor that have no bearing upon the story, and come close to destroying it in the end.

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SLOW SMOKE.
By Charles Malam. *Farrar & Rinehart*
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A tale of two generations in the Vermont hills, and the inevitable conflict between the Rev. Stanley Gregorson of the old order and his son Arthur, their tragic defeat of each other, and the birth of the old minister's grandson Homer, who is left to the care of people who will presumably let him go his own way. Mr. Malam, a young Rhodes scholar from Vermont, knows the background inside and out, and writes with some charm. This, his second novel, is published simultaneously with his first, "Upper Pasture," in England.

PERSONALS.
By Eleanor DeLamater. *Farrar & Rinehart*
$2 7½ x 5; 258 pp. *New York*

Miss DeLamater has written a competent novel around the local notes in the Steepleton *Weekly News*, which run through the entire social scale of the town, from such humble lights as Miss Carrie Willow the dressmaker, Bud Plaut the drug-clerk, and Ada Whitehouse, teacher of the sixth grade in the new public school (who dies at thirty, an old maid hopelessly in love with Warren Chubb, a social climber), to Rae Britton, of the aristocratic Brittons of Riggs Island, who succeeds in escaping to Paris, only to be drawn back again because of her love for her cousin, Ralph Britton Small. The story is not startlingly original but Miss Delamater handles it with considerable skill, and she has made her little people live.

MARTIN'S SUMMER.
By Vicki Baum. *The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation*
$2 7⅜ x 5; 298 pp. *New York*

Martin Heil is a poor young chemical engineer, a champion swimmer and an Adonis, who hires himself out as instructor at the Summer resort of Frauensee, while one of his inventions is being marketed. There he is beset by Animuschka, a fake countess; a waitress; a deaf and dumb girl; Frau Mayreder, a physician's wife; and Puck, who rescues him from drowning, but he will have only May Lyssenhop, the owner of a slender, fetching body and a pair of remarkable eyes, flecked with gold. He not only wins her by the end of his Summer, but receives a letter saying that his invention has been sold for a fabulous sum in America, and that he is, in his own words, a rich man. "We are going to Waikiki on our honeymoon," he concludes, whirling like a merry-go-round for sheer happiness. A piece of trash. Basil Creighton made the translation.

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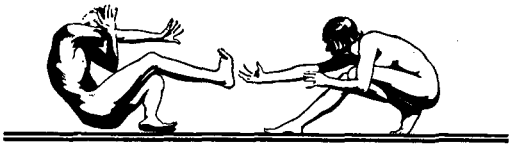

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Everyman's Encyclopedia was first published nearly twenty years ago. For all this time it has been the best small and inexpensive encyclopedia in the English language. The present second edition has been completely revised, and if the first four volumes are fair gauges of the eight that will follow at two-monthly periods, it will be even better than the first. The format is now a bit larger, and there has been an increase in the number of pages in each volume from 640 to 766. The total number of words in the twelve volumes will be about 7,000,000. A great deal of new matter has been added, and all the political, scientific, military, and sociological changes since the World War are treated with a reasonable degree of thoroughness. The Americas, especially the United States, are given far more space than in the first edition, and there are informative discussions of the principal living foreign authors who have become popular here in translation. The illustrations are necessarily few but fairly good. The type is small but readable, and the binding is durable. The general editor is Athelstan Ridgway, the science editor is Dr. E. J. Holmyard, and the American editor is Milton Bronner, formerly of the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS.
By John Hix. *The Sears Publishing Company*
$1.75 9¼ x 7; 224 pp. *New York*

Ripley's "Believe It or Not" started a host of imitators, but nearly all of them have been good, and a few have been better than the original. Mr. Hix plainly belongs among the successful followers. Among the curiosities he lists are Thomas Wedders, an Eighteenth Century Englishman, who had a nose that measured seven and one-half inches long; Mrs. F. E. S. Cook, an Englishwoman, who in 1925 wrote a will filling four volumes and containing 95,940 words; a man named Santa Claus, who lives in Slater, Mo.; Sir George Grierson, who speaks 179 languages; that the name of Portland, Ore., was decided by the flip of a coin; that the giant statue of Burma wears real clothes; that more men are named Mohammed than John, James, or William; that the Kapua chiefs of Borneo are buried and sealed within huge banyan trees; and that it takes fifty muscles to make a frown and only thirteen to produce a smile. There are 200 illustrations by the author.

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The American
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BY CARLETON BEALS

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"Don't be so good this heah cane, sah, as the bamboo we all got back home, but c'n catch ebry fish mah'n a pound. Some weeks Ah pwafits goin' on fifteen quid, yas sah."

Jim, a young Belizan Negro, and a subject of King George, is part of the great tide of dislocated black folk which eddies about the Caribbean, from Havana to Barbados and Trinidad, from Belize to Venezuela and the Guianas.

The Caribbean is a more violent melting pot than New York. Islands and mainland swarm with races of every hue, living in every epoch of society from that of the primitive African jungle to the effete degeneracy of Havana creole aristocracy. Habitats originally thousands of miles apart have been lifted and set down side by side in the countries to the southeast. The Caribbean is a vast ethnological laboratory. Spaniards and Portuguese meet French and Dutch, English and Americans. Jews fled there from the Spanish Inquisition. Full-blooded Negroes practice the fearsome obeah. East Indian coolies and Hindus tread new tropics. Chinese have flowed in by tens of thousands. The descendants of native Indians who greeted Columbus still lounge under the royal palms. Interbreeding has created many mixed types—*mestizos, zambos, chinos del pais,* mulattos—all along the chromatic scale from black to white—ash-gray, yellow red, golden brown, bronze.

But the most intense, most vital of all are the Negroes who swarm out of overpopulated Haiti, Jamaica and Trinidad. In the making is a new breed of mixed blood, from all the elements mentioned; but it appears that Africa will rule racially, however submerged politically and economically. The Negro is the dominant type.

Today from all the more densely populated countries the crowded sons of African jungles are outward bound for the frontiers of this wave-washed domain. The fruitful race sweeps over all the adjacent shores. The emigrants take with them their songs, their magic, their bright-colored clothes, their shining gold necklaces, their polite dignity and carefree joy. From

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Havana down to Magdalena, the break and sob of the *rumba*, rattled on gourds, blown on native earth pottery, sets black folk jiggling primitive joy in contortions, to us lascivious, to them but expressions of a normal love-desire—their boundless procreative urge, exuberant as the jungle, simmering as the humid sun-lands.

For these are the breeders of this vast circle of ocean, island and sky. Spaniard, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Dutchmen—they came, they conquered, they faded away in the poisonous sweet arms of the Carib and the Chibcha girl. But the Negro brought even greater love and lust than the natives. A super-jungle man, he had jungle wisdom to defy the fever. So his kind have multiplied and continue to multiply in a frenzy of fertility and magic which has matched the lavish reproductive powers of steaming earth, hot sun and warm sirupy water of rain, river and sea. The Caribbean is a black empire, going increasingly black.

From the Southern Negro States—Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas—swings a vast arc over the mainland continent to Venezuela and the Guianas, in which—except for Mexico—the black man plays an ever more important rôle. Another vast arc curves from Key West through Cuba, Porto Rico, Santo Domingo, the Virgin Islands and the Lesser Antilles to the same south region; and in the embrace of these two arcs are seas, dotted with other islands, also the home of black folk. It is their empire.

Prior to the Spanish Conquest, the Caribbean was populated by numerous Indian tribes. Bartolomé de Las Casas, the great ecclesiastic, said that Jamaica "abounded" with Arawaks "as an ant hill with ants." The pre-discovery population was dense also; and an inevitable struggle for mastery had developed even before Europeans arrived. Gradually the fierce, stocky Caribs won the entire region.

But the Spaniards killed off the Caribs, and to replace them Negro slaves were imported from Africa. Ironically enough, this influx was stimulated by both necessity and humanitarianism. Las Casas, who crossed the ocean fourteen times to plead for better treatment for the aborigines, was instrumental in promoting the slave-trade to protect the native Indians from extermination by unwonted excessive toil on plantations and in mines. God had gone brown but not yet black.

Before long the Caribbean became the slave clearing-house for the United States. The great marts were Jamaica and Haiti, which even today remain the largest and most densely inhabited Negro centers. Even in this year 1931 the contract labor system, which now takes Haitians and Jamaicans to alien shores, is still called "the slave-trade." In spite of adverse economic conditions the Negro flourishes. From his fertile loins come forth numerous progeny. Islands grow crowded. Families emigrate. They jostle each other anew on far shores.

The rise of population in these regions during the past century is phenomenal—even in the sparsely settled Dominican Republic. By 1737 this Spanish third of the island of Santo Domingo still had only 6,000 whites and blacks. By 1785 the reviving slave-trade increased this five times to 30,000. By 1819 the population was 63,000; by 1908, 605,000; by 1920, 894,665; and by 1927, 1,022,485—an increase of nearly sixteen-fold in a little over a century. This was greater than the rate of increase in the much vaster area of the United States. Elsewhere in the Caribbean the population growth has been even greater.

In the blacker islands population density now varies from 165 a square mile in the

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Virgin Islands (with their relatively small habitable area) to 1195 a square mile in Barbados. New York State has a density of 265. But New York, the greatest mart of the world, is highly industrialized, highly productive. Though the soil cannot produce so copiously as in the Antilles, a larger portion of the State's surface is arable and that part more scientifically cultivated. Many square miles in the islands are mountainous or barren volcanic outcroppings. Thus the population density is really greater in much of the Caribbean area than statistics indicate.

Perforce most of the island folk live in abysmal poverty, little removed from the African jungles. They are eager to emigrate to new regions where shortage of labor or sparser population offers new opportunities. Already the overflow from the Haitian and Jamaican breeding grounds has swept around the Caribbean and increased by many thousands the black population of the United States itself. The Caribbean is an enormous black incubator.

II

Along with Negro dissemination has gone a quite different process. Still another history-making force is driving with relentless impact upon the sea-girt world, breaking down old barriers, destroying traditional cultural patterns, creating a new political and economic life.

The insatiable need of the United States for raw materials has flung our traders, our business men, our capital south over the Caribbean. With them have gone missionaries, marines, treaties, governors, roads, automobiles, orange crush, loans, school teachers, Rockefeller fever experts, Mr. Platt, Mr. Roosevelt, General McCoy, Pan-American Congresses, and tourists. Diluted jazz has returned a step nearer its ancestral home. The California Spanish bungalow—a type steadily sentimentalized from the days it passed from the Moors to the Spaniards and thence via Cuba and Mexico to our Southwest—has also returned nearer home.

To-day Americans own most of the Cuba which we freed from Spain, most of Porto Rico, most of the Atlantic coast of Central America, most of Colombia and a big share of Venezuela. Our investments in Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Jamaica, Trinidad, and elsewhere have increased rapidly. New tools, new methods, new ways of life have intruded, have shaken the whole region, will shake it more during years to come.

The shock of this new industrial technique is one of the major causes, along with overpopulation, which have uprooted black folk from their old homes and habits to set them in motion for far parts. Negro emigration has gone hand in hand with our economic expansion, our mastery over new products and new regions. America provides the capital and the methods; Africa provides the labor.

The entire pattern of American economic invasion has been set by the plantation system. Most of our activities—railroads, banking, business—have been ancillary to the raw-product plantation for producing sugar, coffee, tobacco, or bananas on a large scale. The revival of the earlier colonial plantation by American entrepreneurs along modern lines with modern machinery has necessitated a new cheap, mobile labor supply. The Negro has filled the bill. He is shunted from crowded areas to less crowded areas. American enterprise and Negro labor are shaping a new era in the Antillean region, not a particularly happy era but one with far-reaching racial, economic, social and political significance.

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The Caribbean has witnessed various cycles of the large plantation. In the past, as in the present, it has been closely linked with black labor. Spaniards and English —after the native Indian labor had been stricken down—turned to Africa for their cheap labor supply. Early Crown grants and English patents partitioned the islands into large *repartimientos* and huge estates. Semi-slave conditions, brutalities, new diseases and rum led to a rapid decline in the native population which the early Spaniards were valiantly saving for Catholicism, apparently passing the Indians on to Paradise as soon after baptism as possible. Negro slaves replaced the vanishing native, until Jamaica, Haiti, the Virgin Islands, Barbados, Guadeloupe, Martinique, etc., became completely black. The rise of the slave plantation system in the United States later made the African slave traffic important in its own right.

With the emancipation of the Negro slaves the old plantation system, in many parts, broke down completely. Gradually there was a greater or lesser reversion to small holdings and more diversified crops.

Twentieth Century developments show two tendencies: in some of the British and French possessions, notably Jamaica (but not in Barbados, which is quite strangled by large estates), the late Nineteenth Century shift to small holdings has been buttressed up by state assistance, education, the dissemination of knowledge of farm methods, rural credits and other salutary measures. But in the islands dominated or owned by the United States there has been a reassembling of the large plantation, with modern machinery.

But while the plantation is now run along new lines, it still represents an absentee landlordism and its labor remains largely in a state of semi-serfdom, controlled feudally. Thus the plantation, plus Negro dissemination, while it creates a new era in the Caribbean, is also creating new and serious problems. Not only does it portend a future clash between the Negro worker and the system, but it has turned whole islands into one-crop countries with far-reaching political, economic and social implications. Old cultures are being smashed. A new culture has yet to be born. And in the chaos of this transition period, capital, with the aid of marines, diplomatic pressure, alien labor, and corrupt officialdom, seizes the raw products necessary to the United States.

III

Cuba's white gold (sugar) depends upon black ivory (the Negro). The post-Spanish War plantation system, introduced by American capital and which for decades made the island the world's sugar-bowl, rests upon cheap imported Negro labor. In spite of immigration restrictions, new swarms of blacks are annually attracted to the sweet rim and fall into bitter toil akin to servitude.

According to census figures, the black population has steadily declined since 1841, but this is largely a juggling of figures and classifications. Negroes and dark mulattos total a third of the population; but few Cubans indeed are without African blood. Humboldt claimed that 60,000 Negro slaves had been imported up to 1763. By 1790 they totalled 90,875. From 1790 to 1820, 225,575 were officially received, but probably at least 60,000 more were smuggled in. The 1827 census showed more Negroes than whites, a proportion which has been since reduced through intermarriage and white pride in whitewash figures. In 1820 the Negro trade became illicit until 1853, but during this interval it continued clandestinely. By

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1880 a million black slaves were estimated. As early as 1835 José Antonio Saco declared Cuba must have white immigrants or go black.

Negroes no longer come from Africa; they are imported from prolific Haiti and Jamaica. After Cuban independence, they were for a time officially excluded, though many wriggled in on lonely shores on dark nights. The 1912 decree of President José Miguel Gómez lifted the ban against them. In addition to the incalculable number of untaxed bootleg immigrants, 709 Jamaicans and 233 Haitians entered officially in 1912. By 1920 this influx had increased to 27,088 Jamaicans, 35,971 Haitians and a few other Antilleans—about 80% of the total immigration. In 1927 the annual figure dropped to 17,000 out of a total immigration of 31,500. By 1928 new restrictions were imposed, but "emergencies" have prevented them from being enforced. The United Fruit Company alone was given a permit to import 9,600 Negroes.

The *guajiro*, the traditional Cuban peasant, is vanishing. He becomes a plantation peon, uprooted from the soil, or drifts into the cities to carry burdens or work on the docks. He does not submit easily to the new large-scale labor system. Hence alien Negroes must be brought in to cut the *zafra* and work the mills. These needed laborers are delivered by contractors at from $15 to $25 a head. They are customarily lodged in *barracones* (long thatched barracks, often without walls), having a pit in one end for toilet facilities. They sleep in hammocks, which are rolled up in the daytime to contain the workers' worldly possessions. In certain instances these contract workmen are kept under armed guards and driven with rubber whips until their debts are liquidated. The native Cuban workers speak Spanish, the Haitians a French patois, the Jamaicans English. This language barrier prevents mutual understanding, and hence checkmates labor troubles. On the other hand, the Negroes, as soon as possible, escape or drift away from the plantations, where they labor much for low wages, into the cities, where they eat worse but loaf more.

Helmeted, sword-girt Governor Ponce de León of the Sixteenth Century came too early to Porto Rico to find his sought-for Fountain of Youth. Today Dr. George Washington X., a Negro practitioner, offers a worthy substitute: expansive letters on one of San Juan's busy streets proclaim his glandular injections. Being in the professional class, Dr. X. is more fortunate than most of his fellow citizens, for native Porto Ricans, one-third of whom are recognized as black and most of whom are not without trace of the darker strain, own but 15% of the country's wealth. San Juan seems a prosperous little town, with its modern buildings, paved streets, American-style policemen, and darting American autos, differing only in temperamental behavior; but the large plantation system has displaced the former diversified cultivation on small holdings. This is one of the notable blessings of American citizenship to Porto Rico. Most of the population of the island is in the barefoot pauper class, and the further one penetrates from San Juan the less tangible becomes the direct evidence of American prosperity.

As in Cuba, the post-annexation plantation system tends to turn the island black. The older Spanish culture is being defeated by American rule on the one hand and the Negro invasion on the other. This tendency is even greater than in Cuba, for our new immigration laws cut off the normal Spanish immigration, which throughout the past centuries flowed into Latin America to leaven the population and pro-

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vide new blood for the ruling caste. The former Spanish immigrant fortified the existing culture and felt at peace with its traditions, so that he built his fortune in the country. Usually he remained on his estate to manage it in person, took a native woman to wife, and became a resident citizen.

Not so the American. American immigration is relatively small and unstable. American school teachers go down for a temporary lark. The administrators of the large foreign corporation properties come and go—and this form of absenteeism dominates the entire island. With the Spanish influx cut off, but not Negro immigration from the adjacent islands, living standards are lowered; and as Porto Rico is so overpopulated—over 400 to a square mile—the lighter skinned people emigrate to the United States for better opportunities (some 100,000 are in New York alone).

Pass south from British Honduras along the Atlantic coast of Central America, and the story of black Jim, weaving rhomboid traps, is repeated in a hundred elementary work patterns. The interior of British Honduras is Indian, but the city and coast dwellers are black, descendants of slaves brought in during past centuries to work in the lumber camps, in chicle gangs, and to collect chinchona bark. For centuries Negroes have percolated into this whole region. The modern banana, hardwood and rubber plantations have again accelerated the process.

In British Honduras, the king of the chicle industry is of Negro origin. He is a powerful figure, the invisible ruler of an enormous tropical empire; his scepter is wielded over one of the wealthiest raw-product industries in the world. Not all of his compatriots have been so fortunate; many are driftwood, caught up in the lost back-flow of the *bocacosta* region from here south to Panama.

Go into any Central American Atlantic coast town: Africa predominates. In bedraggled Greytown, Nicaragua, dead dream of an unbuilt canal, old Ma'tha, hotel-keeper, Jamaican one generation removed, calls the tropic dawn shower "the pwide o' the mahnin', sah," and under her enormous green umbrella conducts you with a swish of the long skirts of her Mother Hubbard calico gown through grass-grown streets, swarming with kinky-haired children, naked, mud-smeared, skins coal-black, ash-gray, yellowish. Only 7% of Nicaragua's population is Negro, but this 7% is concentrated along the Atlantic coast, where it dominates and where more English than Spanish is spoken. A large proportion of the officials are Negroes, originally from Jamaica or Belize. In Greytown a Negro customs official directed the Negroes and one Indian inspecting my baggage. In Bluefields a Negro youth filed my cables; another accepted my registered letters. I rode to Puerto Limón, Costa Rica, in a steamer owned and run by a Negro captain.

In Puerto Cortez, another banana port, half-naked picaninnies fight for your baggage. Along the rows of bread-fruit trees, tall ragged Haitians approach you, never looking for a job, but for a "posishun, sah," or "emplawment, sah." All up and down this coast (as in Nicaragua) the Negroes through the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries were largely assimilated by Mosquito Indians and other tribes. In Honduras this interracial mixture has been very thorough. The modern population of all Honduras is about equally mixed Indian, Negro and Spanish. On this is being overlaid the new Negro influx into Puerto Cortez, Tela, Trujilla and the banana hinterland.

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Climb up through the Costa Rica banana region. Everywhere the Negro. Black faces peer from clap-board shanties. Mr. Brown and his wife, both ebony black, both enormously bepaunched, stroll through the jungle mud. A United Fruit clerk, he heralds his importance with patent-leather shoes, white spats, white waistcoat and brown derby; she with white satin dress, wide white lace hat and pink sunshade.

Some of the Central American countries have attempted, rather futilely, to set up barriers. In Guatemala Negroes can be brought in on contract for only two years, subject to return to their native countries. But extensions are granted, or—as elsewhere—the Negroes drift into other pursuits, so that the coast population of the Isthmus grows increasingly black.

Like Jamaica and Haiti in the old days, Panama has become a labor clearing-house for the region. The influx there began with the building of the canal. Native labor was scarce, hence expensive. No other race could stand up under the climate or work so cheaply. So Panama is now the new center of convergence. Blacks from Jamaica predominate. Steamers from the whole world pass here and strike out all around the Caribbean, with Negroes being shipped to Central America, Colombia, Venezuela.

In Colombia, a third of the four million population is black. This third is concentrated in the coast areas, in the lowlands of Magdalena, and in Baranquilla, the chief port. Following recent bloody labor disturbances on the Colombia banana plantations, the companies were granted permission to import 10,000 Negro workers. Now native labor—up till that time 65% of the total—is being rapidly replaced.

Thus all these regions are tending toward large-scale absentee agricultural production controlled by large American companies, and toward the strengthening of the African strain and consequent denationalization.

Turn now to the main incubators of the black labor supply: Jamaica and Haiti. Why does Jamaica, in many ways one of the happiest spots in the Caribbean, supply such a constant tide of black emigrants? Largely because of overpopulation and primitive cultivation. Lord Olivier, a former Governor, wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* in January, 1929:

> Towards the close of the day, when the rainy season is promised and forgetful deities are being importuned with incantations and drummings, or petitions salvaged from the not yet Revised Anglican Prayer-Book, red stars of fire by night and feathers of smoke by day spangle and blur the fringes of American woodlands . . . and the long blue escarpments of Antillean mountain-sides.

The fire-stick cultivation has returned to Jamaica, where "bread-kind" crops (*i.e.*, starch-producing tubers such as cassava and yams), which provide the preferred Negro diet, have largely replaced the traditional plantation crops.

IV

Originally Jamaica was settled as a white man's country. Under Spanish rule, the entire island was parcelled out to eight noble families. Under English rule all desirable lands were granted in tracts of 2,000 acres or more to English settlers, who built luxuriously furnished homes. At the time of Great Britain's acquisition of the island in 1658, the white and slave population did not exceed 3,000; today it runs close to a million, almost entirely black.

For several centuries the island lived on in paternal prosperity. Then rebellion

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broke out. The slaves escaped to the mountains, where they grew "bread-kind" and carried on constant warfare. Finally they were legally emancipated. New towns grew up. Labor became scarce, more costly. The estates suffered. The Negro quarters remained wretched collections of semi-abandoned hovels. As in the English and Dutch Guianas, Trinidad and elsewhere, Hindus and East Indian coolies were imported. Also, the authorities tried to drive Negro labor back on the declining estates by heavy taxation—the smaller the freehold, the greater the proportionate tax—a method similar, in part, to that of the Bolsheviks attempting to drive the Russian peasants into collectives.

A serious armed outbreak occurred in 1865 under Governor Eyre. As a result, a resurvey of the available lands was made. Governor Sir Henry Blake threw overboard the estate theory entirely and started an orderly settlement of the peasants on the lands recovered through the survey acts. Also, he founded the Jamaican Agricultural Society to promote improved methods. After 1897, following the West Indian Royal Commission's report of that year, a Department of Agriculture was established, which soon resulted in the Imperial West Indian Department of Agriculture and the Tropical College of Agriculture in Trinidad. Through these institutions, numerous traveling instructors and a system of agrarian loan banks, the British government, recognizing the advisability of small holdings, has endeavored to build up agricultural knowledge and diversity of crops. Among other new products, cinchona and tea, oranges and grapefruit have been introduced. The greater share of Jamaica's exports now comes from small holdings. Gradually, although the Negroes looked upon official scientific efforts as "buckra" or white "foolishness," the level of knowledge and methods has risen and the traditional primitive African practices have been increasingly supplanted.

Now, however, the cultivation of bananas becomes every day more important and threatens to reinstate the large plantation. This will drive more Jamaican Negroes abroad, while simultaneously drawing in alien contract Negroes from other islands, less imbued with a spirit of independence. But as yet, though poverty causes many of the islanders to emigrate to escape overpopulation, by and large Jamaica is far happier than those islands where the American dollar has made its sway supreme.

Haiti, another breeding spot, occupies two-thirds of the island of Santo Domingo. The other third is occupied by the Dominican Republic. This latter country, long cherishing its Spanish traditions, is whiter than most of the Antilles. Only one-fourth is Negro. Perhaps partially as a result of this whiteness, it is less densely populated—there are but 54 inhabitants to a square mile; hence living conditions are better and property more equitably distributed.

The Republic has long attempted to exclude black immigration, but it is a losing fight. For just over its boundaries is black Haiti, with a density of 250 to the square mile, its arable lands limited by vast stretches of mountains. Of Haiti's 2,300,000 inhabitants, but 3,000 are white. Nearly a century ago black troops from beyond the Massacre river had overrun the entire island, and the Haitian ruler of the day made efforts to bring in more blacks. He even invited freed Negroes from the United States to settle there. Several shiploads went south to found Samaná, where their descendants live to this day.

After the Dominican Republic had asserted its independence from Haiti, an ex-

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clusion policy was established, only to be broken during the 1916 American occupation, when many blacks were admitted to work the American sugar plantations in the southern part of the country. This was one of the outstanding native criticisms of our marine rule. But while at that time barriers were knocked down, Dominican officials, before and after, have themselves been lax. The exclusion law has a wedge clause, "except in cases of emergency." "Emergency" has gradually led to the introduction of many Antillean Negroes. As the plantation system grows in the Republic, this immigration, in spite of all restrictions, is bound to increase. The vast quarter-million acre Romana plantation is manned by Negroes from Haiti, Porto Rico and elsewhere. Native Dominicans, for the most part fairly well-to-do peasants and landowners, refuse to work for plantation wages; and as officialdom can be induced by means readily imaginable to let down the bars, Negroes are brought in and pass on into the population.

Even into overpopulated Haiti, though the country is more densely peopled than Jamaica, Negroes from the latter country are imported, because of the greater ease with which they can be handled by American foremen speaking no French, and because, as aliens, they can be contracted for at lower rates.

Yet nine-tenths of the Haitian population is made up of full-blooded illiterate Negroes, largely practicing voodooism, living in a semi-patriarchal communism of African derivation. The *per capita* ownership of land is less than one acre; and half the acreage of the country is government owned. The squatter system which grew up during the past hundred years or more ignored titles. The American administration has been insistent upon clearing up the tenure tangle. Naturally, this endangers squatter possession. The State is now charging a 6% rental on sale values. As agriculture is primitive and barter largely in kind, even this small rental is often beyond the capacity of the peasant to pay. Someone has but to offer a higher price for the land to dispossess the occupant. Thus, the new system has caused wholesale dislocation and emigration. The peasant, not settled on the land, must accept a wage of about twenty cents a day or desert the island.

This is obviously a prelude to a growing system of large estates under absentee American management. Numerous syndicates have got in on the ground floor to revive the sugar industry, which declined at the time of the expulsion of the French. This will change the Haitian more and more from a peasant to a casual laborer, who finds work during the harvest, but is apt to starve in the cities the rest of the time.

V

Just as the Adriatic was a battleground for many races during the centuries, and still is, so the Caribbean is another imperial sea where the story of clashing peoples is being written in our own time. Just as the Slavs, the Teutons, the Italians and the Greeks fought for foothold on the Adriatic waterway, so today in the Caribbean, the American, the Negro, the Indian, and the remnants of the Spanish conquerors are struggling for control. Racially, it seems that the Negro is likely to win. But politically and economically the American, backed by his super-efficient, machine-made culture, drives down upon this island-girt world to assert his overlordship. And curiously enough his activities witness the ever wider dissemination of the Negro race.

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The result is growing denationalization and cultural chaos. Undoubtedly, whatever the temporary destruction of traditional values, this facilitates American control. As the cultural patterns of these various countries are broken up, so social organization is disrupted and political homogeneity is lost. The ensuing weakening of political control makes it easier for American economic penetration to proceed on its way, to force corrupt governments to hand out bonanza concessions and pass laws favoring American capital which disregard native needs. Yet in spite of this disorganization of the Caribbean, we insist upon stable governments there. These can only be upheld by the threat of marine intervention, so that the islands tend to fall under self-perpetuating tyrannies completely servile to American interests, such as those of Machado in Cuba, Moncada in Nicaragua, and the late Borno in Haiti.

Both the large plantation system and the importation of black workers promotes this process. Probably we shall remain masters of the Caribbean for a long time to come; our wealth and power there will increase rather than diminish. But there is also little doubt, however much the apologists for colonial expansion may prate about good roads and sanitation, that the system now in force in Cuba and Porto Rico and being extended rapidly to other parts of the area, means unhappy, poverty-stricken populations, chained to an absentee landholder system, ever driven under the lash of the need of the Colossus of the North for raw materials at cheap prices.

Ultimately there will be a reaction. Perhaps the United States will even come to realize that in the long run it is foolish to wrench raw materials from foreign peoples under such slave conditions that they cannot buy back our manufactured products. The need for foreign markets and the resultant chronic depression resulting from the lack of them are apt to force our brilliant statesmen to recognize the necessity for raising the living standards of people now too backward and primitive to consume civilized goods.

On the other hand, the Negro and the native populations have shown a spirit of rebellion which, in spite of our powerful financial control, in spite of marines, in spite of the constant menace of our close and overwhelming force, will inevitably reappear. This spirit may ultimately force a revision of the plantation system.

The Negroes of Haiti rose against the French and drove the greatest overseas expedition ever assembled by France forever from the island—the first Latin country in the New World to achieve independence. That successful war for freedom created a tradition not likely to perish soon. The Jamaicans rose against both the Spanish and the British time and again. Sandino, after more than three years, is still at large in Nicaragua, and half the country remains paralyzed, optimistic news items to the contrary notwithstanding. Not so long ago Marcus Garvey, with a message of pan-Africanism, stirred the black hosts from Harlem to the Antilles. Other prophets are bound to rise.

Already the racial and cultural struggle in the Caribbean is a long, long chapter; perhaps it will never be closed, certainly not in our day; but the rereading of the trials and tribulations of past centuries might profit the Washington statesmen in facing the problems of the future, which are plainly likely to grow increasingly complex as the years pass.

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PALADIN OF THE DRYS

BY W. J. CASH

THERE is not, so far as I know, any authentic record that God has ever, save perhaps in one case, favored the race of mortals with the spectacle of created perfection. Nevertheless, it does happen that, from time to time, He deigns to fashion an individual who so unites in himself the qualities of a class or a genus or a time or a place as to fall short of the ideal by no more than a hair or, at most, two. Such an one is the Hon. Cameron Morrison, the new and noisy senior United States Senator from North Carolina, who, since his advent to the national stage less than a year ago, has got himself into the saddle as the arch-paladin of the dry South in its crusade to retire the Hon. John J. Raskob to the Union League Club, and so to save the Democratic party from the Demon Rum in 1932. But for a few more or less minor faults, this great man might very well pass for the Platonic idea-form of the South of his generation.

Let no one, however, imagine this to mean that he is to be thought of as such another galoot as the late Thomas J. Heflin of Alabama, or the equally late Cole L. Blease of South Carolina. Like them, to be sure, he is immensely gaudy, and often enough his antics bear a striking resemblance to theirs; but, basically, he is separated from them by all the width of the chasm which lies between the natural and the artificial, the real and the sham. In the last analysis, they were mere showmen, sharp fellows full of the cynical wisdom of the market place, cunningly contriving to play upon the South by seizing out this or that one of its prejudices, raising it to the hundredth power, and bodying it forth in their own persons. Our hero, on the other hand, has no more showmanship in him than that innocent minimum which naturally inheres in any true protagonist of an essentially histrionic land. His deeds are the deeds, not of a calculating clown but of an incredibly naïve small boy. They rise, that is, straight out of his instincts and convictions, which are so exactly those of the South in his time that he has got on simply by being himself, and almost wholly without any resort to opportunism.

Of such a marvel, it seems a shame to have to report that he has any faults at all. One yearns, indeed, to paint him outright as the Word made flesh. But the facts, alas, are the facts. There is the matter of his physique, for instance. Not that he isn't pretty grand—what with his high Scotch ruddiness, his whitening mane, his fine expanse of belly, the "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" carriage of his head, the slightly horsy strut, the tremendous pomp —but only that he isn't quite grand enough for what one expects in the ideal Southerner. For one thing, he is too short by an inch or two, and no amount of pulling himself up can remedy that defect. For another, his features lack, by a degree or so, the monumental cragginess

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of the best specimens from below the Potomac.

A graver flaw than these, however, is the absence in him of any taste for corn-juice brewed under the moon. Such a fault in any Southern publicist is always a matter for wonder, but in one in so many ways representative, in one complicated, too, by Scotch ancestry, and, above all, in one who is a howling dry in the van of all the howling drys, it is nothing short of grotesque. In a lesser man, in fact, it must have been fatal; he simply could not have been called typical of the South. It would have argued with overwhelming force for the absence in him of that hearty hedonism which, in the psyche of the true Southerner, always occupies an exactly equal space with Great Moral Principles. But the Hon. Cam rises triumphant over even this test, as anyone may see by observing the sensuous, bellows-like puffing of his cheeks and the mellow enjoyment which lies upon his lineaments as he champs away at the cud of tobacco, which, in the true Southern fashion of his day, is always in his jaw. To see that is once for all to abandon the suspicion of any unseemly asceticism in him, and to feel instinctively that, though he is not perfection, he is still magnificently representative of his time and place.

II

The great man was born in the village of Rockingham in 1869, on the eve of Reconstruction—a fact of considerable importance in explaining him. It means, for one thing, that the character of warrior, of a champion of Causes and a slayer of dragons, which has primarily distinguished him, must have been stamped upon him almost in infancy. For Rockingham was capital to the county of Richmond, one of the great cotton counties of the State, and hence one of the storm-centers in the heroic campaign of the Ku Klux Klan to get Cuffy, the black brother, down from the clouds and back to clodhopping. It means, too, of course, that, as a child, he must constantly have had dinned in his ears the tenets of Southern orthodoxy in general, here sharply realized because they were in more than ordinary peril. And finally, it means that he was practically fated to be a lawyer and a politician, since, in that region, unless one were pious enough or canny enough, or both, to be a parson, the career of a lawyer-politician was the only one which held out anything to a really ambitious boy.

Naturally, as a representative Southerner, he is an aristocrat, and was one by right from the beginning, at least on the distaff side. His mother was a Cameron (proud name!), and his maternal grandfather had been a slave-owner. But his father, the son of poor Scotch immigrants, was only a carpenter, and one who found it difficult to make a living. Thus, since there were no public schools in the county, our hero's education was necessarily meagre. Two years of pious instruction in an "old field" academy in the neighborhood, during which period he lived with farmers and worked for his board, a year out as a grocery boy, then four more years at a school in Rockingham, and he must go to work—first as a clerk in the county courthouse, then as a country school teacher—and try to dig out Blackstone by lamplight.

Nor were poverty and lack of schooling his only obstacles. When he was twelve, his father—angered, according to one story which is perhaps too good to be true, by a Democratic flirtation with State-wide Prohibition—turned Republican. It was as

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though he had publicly espoused the Anti-Christ or had sat down to dinner with a Moor—a dreadful blot on the family 'scutcheon which might very well have blighted the career of another youth and made him into a mere Republican job-holder, that pariah known in Carolina then as a revenoo-doodler. At first, indeed, we find even the young Cam following dutifully in the footsteps of his father, aiding him in campaigns, and even serving under him in the postoffice when, in due course, he passed to that natural reward of all good Republicans in the South. But before he was twenty he went as a delegate to a Republican convention in Raleigh, and, returning, announced to his father that he was through with the Republican party forever.

His enemies, of course, charge that to opportunism. He simply saw, they say, that the Republican party was not the safe way to the power he desired. But that is to misread him—to make him far too cunning and far too perspicacious, for it was not at all clear at the moment that the Republican party was not a good bet. What really moved him immediately was the smell of nigger-wool which hung over the convention floor in Raleigh. What moved him ultimately was the whole mass of his instincts and convictions.

His destiny emerged more swiftly from this time on. Scraping up a little money, he went off to Greensboro to study law for a few months in the office of a certain Judge Dick, and presently had hung out his shingle in his native town, where his great burring voice quickly won him notice. There came a night when, having offered his sword to the Democratic party, he stood forth, in the flaring of torches, to make his maiden speech before a Democratic audience, half-hostile and altogether suspicious—but not for long. "Man," he boomed into the expectant silence, quoting from Demosthenes, "is born not unto his parents alone, but unto God and his country as well!" There you had it—a confession of faith, fervid, solemn, unmistakably genuine. God—the militant Yahweh of the Old Testament, got up as a Confederate, minutely ordering all things. Country—the South as against all Bluebellies, and incidentally the Republic as against everything else. God and country mystically made one in and with the Democratic party. It was the simple, romantic faith of his countrymen in his generation, and one in which he was destined never to waver.

The speech established him, and got him into the thick of the fight to head off Populism, which was just then beginning to spring up in the State. He roared tirelessly from the hustings in half a dozen counties. Once he was nearly mobbed by 300 Negroes, and more than once resorted to his fists to back up his arguments. But to no avail. Cleveland's brusque enmity for Free Silver had stirred the embattled farmers of Carolina, long rowelled by the Bourbon reaction of the Confederate brigadiers in power at Raleigh and by the eternally falling price of cotton, into red revolt. Populism grew appallingly, and in 1896 fused with the Republican party and capitalized the Negro vote to elect a Republican Governor and a Republican Legislature. That meant, of course, that Cuffy was once more getting into office. Magistrates' commissions were issued to him by the dozen. He sat on juries. In Richmond county he held forty offices, including all the important ones. And in Wilmington, where he packed the City Council and the police force, there was a riot.

Then came the election of 1898. If God and country were not to perish, it was

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clear that the black brother must be kept away from the polls. Of the right to keep him away, there was no question. True, there were the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. But Cam and his compatriots were States' Rights men: there is a right above law, above the tyranny of the Federal government. Precisely how to do it was another matter. Open violence would give Henry Cabot Lodge the cue to propose his Force Bill again, and maybe bring down the Army.

In this crisis, the Hon. Cam, who by this time had got to be Democratic chairman in his county, hastened to confer with the Hon. Furnifold McLendel Simmons, then Democratic chairman for the State. Both great men have since laid credit to exclusive glory for the scheme which emerged, but, in any case, it is certain that it was Morrison who put it into effect. Returning to Rockingham, he brought 300 red shirts, selected 300 men to wear them, and, placing himself at the head of this troop, rode through the countryside, with the result that Cuffy promptly abandoned his cabin and took to the woods. The State caught fire, Red Shirts flared everywhere, and, though there was almost no violence, on election day there was hardly a coon in sight. The Republican régime was over.

Cam was a made man now, of course —one of the State's four or five great captains, a figure for mythology. But his reward, oddly enough, was to be slow. Minor honors were plentiful enough—a term in the State Senate, a term as mayor of Rockingham, an avalanche of invitations to whoop the boys up at barbecues. But anything in a really big way seemed to elude his grasp. In 1900 he sought the Congressional nomination in his district, only to be nosed out by Robert N. Page, brother to Walter Hines Page, gentleman-in-waiting to His Majesty, George V. Thereafter, for twenty years, he must go on relatively empty-handed and unadorned.

The reason for this is not, perhaps, too far to seek. Simmons, his associate in the Red Shirt scheme, had got himself into the United States Senate, and, from that vantage point had built himself a political machine which made his word law in Democratic circles in North Carolina, and gave him absolute disposal of all offices and honors. Naturally, he saw to it that the more luscious plums went mainly to those who were advancing in years, since to allow young men, and particularly such fancy ones as our hero, to advance too rapidly might easily result in one of them eventually growing so great as to threaten his own control.

But there is no record that the Hon. Cam ever sulked or weakened in his allegiance. If God had made Simmons captain-general of the Democratic party, then Simmons was to be served faithfully and lovingly and patiently. And, honors or no honors, there was joy in the world. There were Causes to be served, dragons to be slain, a thousand rostrums waiting for the Word. First, he must stump the State for the grandfather clause to the constitution, so that the Nigger Menace might be disposed of for good. Then the Democratic party espoused local option, and later, in 1907, the saloon had to be kicked out of Tarheeldom. In 1912, Governor W. W. Kitchin raised the standard of revolt against Simmons and was put down only after much letting of blood. Afterward came the Crusade for Democracy, the Terrible Hun, Liberty Bonds, Four Minute speeches, and Ideals. And interminably there was the Republican party and the Nigger Menace, which though it was dead, yet somehow lived. In time, Cam acquired the reputation of having made more

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speeches than any man in the State, and of being the greatest campaigner in Carolina Democracy.

Meantime, having married, and finding the pickings lean at Rockingham, he removed to the rising town of Charlotte, where he lived very quietly, his title to aristocracy somewhat in abeyance. Not, of course, that he ever suffered under social inabilities as Blease and Heflin. He was always acceptable, always eligible to be invited in for dinner. Still, in the strictest sense, he was hardly yet the peer of the town's reigning family, which based its nobility on the staggering and authentic fact that its great-great-grandpa was the "first man to cross the Yadkin on wheels." For one thing, there was that unfortunate business of his father having been a carpenter. Worse, his zeal for service in the field had caused him somewhat to neglect his private affairs. His law-practice yielded no fortune. And the vulgar even whispered that he couldn't pay his grocery bills.

Well, but his time was at hand at last. In 1920 he was summoned by Simmons to carry the banner of the machine in the battle for the gubernatorial nomination. Ordinarily, his victory would have been assured. But not in this case. Opposing him were two exceptionally powerful insurgents, the Hon. O. Max Gardner, the present Governor, and that same Robert N. Page who had defeated him (Morrison) for Congress. What was needed if Cam was to win was something transcending personality, something more immediate than his now somewhat remote deeds of the '90's—in fine, a new Cause.

He had it. For two or three decades there had been growing up in North Carolina a sort of uncritical optimism, which took social form in a demand for good roads and in a touching faith in education, and which found perfect expression in the Hon. Cam's naturally sanguine temperament. It was argued with truth that the trails of the region were unfit for motor traffic. But it was argued even more that concrete pikes would advertise the State, get it into up-and-coming company, and relieve it of that reputation whereunder it was somehow comical to hail from North Carolina. As for education, that, of course, was the remedy for all ills, but particularly for the wounds left by Yankee sneers. It was all a part of serving God, of loyalty to country, something to joust for ardently. And so he came forward now with a Programme of Progress (famous phrase in Carolina!), proposing wholesale expenditures for schools and highways. On the whole, it was a genuinely bold move, for defeatism, that bane of the South since Reconstruction, was not dead. But he beat it down, and, in the end, was elected.

III

He came into office at the nadir of an economic depression, but, undeterred by that, he rammed measures appropriating $13,000,000 for higher educational and charitable institutions, and $10,000,000 for a loan fund to aid in building schoolhouses, and authorizing a $50,000,000 road-bond issue, through his first Legislature—thereby giving his enemies an opportunity for attack which they were not slow to take. But he fought back, and, so far from yielding ground, extracted $15,000,000 more for roads and nearly $20,000,000 more for institutions from the next Legislature in 1923.

Then the attack on him really warmed up. The revenue commissioner—an elected person, and hence not to be disciplined—charged that he had bankrupted the State and cited figures. He roared back that the figures had been manipulated to discredit him, and cited some of his own. Charge

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followed charge; the newspapers egged it on, waggishly or piously or indignantly, according to their several bents; stinkpots, dead cats and goddams came into play; and the brave Tar Heels were so edified and stimulated as they had not been since the days of Zebulon Baird Vance.

But, of course, he had not really bankrupted the State, as the Tar Heels understood very well, though he had perhaps gone ahead a little too rapidly for sound finance. On the other hand, when he left office there were nearly 5,000 miles of improved roads, 200 new schoolhouses, nearly 200 new buildings at the various institutions, 5,000 more teachers, 4,000 more college students, 38,000 more high school students—all this and more to range beside the old standard boasts of "First at Bethel, farthest at Gettysburg, and last at Appomattox," "highest mountain peak east of the Rockies," and "largest towel mill in the world," and so to set Tar Heel breasts to swelling and Tar Heel eyes to moistening with pride.

His military exploits also could stir Carolina blood. Somehow, he seemed always to be ordering out troops, to be rolling the formula, "now, therefore, I, Cameron Morrison, commander-in-chief, etc.," under his tongue. First, the A.F.L., with characteristic brightness, chose the depression year of 1921 as a likely time to organize the cotton-mill peons of the State and to call a strike. The peons got hungry and soon there were riots, or perhaps only what the mill-barons described as such. Then, in 1922, the great railroad strike came on, and there were disorders at Rocky Mount, Spencer, and other yards. All this plainly required a great flourish of bayonets.

But his really grand feat in arms was the putting down of lynching. When he came to office, North Carolina was already growing self-conscious under the world's scorn for this ancient Southern amusement, but, being conservative, it was naturally loath to give it up without compensation. That compensation the Hon. Cam, with certain acuity of instinct, promptly supplied. He would not, he announced, wait, as his predecessors had done, until a lynching frolic was actually in progress before taking action, or pretending to take it, but would send troops to any point where there seemed to be any possibility of such a frolic. That meant, in practice, that the Tar Heels were to be treated pretty constantly to the spectacle of marching warriors, a thing so pleasing to their martial souls that they acquiesced in the loss of the old privilege of frying Cuffy almost without a sigh.

There were other notable things about his reign. There was the time, for instance, when he discovered that the money he had got for the schools was being used to undermine God with the accursed doctrine of Darwin, and, in parade-ground voice, ordered his textbook commission to clean house: the Bible, he believed, was the best textbook of biology.

It was while he was Governor, too, that he finally emerged to aristocracy. His rise to office, obviously, had done much to clear the Cameron blazon of the shadow of the old carpenter-Republican, his sire. He had got into the sacred circles of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Scottish Society of America. More, certain titled Camerons of Scotland had visited him, and publicly acknowledged him as a cousin. But it was his marriage—his first wife had died in 1919—to Mrs. Sarah Ecker Watts, of Durham, relict of one of the founders of the American Tobacco Company, which finally and irrefutably set the seal of aristocracy upon him. The lady was mistress of a fortune variously estimated at from nine to thirty million dollars. There could be no more talk about grocery bills. And,

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unmistakably, Cam had come to be quite the equal of even those lordly folk who first got over the Yadkin on wheels.

But if I style him an aristocrat, I must pause here to say that he is also a democrat —a great Jeffersonian. And if that seems a paradox, then it is a paradox of the very essence of the paradoxical South. I do not go so far as to say that he has actually read Mr. Jefferson, but the great name is often on his lips, and the great doctrine shines through all his words and deeds.

His heart yearns hotly over the lot of the farmer, the simple "toil-worn cotter" of his poet-idol, Robert Burns, and even over that of the common man in general, down to and including that sad-eyed automaton, the cotton-mill peon. Something, he thinks, ought to be done about it. But not, of course, by mulcting the rich—who, as he explained to the Scottish Society in 1923 (while he himself was still sadly troubled by grocery bills, be it noted), are, after all, "only simple 'toil-worn cotters' who have been successful" under democracy—nor even by interpreting the right of labor to organize—a right for which he openly declared in 1920—as involving any limitation on the right of the capitalist to decline to deal with unions and to hire and fire as he pleases. For these things would be to limit the liberty of the individual, and the liberty of the individual—Cam is very insistent about it—is the cornerstone of Jeffersonian democracy, and hence must be preserved in the absolute everywhere and under all circumstances.

He left the Governor's mansion at the beginning of 1925 with the hearts of his people exceedingly tender toward him—indeed, with the stigmata of the United States Senate already upon him. But here again he was to have to wait. For, ordinarily, North Carolina elects her Senators for life, and punishes with oblivion impatient souls who cannot wait for a decent funeral to open the way. So it was not until the Hon. Lee Slater Overman, that great Red-hunter and junior Senator from the State from 1902 on, passed to his reward in December, 1930, that Cam was finally elevated to the toga—by appointment at the hands of Governor Gardner, the same man he had defeated in 1920, and one who, but for political exigencies, would rather have taken poison than appoint him.

IV

Already, as a member of the Democratic National Committee, to which he had been named in 1928, he had been shrieking for Raskob's scalp, though without attracting much attention. But now, girding on his sword, he was in Washington before the ink had dried on his commission. And, with the oath of office yet hot on his lips, he took the floor to hurl terror and ecstasy along the spines of his timorous colleagues from below the Potomac. Raskob must go. The party must be purged of the taint of Rum and Rome. Above all, there must be no compromise with Satan in 1932. Speaking with the voice of the South, he pledged himself there should be none.

Beyond a doubt, it *was* the voice of the South. Mighty huzzas began to arise from down there, and Bishop Mouzon formally conferred the Methodist blessing; with the natural result that the Hon. Cam shortly found himself being echoed by the Hon. Cordell Hull, the Hon. Joseph T. Robinson and other brethren eager to share his laurels. But it is to him that leadership belongs. He it was who trumpeted loudest at the meeting of the National Committee last Spring. And almost certainly he will head the charges of Southern Righteousness in the coming Congress and at Armageddon in 1932. All of which, it seems to

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me, is eminently fitting and proper. It is to be thought of, indeed, as the natural culmination of a career—the destined crown upon all that he has been before.

But perhaps there will be those who will doubt it, those who will insinuate that there can be no natural relation between a record as an uncompromising champion of States' Rights, Jeffersonian democracy, and the liberty of the individual, as an ardent foe of the Federal tyranny, and this ultimate rôle of paladin to the drys. But if any such there be, let them be at peace. It is true, in a man of another country, it would be difficult, maybe impossible, to reconcile such a record and such a rôle. But not in a man of that country. In him the combination is inevitable; it is one of the great and decisive proofs of his right to sit as the epitome of the South in his time.

He believes in Prohibition innocently and without hypocrisy, as something commanded by God through His holy men, identified with the South, and enacted into law in his State and in Congress by the Democratic party. He knows, on the testimony of his own conscience and on that of his Presbyterian pastors, that when the various Sodoms of Yankeedom bawl for personal liberty, what they actually mean is personal license, a thing which, as direct evidence establishes, proceeds from Satan and so can have no relation to, say, the inalienable and God-ordained right of a cotton-mill baron to sweat his slaves for starvation wages. And as for States' Rights —why, that is the exclusive property of the South, its own peculiar instrument of self-defense. Didn't the North repudiate it for good so long ago as 1860? More, hasn't it always been an instrument of High Moral Purpose? For the Bluebellies to claim it at all is ridiculous sophistry, but for them to claim it in the service of their lascivious gullets is an infamous outrage.

Moreover, for all his Jeffersonianism, he is still finally an aristocrat, still believes ultimately in the right and duty, under God, of the wisest and the best to determine governmental policy. And, of course, it is the South—that sort of proto-Dorian element in the nation, that final repository of Anglo-Saxon Ideals and the Faith of the Fathers—which represents the wisest and the best among us. Finally, there is his faith in Progress, and, of course, Prohibition is Progress.

V

Yet, and for all that, there is no sound ground for the alarums and curses which the good man's activities have set off in some quarters. He will carry his banner to the furthest possible limit, he will certainly draw blood, and he will certainly unhorse Raskobism if he can. But it is pretty obvious that he probably can't. The chances are that Raskob will be able to put over the essentials of his programme in convention and to get a decently wet man nominated. But does that mean that the Hon. Cam is going to lead the South into revolt, or even only into sulky aloofness? Nonsense! When the hour comes, when the platform is drawn, and though it contains thirty cartloads of devils, when the candidate is named, and though it be Raskob himself, Cam will lay down dissent and grasp the party standard, and no living Democrat will carry it more loyally or more ardently. About this there can be no doubt, for he has already been put to the acid test—in 1928, when he not only refused to follow Senator Simmons, his old commander and the man who had made him Governor, into revolt, but also boomed passionately for the election of Whiskey Al.

Here I must caution once more against

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the theory of any hypocrisy in him. It is not that he was, is, or will be tomorrow in favor of any compromise with the Liquor Gang. Rather, it is a matter of his final truthfulness to the South of his day. It all goes back to that confession of faith he made on a night long ago. If Satan has got a foothold in Democratic councils, that is dreadful. But to abandon the party, this mystical entity and divine instrument—why, that would be to blot God from the cosmos, to throw country to the dogs, to end forever any hope of Moral Progress, maybe to raise Cuffy to power in the South again. No! No! In such a crisis, one must stand his ground and seek to purify the temple from within—buoyed up and strengthened by the glad knowledge that a Democratic victory means, because of the seniority rule, a Congress dominated by Southerners and hence one safe for Prohibition.

In the long run, indeed, his thunderings and chargings may turn out to be the best thing that could have happened to the Democrats, or even (mad thought!) to the wets. He can hardly make the breach between the South and the East any worse than it is, and he may very well go a long way toward closing it up. He may serve, that is, as a channel of discharge for the irritations left in the South by the Smith campaign—for the achievement of that catharsis so necessary before any *rapprochement* is possible.

This is plainly so in the case of his own generation. That generation, for the most part, did not vote for Hoover in 1928. At the worst, it only stayed away from the polls. Its faith, however wounded and shaken, is still one with the Hon. Cam's own, and it is willing, even eager, to be placated. A little blood, a few shrieks from Raskob as a dart goes home, and a little softening down of the names by which things are called, and, with the Pope out of the foreground, it will be ready to turn out in 1932 with its old happy whoops, wets or no wets.

The Hoovercrats and their captains, the holy men, are, of course, another story. Most of them do not remember when Cuffy was in flower, and so have never really shared the faith of the Hon. Cam and his time. Moreover, they are a naturally bilious and implacable lot, full of hate and a passion for blood by the barrel. Nevertheless, even here Cam's constant thwacking of Raskob must serve somewhat for vicarious discharge, for the lowering of pressure, not perhaps to the point of reclaiming them to the Democratic fold, but surely to the rendering of them measurably less simian when the election rolls around. And that, from any standpoint, is something. Nay, it is a great deal.

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OCCUPATIONS

BY JAMES RORTY

TRADING is never good; better the slave's sweat, the slave's hate.
They crack rock in Atlanta, they picked oakum in the Piraea;
Here traders smoke too many cigarettes, confer, argue, drool words, make money.
Liars, cheats, pickpockets—the Scythian helots in the Piraea had the best of it.
Sam and Abe in Atlanta break their backs, but they don't have to lie.

II

Killing is good, simple and good, whether in the name of God or otherwise.
Our forefathers had the knack of it, to keep the stream clear, the soil turned and fertile;
For gain or pleasure, but not by accident; the machines grew fat in the Great War, but not men.
Ten million men slain without benefit; even so, better than peace and ten million slaves eating at the slop-pail of the machine's mercy.

III

Peace is not good, but the fake magicians are amusing;
Peace without victory; government without power; change without danger; machines without men; brick without straw; wine into water; love without hate.
Is it good to be a magician? No: a megaphone through which the machine speaks; he means nothing, changes nothing.

IV

Knowledge is good, the eternal chess-game with the Unknown always winning.
In the end, the sage does well to put aside the pawns, love wildly, or kill.

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But knowledge is good; knowledge makes change, and change is good.

V

Love is good, so it be merciless.
Having eaten death many times over, I am full of love.
Who eats death can never die; he moves in a storm of love, as the electrons storm in the atom.
This love I sing: a storm sweeping the world after the long drought of fear and pity.
After drought, storm; after death, life; after pity, love stabbing with the sword of hate.
Is it too much that you should hear this music? Yet you shall dance to it.

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EDITORIALS

Quantilla Prudentia Regatur Orbis

If the statesmen of Christendom really had any of the wisdom they pretend to they would prohibit talking news-reels everywhere. For so long as such things are permitted they will have to appear in them, and every time they appear they do irreparable damage to the general respect for their trade. One day last July, dodging into a movie-parlor in New York to escape the heat of Broadway, I saw a reel showing the three current mastodons of British statecraft—MacDonald, Baldwin and Lloyd-George—, all of them making speeches. I had myself enjoyed the honor of witnessing these gentlemen in person, and hence their appearance did not shock me, but the effect upon certain other members of the audience was plainly very painful. It was at a time when the three were once more parading through the newspapers as saviors of the world. But what the people saw and heard was simply a trio of shabby and preposterous politicians—no better and no worse than so many American Congressmen. A glance at them was sufficient to show that they were as little fit to save the world as they were to square the circle. Unluckily, the crowd got far more than a glance: it had to look at them steadily for four or five minutes, and while it looked it had to listen to their speeches. And when they were wafted away it was confronted with a jerking, grimacing image of the Hon. Henry L. Stimson, LL.D., Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Lord Hoover, also accompanied by chin music. There was a great moan of relief when he faded into three frank mountebanks—Jimmy Walker, Joe Weber and Lew Fields.

The talkie, I believe, bears far more harshly upon such exalted personages than the old silent movie. The latter permitted them to strike effective poses, and to hold them. They could prepare themselves by settling their coat-collars, fixing their cuffs, plastering their forelocks, and choosing their backgrounds. Above all, they could keep their mouths shut. The talkie strips them of all such protections. They are forced to perform according to their nature, to show their actual professional stuff, to be themselves. They have to open their mouths as wide as possible, and to roar their wisdom into the microphone. The public effect is inevitably disastrous to their reputations. The great masses of the plain people go to see and hear a Talleyrand, a Metternich or a Bismarck, mounted on a charger and in a gilt frame, but what confronts them, if MacDonald is dished up, is a forlorn little soap-boxer with long hair, or, if Lloyd-George is the bill, an older, beefier and moldier soap-boxer with longer hair, or, when Stimson has his turn, a Wall Street lawyer with his shirt-tail afire.

Such august and puissant men, I suppose, do not deign to view their own films; no doubt they send their secretaries or their daughters-in-law to report, and are humanely deceived. The late Woodrow Wilson was hornswoggled in somewhat

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the same way. When he made his stumping tour for the League of Nations he relied on parasites for news of the public effect, and was thus staggered with surprise when it turned out that the enterprise had been a bust. Wilson, when he got home from Versailles, was higher in the world than any other American had ever got. Multitudes of his lieges regarded him as the wisest man since Solomon, and there were plenty who suspected that he was actually divine. More than once, in fact, in 1919, I heard bold whispers that the Second Coming, after long delays, was at last upon us. If he had incarcerated himself in the White House, and confined himself to issuing vague bulls in that voluptuous camp-meeting rhetoric of which he was a master, he would have died to the accompaniment of well-authenticated natural portents, and miracles would be worked at his tomb today. But he insisted fatuously upon exposing himself to the plain people, and the result was catastrophe. The more they looked at him and listened to him, the more they fell away. When they turned out by the thousand to feast their eyes upon a genius, a superman, an archangel, what they saw was simply a Presbyterian pedagogue in a long-tailed coat, giving his old show for sophomores. It was a bitter disillusion and it cost Wilson a pair of wings.

Thus I counsel the statesmen of the world to put down the talkie while there is yet time; in a few years it may reduce them to the public esteem of dog-stealers or traffic cops. Every time they permit themselves to be recorded in the act of saving the world they lose millions of trusting customers. The public is shocked and horrified by the discovery that the lofty characters it has been taught to venerate are simply a gang of blowsy politicians, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. But that this discovery is bad for the human race, as opposed to the statesmen themselves, I do not go so far as to say. On the contrary, I presume to associate myself with the opposite thesis. That is to say, I presume to argue that, whatever the immediate discomfort, it is good medicine for the plain people to get next to their rulers. Since history began they have been admiring quacks, always to their heavy and inescapable cost. Thus they have paid taxes without end, and thus they have marched off idiotically to countless wars. If, now, the progress of invention sicklies them o'er with a pale cast of doubt, then something, I fancy, will be accomplished. It may not be much, practically speaking, but it will be something. The quacks will still hold forth, but they will certainly be less dangerous when their quackery is understood than they were when it was mistaken for wisdom.

Market Report: Poetry

The poets of America, like the farmers, are suffering from hard times, but it is not because of a dull market: their trouble is that they seem to be unable to make a crop. Fifteen or sixteen years ago, as everyone will recall, they did a very brisk business, and scarcely a month went by without a new one horning into it to great applause—Sandburg, Lindsay, Masters, Robinson, Frost, Amy Lowell, and so on. But today the survivors of that flush era write very little, and that little makes no stir, and there is a great dearth of talented newcomers. Since Robinson Jeffers I can recall but one débutant who has really got any serious notice: to wit, Hart Crane. But Mr. Crane's dithyrambs are extremely difficult, not to say painful, to most consumers of poetry, and in consequence his

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following remains small. I offer a specimen from the *New Republic*:

> Ay! Scripture flee'th stone!
> Milk-bright, Thy chisel wind
> Rescindeth flesh from bone
> To quivering whittlings thinned—
> Swept, whistling straw!

It is plain here that something is being said, but just what it is is not too clear. In the days when there were college yells, one got much the same effect from them. My belief is that the overwhelming majority of poetry fans prefer something more pellucid, and so I fear that the author has hard sledding ahead of him, despite his earnestness, industry and patriotism. If a new Masters or Frost or Sandburg were to arise tomorrow, Crane would be knocked off the board. He is safe only so long as he doesn't have to compete with poets writing in plain English. Even so, he may be safe for a long while, for, as I have said, not many such poets are now in practice, and there is little sign that any new ones are hatching. Most of the stuff that makes the bottoms of the magazine pages is even more baffling than Mr. Crane's.

Why poetry should thus go on the rocks is a somewhat mysterious matter, for the American people are naturally poetical, as Rotary and Kiwanis so brilliantly demonstrate. There has never been a time in their history when they were not ready to cherish and venerate poets. In the last heyday of the craft—say in 1915 or thereabout—they bought poetry so copiously that a new volume of it often outsold the latest pornographic novel. If sound goods were on the wharves today they would buy again, even at the cost of missing payments on their radios. But nothing is offered that they can get their teeth into. They ask for something to make their hearts leap, and all they get is something that puzzles and scares them.

I half suspect that the science of criticism is responsible, at least in large part, for this sad decay. Up to four or five years ago the current poetry was reviewed by ordinary critics, and they applied to it the same criteria that they applied to novels, essays and plays. If it seemed to them to be swell, they said so plainly, and had done. They could understand most of the poetry that was then being written, and they wrote about it in a simple and straightforward way. Thus the poetry-loving public got comprehensible and reliable news upon the subject, and poets themselves were given useful aid in their business. The reviews that they read dealt exclusively with what was in their poetry, and there was no intrusion of extraneous and irrelevant matters. In particular, there was no parade of metaphysics—obviously, a comfortable thing for the poets, for their craft is really very simple, and they dislike metaphysics as much as any other decent and laborious men. When Sandburg, for example, read the reviews of his "Chicago Poems" there was nothing in them to either mystify or alarm him. He saw only that his plain strophes had been plainly understood, and highly appreciated. Thus he was encouraged to compose more of them, and presently he did so.

But that innocent day is past. Of late the criticism of poetry has come to be a special branch, with rules and postulates all its own. A flavor of the occult has got into it—even a flavor of the diabolical. One no longer hears that a given poem is either swell stuff or dreadful rubbish, as the case may be; instead, one has to settle down to an acroamatic and indelicate essay upon epistemology, commonly by a young critic who heard of it for the first time not later than the Autumn of 1929. It is not enough for a poet to make it known in dulcet and thrilling terms that he is taken

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by his gal; he must also offer his reasons for saying that she exists, and define love in the mystical vocabulary of Plotinus. Nor is it sufficient for him to write about what he has actually seen and experienced —a wheat field in the wind, a New England village, a Methodist camp-meeting, the battle of Santiago, or what not. The New Criticism demands that he also state his views about such indecent phantasms as neo-Platonism, the Bhagavad-Gita, the Scholastic eudemonism, the precise difference between percept and concept, and the Red plot to kidnap Paul Elmer More. If he fails, then it goes as hard with him as it goes with an atheist in Mississippi.

All this plays hob with the poets. They are artists, not astrologers, and it is asking too much of them to demand that they cram their heads with such stuff. Even a Sandburg, though he is a graduate of a sound Lutheran college and has worked for the Chicago *Daily News* for fifteen years, cannot be expected to understand the fancy writing of a Harvard sophomore drunk on T. S. Eliot. It is all right, of course, for Mr. Crane and his like, but they are plainly exceptional. The average poet, so belabored, simply gives up. He concludes gloomily that the poetry business has gone to pot. I half suspect that it has.

H. L. M.

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AMERICANS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

"I HAVE been told that there is a woman named Dora," Mrs. Henry Watson wrote from a mid-Western town some months ago, "and that she was *very* well acquainted with my late and lamented husband, Henry Watson. This may be malicious gossip, I do not *know*; but I expect and demand, as a muchly wronged and aggrieved wife, that you send me a full and detailed account of this *affair*, if any, by the next post."

And more to the same effect. Chataigner and I, friends and drinking companions of the "late and lamented" Watson, read the letter and smiled wryly. We knew then, at last, why he had come to the South Seas to live hard and die quickly.

Watson had arrived late in December, and he made himself liked by the local alcoholics almost immediately. He was short, prematurely white and as round as a pumpkin, with a sporting temperament acquired from years of patronizing the races. He told us that his wife was dead, that he had no children or other connections of any kind, and that he had come to the South Seas to spend the rest of his days. He fitted in perfectly; we accepted him without a murmur.

He lived with us a little less than a year, drinking deeply and loving as well as his years would permit. He gave us the impression of one born to the life. For months no one dreamed that he was only a hen-pecked husband.

But though at first his real history was unknown, gradually rumors merged into facts, and we learned that he was one of those few men who have the courage to break away from long years of habit. His wife was his cross: a nagging woman; and early in life his two children had found it convenient or diplomatic to side with their mother. So he was the butt of his family for twenty-five years, finding solace only in his sporting companions, and allowed to enjoy them only by stealth.

But on a Thanksgiving Day, twenty-five years after his marriage, Watson did a strange and inexplicable thing. The whole family had gathered about the usual dinner, very straight-laced and smirking, I imagine, allowing themselves the sinful liberty of a bottle of elderberry wine, and blushing as they sipped it. Watson held the head of the table. No one could detect anything unusual in his conduct save that he did not eat his helping of turkey. He stared at it a moment; then he turned his eyes to his wife, and a hard glint came into them. A moment later he rose, excused himself and left the room. This was an unheard of breach of etiquette in the Watson home; everyone was embarrassed. And that was the last the family ever saw of Henry Watson.

Shortly afterward, he stepped from the steamer at Papeete; and a year later he was celebrating Thanksgiving Day at his newly-acquired place in Raiatea. Chataigner and I were there. We helped him

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to bed at one A. M., gave him his usual dose of bile and liver salts, and turned in ourselves. The next morning we helped him into his coffin and planted him in the sand by the blue lagoon.

But we never understood the tragi-comedy of the man's life until we read the letter from his wife. "I have been told that there is a woman named Dora." Poor Watson! Two years after his death his wife was still at his heels! That is one reason why Americans live in the South Seas.

There are, indeed, many Watsons in the islands, though very few find sanctuary. Some are futilely trying to escape from business worries; some from ill-health; some from wives and families, from Prohibition, from themselves. Most of them return home after a few months, or move on. Many die, for the climate is conducive to injudicious drinking and fornication. Those who survive for ten years—and a few can—are fairly certain to live normally long and happy lives. But most of them go in from three to five. The remarkable thing is that the majority of them are men of ability. A Don Quixote, in fact, must have a keen brain—and how quixotic they are, coming here with their story-book pictures of the South Seas, and refusing to let them be effaced by Chinamen, filth, disease, and greed!

II

Tahiti—I write more of her than of the other islands, for she is the Mecca of all South Sea-minded Americans—is like a stately queen, tall and beautiful, mantled in purple and gold, with her head among the clouds and the hem of her robe fouled in a cesspool.

But romance-bitten Americans walk her shores with their eyes averted. They conjure away the oriental slum of Papeete, with its troops of prostitutes, its maudlin Kanakas lolling in the filth of Chinese hovels, its missionaries and traders wringing the island of its last *sou*. They see the island as did the unforgettable Whiskey Smith, who sobered up three months after his arrival to swear that he had just stepped off the steamer.

Tahiti is the island mainly patronized by those who flee from "the frenzied whirl of civilization"; those who wish to separate themselves from the conventions and inhibitions of their home lands; who yearn to live in peace and indolence under the tropic palms. So in Tahiti they make new conventions and inhibitions, and enter into a much more frenzied whirl, which takes them by the rum route to the grave. There, and there only, do they rest in peace and indolence under the tropic palms.

So long as a man has money he resorts to the club. It is a remarkable group that gathers there every evening to drink themselves into oblivion. Among them are men bound to the islands by ties of local marriage or business, but also there are men whose morale has been sapped so dry that they are simply afraid to return home. These men often pat themselves on the back when they mention America or England, thanking their Fates that they have escaped the greed and rush of the overcrowded cities; but the next minute they will be deep in schemes to overreach some competitor in the Paumotu mother-of-pearl market, or to clean up 200% on the J. A. B. copra in Manuae.

My friend the Captain is prominent in the club. He owns a schooner, but never trusts himself aboard her lest her worm-eaten decks cave in under his two-hundred-and-eighty pounds. But he curses and threatens if his native skipper fails to

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bring in a full cargo of copra, with a large enough deck-load to sink the vessel's deck to within a few inches of the waterline.

The Captain has been forty years in the South Seas, and he has seen the members of the club come and go many times. He alone has survived, and it is becoming a game with him to see how much he can drink, how many members he can help bury, and how long he himself can last. He often brags that booze will never get the better of him: he has a stomach of brass, "and the more I pour in the shinier she keeps." Newcomers, hearing his boast, fancy themselves equally immune, and one can hear dyspeptic young men bragging that booze can never hurt them. But in a year or two their drinking days are done.

The Captain has three wives and numerous "arrangements" in little houses about the islands. He owes money to every firm in Papeete, always has owed, and always will. But he browbeats and laughs at his creditors, explaining that nowadays all business is built on credit. His extensive property is heavily mortgaged, as are his schooner and his home near Papeete; but he is always ready to spend more money, and he always gets away with it. He is well over six feet tall, grey-haired, and to all appearances in robust health. He is known to everyone as a good fellow and an experienced judge of rum, women and cribbage hands.

I met the Captain soon after my arrival, and we became close friends. Nowadays, when I am in Papeete, we meet at the club after coffee and start the day with a few bottles of Pilsener. Then, facing our chairs so that we can look out over the shipping on the waterfront, I listen to his endless yarns: he has never been known to reach the conclusion of a story. Thus we pass the mornings on the balcony of the club. At eleven the rest of the American colony drops in for cocktails. The Captain and I join the newcomers about the bar and shake poker dice for the drinks. After the first few rounds we forget that it is lunchtime, until, all at once, someone notices that it is one o'clock.

Then the Captain and I return to our table, send the bar boy for sandwiches, and with a couple of bottles of Pilsener lunch gloriously. Afterward the Captain repairs to a long easy chair in the billiard room, where, for years past, he has enjoyed his siesta. I have cultivated the habit of sleeping in another chair, in a far corner of the room. The bar boy wakes us at four, we change from beer to rum and Perrier water, and the Captain's stories flow on until the members return at half past five. Then, with the night, there is a chop suey dinner in a chow restaurant, amid the uproar of native prostitutes and sailors, and then alcohol to stupefaction.

Among those who spend their nights at the club is one I shall call Barnabas Coy, the sales-agent of an American firm. He has been in the islands ten years, and never misses a night at the club except during the July fête, when all the members go to the country to do some serious drinking. He is short, podgy, and taciturn. His boast is that alcohol will never get the better of him. In his somewhat rare moments of lucidity he will explain that it never injures a man who gives his stomach a rest, and that this is his reason for abstaining up to nine o'clock every morning. He often points his stubby finger at me and names the members who have died of eye-openers. But a nightcap, it appears, never hurts a man, nor do a few drinks during the day—so long as his stomach has its daily rest.

Another regular is Vichy Jones. He is long-faced and somber, with a melancholy

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expression and a dry biting wit. His face is as pale as parchment, but his eyes are yellow with bile. For years no one knew the amount of his income or its source, and even the most prying gossip-mongers, among whom Barnabas Coy is the leader, tired of discussing him. He dresses slovenly, shaves only at times, always forgets to have his hair cut until someone makes a pointed remark about it, and is unconscious of what he eats or if he eats at all. But he is a connoisseur of fine liquor and beautiful women. We have learnt recently that the Banque de l'Indo-Chine will honor his draft for ten million francs! Every year, from the first to the last day of February—it being the shortest month—Vichy goes on the water-wagon. During this month he deserts his mistress, stops drinking, diets carefully, and drinks cases of Vichy water. He says that this yearly moratorium makes him safe against alcohol.

Each of the drinking members has his own antidote or panacea. Luke Watts never mixes his drinks; Ambrose Owen drinks fruit salts three times a day; A. B. Ames remains sober on Sundays and propitiates God by taking his native wife to church; the Captain defies death by drinking nothing stronger than beer in the morning.

Only Brander McDuff disregards all antidotes, charms and nostrums. He came to the islands as the representative of a large firm. It was his intention to stay only a month, but he missed the first steamer home, and that was six years ago. Now he is afraid to go home. He makes a beggarly living taking photographs of dead native babies and wedding couples. When asked if he will have a drink, his habitual reply is: "If not, why not?" Then he grins fatuously and waits for someone to order. A few months ago the doctor warned him that if he did not sober up he would be the next to go. This frightened him so thoroughly that he rushed to the club and drank one rum after another until his courage returned.

III

I have given a good deal of space to the alcoholic brethren for they make up about a third of the Americans in the South Seas. The next largest class is that of the literati. There is no place in the world where the *cacoethes scribendi* is more contagious. It attacks all types of men. A business man whose closest approach to letters has been in the columns of the Hearst papers will, after a few months in the islands, talk seriously of writing the first and only true South Sea book. Many a hardened old trading-skipper has been keeping his memoirs of copra and shell purchases for years, firm in the belief that it will some day see the light; even the alcoholics talk about the books they will write. Every white woman who comes to the islands blossoms instantly into an author, the *roués* surreptitiously jot down pornographic confessions, and the otherwise normal settlers keep note books full of their impressions.

These literary works almost invariably take one of two lines: the bunking or the debunking. About half the authors write the regular South Sea bunk, and the other half devote their pens to exposing the first half. It seems not to occur to any of them to write a simple and factual account of life in the islands. There is a reason for this: the reading public demands one of the two, and if a South Sea author would see his work in print, he must follow either the old Melville-Stevenson-Grimshaw romance and glamour line, or the blatant debunking line. The

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glamourists do the greater harm. They bring Americans to the South Seas to write more books to bring more Americans to write more books. The responsibility, perhaps, falls largely on the Captain and his kind, for from them, and in a fog of alcohol, most of the authors hear the stories which they write as their own experiences.

There are islands like those the romanticists write about, but few men, let alone authors, have ever seen them. And few men could live on such islands, for complete separation from one's race is really not so pleasant as one may imagine. Many come to the South Seas believing that all they desire is to be alone on a beautiful island. Almost all of them are disillusioned within a week. Two men who tried to live on Puka-Puka atoll went mad within three months, and a solitude-seeking American who landed on Maupiti to spend the rest of his days chartered a schooner a week later to take him away. Even if one is adapted to such a life, it is difficult if not impossible to reach the outlying islands, for South Sea trading skippers have found that sentimental settlers on the still primitive islands are injurious to trade, and will not carry them.

The romantics and their books seem to exert a very baleful effect upon the minds of young Americans between sixteen and eighteen who are feeling the first warmth of puberty. Their mothers should spank them and keep them at home; but apparently they do not, for every steamer brings one or two of them, each equipped with a guitar, a few books, extravagant illusions, and no cash. They expect to find what they have read about, and failing, search for recompense at the club or among the Papeete girls. Generally they are sent away by benevolent Americans or by the French officials.

These more or less consciously rutting guitar boys lead one to the subject of our permanent lechers. I wonder what drives so many men girl-mad in the islands. Perhaps the comparative ease with which unquestionably attractive girls may be had, and the security from scandal—for few Mrs. Watsons ever hear of their husbands' peccadilloes. Howbeit, after a few self-conscious smirks, the preachers, professors and other numbskulls who have repressed their concupiscence at home sometimes start a wild though belated oat-sowing here. Professors learn of things not in their philosophy, preachers drop the Rev. while hiding their shame in some isolated part of the islands . . . and so it goes: they quickly find an excuse for what they once called depravity.

American women whose husbands are coming to the South Seas to study the flora, the fauna or the primitive races may do well to accompany them. But perhaps I am exaggerating. Carnally-minded students and moralists are so common in the South Seas that I cannot help poking a little fun at them.

IV

It is difficult to make a single class of the Americans in the South Seas. There are the insatiable lechers, the perfectly normal people who like the climate and the free and easy life, the alcoholics, and the business men, who are much the same as business men the world over, except that they have to be shrewder and crookeder here than in other countries. There are the large group of men in Watson's class, who come here as a means of escape; the deluded beachcombers—a hungry set; the South Sea Don Quixotes, among them the high-school boys with their guitars and sanitubes; the slightly-mad naturemen.

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I admit to liking the last best of all. They have no illusions about the South Seas. But they know that the climate permits them to go half-naked, that the ground grows good pumpkins and bananas, and that they will be let alone.

There is a large colony of them in the mountains of Moorea, perched on ridges and peaks, secluded in the valleys, and with the dimmest of trails leading to their huts and gardens. They seldom leave their fastnesses. They represent many nationalities but only one creed: to live in peace, simply, and with as little labor as possible. I go there often to enjoy their salutary outlook on life, and I may even join their colony some day, to vegetate comfortably and forget the world.

But I seldom visit Willie, the chief of the naturemen, though the first time I broke through the bush and lantana, waded rivers and climbed mountains to gain the colony, I managed to reach his place, "Eagle's Nest." The last five hundred feet was very steep, and I would have hesitated to climb it, save that when I saw the pumpkins growing on the vertiginous mountainside—they were propped with little sticks to keep them from rolling into the valley—I was ashamed to turn back: it seemed that where a pumpkin could carry on I could. So I climbed on and reached his hut. It was perched on a peak just big enough to hold it. Cliffs fell from every side. The view was superb, with the azure-blue water of Cook's Bay at my feet, and surrounding the bay and on all sides of the peak, the lofty verdured mountains, grotesquely modeled, somber and unearthly. But I slipped quickly into the hut, giddy. And when I saw the Chief's naked children playing on the edge of the cliffs, and his wife complacently hanging clothes over an abyss, it did not lessen my dizziness.

Willie is mad as a hatter: he must be, else how could he live in such a place? He says that he enjoys the fresh air and the view, that the cliffs grow fine pumpkins and vanilla, that his fowls keep fat and his children healthy. He seems sane enough when he talks, but there must be something wrong. We had a few glasses of homemade wine while he told me of his life as a stoker, and how he had saved enough money to buy his peak. He would never leave it, he said.

A few hundred feet below him, on the razorback ridge that leads to his peak, stands the house of Nansen, a tall, somber, taciturn man who is working on a perpetual-motion machine. He has also made a coffee husker which he claims will take off more than half the husks. It has been years since he last left his ridge and went down to the sea. Beyond him, on the same ridge, lives Jamie, an American. His front veranda protrudes four feet over a precipice. But the slope behind his house is covered with mummy apples, breadfruit, island chestnuts, yams, mangoes, oranges, limes, every imaginable tropical food. He amuses himself by snaring wild fowls and pigs. These, with wild fruits and vegetables and tobacco, supply his needs. He says he lives on $20 a year. He is one of the most contented men I have ever known, unless it be Hans Schoemaker, who boasts of the only palace among the naturemen.

Hans has a dollhouse affair of two stories, with five tiny rooms fitted out with German neatness and ingenuity. There is a place for everything. Little cupboards are built in the corners, above the doors and under the staircase; there are inventions by Nansen to keep the windows open and automatically fasten the doors; there are homemade tools, tobacco cutters, a brewery, a rabbit warren, a

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duck, fish and shrimp pond, fowl pens, a horse pasture, vegetable terraces dug out of the hillside, a thousand convenient gadgets.

Only a few days ago I spent the night at Hans's place. I drank his brew, ate his strange but palatable concoctions, and spent the evening with him over a cribbage board. Then, when he turned in at eight, I blew out the light and sat by the window to look out over the great valley at the head of Cook's Bay, and at the gloomy mountains, with their serrated ridges and slopes mottled by the shadows of clouds passing before the moon. The night air was chill; there was the clamor of wild ducks flying down to the rice paddies, a rooster's sleepy crow, and then the silence of the mountains. My bed was by the window. I rolled myself in a blanket, but for some time I could not sleep. There was an atmosphere of strangeness about this place that bewildered me. My thoughts turned to the naturemen.

"These men," I said to myself, "are perhaps the only ones who live felicitously in the South Seas, . . . but *are* they in the South Seas?"

Then I understood. They were surely not in the South Seas of Bookland, where one goes to die: the islands of reef and palm, scantily-clad maidens, rum ports and cannibals. Save for the luxuriant growth of tropical plants these retreats in Moorea really resemble the Black Forest where Hans was born, or Jamie's mountains of California.

"The half-mad naturemen are not so mad as the rest of the South Sea settlers," I muttered as I dropped off to sleep.

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EXTRA GANG

BY H. L. DAVIS

THE fifty niggers on the extra gang had been scrambled together blind, and shipped out to Eastern Oregon during the 1920 labor shortage by a Kansas City muscle-broker whose job it was to supply men, and to hell to with what became of them afterward. Of an intentional misfit, nobody suspected him, but sending those men to that job was certainly a bonehead transaction. Even men who were used to the sagebrush country would have been hard to handle there. It was a wild rimrock canyon on the Deschutes branch of the Union Pacific—sagebrush and enormous yellow wheatfields on the cliffs, nothing under them except a river and a train once a day each way.

The men were town-bred, raked together, apparently, from the colored vagrancy section of the Kansas City jail. The railroad company that year paid $5.50 a day, which was more than most of them had ever made before in a week. They should have felt grateful, and split themselves working to earn it, but they didn't. Most of them did no work at all, and a lot of them weren't fit to. There were cripples and invalids, pickaninnies of thirteen and dodderers of past seventy, who couldn't have lifted a shovelful of gravel to save their hides.

The foreman of the outfit was a white man, and a good railroader. He had tried to make them work, but he had nothing to use on them except oral persuasion, for the company had forbidden him to club or fire any of them until their transportation was worked out. When I landed to take on the job of timekeeper he had simply lost interest. In working hours he sat on a tie and ignored them. Evenings, he read the daily newspaper and answered advertisements offering productive fruit farms in Western Oregon on easy payments.

But the gang was not lying there bossless. One of the niggers had shouldered the job of running it, on what qualifications I could never figure out. He was ugly, a flat-chested weakling, ferociously superstitious and cowardly, and offensively pious. The work he did was no credit to him, for he flunkeyed in the cook-car, dishwashing, lugging water, and splitting kindling. Between meals, he sat in the shade reading his Bible, or making wild flowers into bouquets for the foreman's dinner table. He never cussed, would allow no lewd or profane language in his presence, and made all of the men call him mister. I don't know what he would have done to them if they hadn't.

The most obvious thing about his administration was his tattling. During supper he came into the foreman's dining-car with a bouquet and announced, arranging it, that there were dead Indians buried alongside a stretch of track, and that the men objected to going past the locality after sundown. There was some talk among them of striking if they had to do any more of it.

"Well, we'll knock off earlier after this,"

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said the foreman. "Tell 'em so, and don't bother me. I get paid for ten hours a day, and that's all a man ought to put in."

"Yes, suh!" the flunkey agreed. He had a high, trembly voice, as if he were about to break down and cry. "Ol' man in numbuh eight bunk-cah, he fixin' to die."

"That's the timekeeper's business," said the foreman. "He'll get his work-number, and write for a hospital pass."

"Yes, suh," said the flunkey, ignoring me. "Tough man in bunk-cah numbuh fo' needs sendin' away. He packin' gun, braggin' how he fixin' to shoot people. Jail man, too."

"I'll see about him," said the foreman. "Damn a job where they can't let a man alone to read the paper. What's this shooter's name?"

His name on the payroll was something fancy—Ora D'Vesta, or something like that. The men called him Little Ole from Pensacoly. He looked innocent, but mean was no word for it. Criminal record; got jagged on cocaine and heroin; packed a knife in his pants-leg and shot off his face about the men he had cut with it; bragged about his women. Also, he had announced that he was going to bring in some loose girls to make money off the extra gang. Sporting ladies.

The flunkey's high-pitched quaver made the prospect sound terrible. The foreman, however, showed only a moderate interest. "Sporting ladies, eh?" he said, without taking his eyes from his newspaper. "Well, we'll need 'em, if we hold this gang together. We used to do it in Texas, and it worked out. I ran a steel-gang down there in 1904. Hadn't been for the girls, we couldn't have strung a rail."

The flunkey backed to the door where the foreman couldn't reach him. He didn't have much nerve, but he had principles, and he knew who was running that extra gang. "Ain't no red-light women comin' around heah," he said. His tearful voice made him sound like a stubborn school-kid refusing to apologize to teacher. He was willing to let the dying old man wait a week for a train-pass, just to be agreeable, but on a point of morals he didn't intend to give an inch. He wouldn't even argue. "No red-light women comes around heah," he said. "D'ain't anybody wants 'em, and d'ain't anybody goin' bring 'em!"

"Well, I ain't going to," said the foreman. "If this Pensacola boy's tough, I'll ship him. Go away and let me read."

He apologized to me for his meekness when the flunkey had gone. The trouble, he said, was that niggers were childish. If you didn't humor their notions, they would all quit, and we would be out of our jobs. The flat-chested flunkey wasn't much for looks, but he seemed honest and well-posted. You saved a lot of trouble by listening to his advice. "I'll have to cut that Pensacola nigger's suspenders, I guess," the foreman said. "I don't know how he'll get out of here, either. They've stopped men jumping freight-trains. You write for that old man's pass tonight, don't forget."

I wrote for the pass, and hooped the note on the Northbound passenger the next morning. Then I went to No. 8 bunk-car to see the old man. His body was swollen, his face caved and haggard, and he had palsy, which scared him. He sobbed and stuttered, pressing his fingers against his mouth to hold it steady. I hardly expected that the hospital idea would interest him, and it didn't. All he wanted, he mumbled over and over, was to be allowed to die. Nothing was hindering him that I knew of.

Pass or not, he had to be out of there. I thought of trying to talk the passenger conductor into deadheading him, and decided not to waste the time. He smelled too badly.

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Buying him a ticket was out because he had no money to pay for one, and neither had I.

He would have to go on a freight. Since he couldn't stand without somebody to hold to, I had to find help to load him on, and somebody to watch that he didn't fall off on the way in. That took figuring. Not that there was likely to be any trouble finding men who wanted to travel. A lot of them were eager to, if they hadn't been afraid of landing in jail for jumping their transportation. The trouble was that they were so eager to get out themselves that they weren't apt to pay much attention to anything else. I gave them all up, hunted up Little Ole, and quickly made a deal with him.

Little Ole was a shiny black boy with a round head and a case of the giggles. I saw no traces of cocaine or heroin, but I did see a lot more to like about him than about the flunkey. He agreed willingly to everything I offered. He would load the old man on the freight, stay with him to the Dalles, hunt up the company doctor, and report the case to the roadmaster's clerk. My part was to flag down the freight until he could load on, and fix it so he could cash his time-check without landing in jail. That was easy enough. We had some empty oil-drums to send out, and the jail business was merely a ghost story somebody had loaded the men with so they wouldn't all walk out. A laborer can't be jailed for transportation unless he refuses to work at all, and Little Ole had checked in on the track every day for a week.

I kept my promise, and Little Ole kept his. What went wrong was what neither of us had thought to arrange for. Going in, a freight-brakeman climbed into Little Ole's boxcar and ordered him to pay a dollar or get thrown off. Little Ole didn't have a dollar, and he shot the brakeman through the mouth. Even then he stuck to his promise, though he was probably too scared to remember it. He might have saved himself by jumping off and taking to the brush. Instead, he dumped off the brakeman's body and stayed on. The trainmen in the caboose saw it, dropped off a telegram at the junction, and had a posse waiting when they pulled into the Dalles. Little Ole was in jail, ticketed to hang.

The dying old man who was too helpless even to stand had made out rather better. He had been taken to the indigents' ward of the hospital, and he was being doctored back, the newspaper said, to perfect health. He knew nothing, could do nothing, and was certain to be a helpless, painful nuisance wherever he landed. I haven't the slightest doubt that he is still alive, still being carried to public hospitals and nursed back to health, and still blubbering and begging to be allowed to die.

II

The next two weeks were a lonely spell for me. The niggers let me alone, blaming me for having got Little Ole hung. The foreman let everybody alone, and lived entirely with the newspaper account of the shooting. It was the first time he had ever seen a newspaper story about anybody he knew, and he reread it until he could have sung it off from end to end with his eyes shut.

With no competition to bother, the cook-car flunkey cut loose and ran the gang as if it had been deeded to him. It was he, and not the track-men, who had hatched out the notion that the old Indian graveyard up-track was something to be afraid of. Now, with full swing to do as he pleased, he put the place under a regular quarantine. Nobody was to go near it, even in broad daylight. With luck, he could

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have made even that piece of foolishness stick, for nobody wanted to go near it anyway. But his luck went back on him one night about dark. The handcars came in from work running slow, and carrying a wounded man who, either for a doctor or a coroner, had to be hauled past the Indian graveyard to town.

It looked, when they unloaded him, a good deal likelier that the coroner would land the contract. He had fallen off in front of a handcar, and the big bullwheel, clearing the ground about a foot, had walked the full length of his back, chewing a deep cog-track all the way up. His right eyelid was cut and lopped down on to his cheek, and there was a gash under his right shoulder that I could have got my fist into. Blood came jerking out in spurts. It was a cut artery.

Our medicine chest was one of those compositions that explain why American railroad management leads the world. It consisted of a tube of corn-salve, a jar of carbolated vaseline, and a sample-size bottle, half-evaporated, of Sloan's Family Liniment. Not much to do with. We painted the liniment on his cog-tracked back, expecting him to yell and faint, for the stuff was old, thick, and hot enough to have scorched wood. He didn't even squirm. Except in the cut over his eye, he was knocked numb. That hurt plenty, but he contrived a grin in spite of it.

"Lay on, boys," he said. "Last chance you apt to git on me. Railroad comp'ny got obliged to ride me some place else now."

He didn't know it, but riding him couldn't wait on any railroad company. We couldn't cinch a tourniquet deep enough to shut off his artery completely, and the weakness of his voice was scary. The foreman gave it up, and sat down.

"He's got to hit for a doctor right now," he said. "I'm as tired as a dog. You suppose a crew of these boys could take him in alone?"

The wounded boy strengthened a little. "Cain't send no boys in alone," he said. "Boys ain't doin' no runnin' around them Indian places aftuh sundown."

We had forgotten about the flunkey's quarantine. No handcar crew would run against that. I doubted if we could even get one to start.

"You know these wheat-country towns better than I do," the foreman said. "You take him in, and I'll get you some kind of a crew."

I agreed, and he went out after them, tucking an old single-action pistol into his shirt-bosom to electioneer with. Even with that, I thought he had taken the hardest end of the job, but he got them without pulling it, by pointing out that a dead man in the bunk-cars would certainly produce as mean a ghost as a bunch of old Indians that had been dead so long they were desiccated. The cook-car flunkey, instead of defending his own ruling, went into the kitchen and refused to come out. It was his first real problem in administration, and he lay down on it cold.

The five men who lined up to go were far stouter characters than the run of the gang. One was an old ex-cavalry sergeant named Ewin Elliott who had done a hitch at the Pine Ridge Agency, and knew too much about Indians to be jumpy about a few dead ones. Another was a second-year medical student, emancipated by knowledge. There was a reckless-faced *mestizo* youth from New Mexico, who signed up on a dare; a yellowish ex-schoolteacher who came out of public-spiritedness; and a sour-featured gambler who explained, with a hard leer, that he had once been a preacher, and that he couldn't let a boy bleed to death when, for all he knew, the kid might be his own son.

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III

It was full dark before we got started. At the old Indian burying ground, even the foam-spurts in the river were flickery and faint, and the men were beginning to jump at small noises. There were plenty of them —bullbats, sliding gravel, owls. Every flutter in the dark was a scare. Going through a tunnel, water dripped from the roof on to one of the men. He yelled. Everybody ducked and straightened. The handcar shied like a stung horse, went out of there at a clip that almost took the whole works out from under me, and ripped off half a mile of track before anybody stopped pumping long enough to breathe.

It was too dark to see whether the wounded youth was coming along or not. He was tied against the handlebar-standard, kneeling with his back to it and his hands strapped around it behind him. To hold our tourniquet from shifting if he moved, we had also tied him in at the chest and waist. I had thought, cinching him down, how much we had made him look like a traveling crucifixion. Not a sound came from him, and I couldn't tell whether he was alive or not. It didn't matter much. I was out to get him to town, dead or alive. If it helped the men's speed to imagine the dark was swarming with blood-guzzling spooks, I was all for encouraging the notion.

I went farther into it with them than I had intended to. About moonrise, we ran the handcar astraddle of an animal on the track. The jolt and the awful groan the thing let out scared the very blood out of my liver. We took the handcar three miles at one skip before anybody looked back. Then I cooled off enough to realize that we had merely slaughtered a big porcupine, and we saw lights ahead. It was Maupin, and I wasn't prepared for it.

I hadn't even settled on what to do. Would everybody be in bed? How long would it take me to find the doctor, and where would we stow the wounded youth while I hunted him? Could we find a place where the doctor could work on him, or would we have to do it out of doors, and light matches to see by? And was there anything left of the youth, from the handcar-larruping he had stood, for a doctor to work on?

The Deschutes railroad station at Maupin was at the bottom of the canyon, neighboring a hotel and a grain elevator. The rest of the town was on the opposite bank on top of the canyon. From the station to the center of town was a mile, all uphill.

The light we had seen coming in was from the hotel office. There was nothing else there except a sign inviting guests to register, pick out a key, and help themselves to anything it would unlock. No help there. We pumped on to the station. The men set the handcar off, with the wounded youth still strapped to it, and sat down in a row against the wall. I took the road uptown.

I had been in Maupin several times, and knew a good many of the people. Not the doctor, except that he had a sign over the door of his house so people could find him. But there were no street-lights, and I had to light matches from one house to another to find where the sign was. How long it took me I didn't like to guess, and, having finally cornered it, I couldn't raise anybody in the house. I knocked, kicked and yelled until a next-door window opened with a peevish bang.

"If you want the doctor, he ain't living there any more," she said. "His wife is, and you're keeping her awake. The doctor lives at the hotel. Let people sleep!"

I trailed the mile downhill in the dark,

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and found the doctor's room on the hotel register. But knocking on his door once more raised nothing but a woman's voice from up the hall.

"Take room thirty-four," it advised wearily. "The key's at the desk. Can't you read?"

I told her that I wanted to see a guest, not to become one. That seemed to make her think less of my intelligence than before. "He's never here at this time of night," she informed me. I heard a man's voice murmur something indistinct. "He's up at the pool-hall," she translated through the door. "In the back-room. Knock hard, and holler who it is you want. And quit bothering people that want to sleep!"

I climbed the mile back uphill, thinking how things that would once have interested me as news now meant nothing, except as they helped to run down that doctor. Ordinarily, a back-room session in the Maupin pool-hall, with strangers admitted only on countersign, would have been something to run right home and scatter around. Now it was merely a time-saver.

The back-room of the pool-hall showed signs of a high-priced harvest. Behind drawn blinds, a gang of half-drunk crop-hands from a combine crew were losing their wages five dollars at a time in a black-jack game. The dealer was a tall, Mexican-looking man with eyes like a marihuana addict. He wore a pistol under his shirt, and fingered it between deals, though there was nothing in sight to use it on, and nobody sober enough to notice what it was.

The doctor wasn't gambling. He sat on a pool-table looking on, with the contracted, blanked-out face of a man who has decided to let his small town get him and be done with it. He picked up hopefully when I explained that a man had been smashed up. So did everybody. They all let down in disgust when I told them what kind of man it was, and the doctor hitched back on the pool-table.

"These railroad emergency-cases give me a lot of trouble," he said. "When I buy something from the railroad, I have to pay for it. But when it's the other way round, I can't get anything out of them except a lot of blank forms. You can't pay a grocery-bill with blank forms, young man."

He looked around for a laugh, and got one. "Aw, let him lay, anyhow," a man said. "One of them niggers. Cure him up, and what you got?"

"They ain't worth a man's bother, that's a fact," said the dealer. "It's cold-blooded to let a man die, but when it saves the State the expense of hanging him, I don't know what's wrong about it." He shuffled the cards. From his handling of them, I judged they were pin-marked. I don't think there was anything racial about the crowd's hostility. It was more like the old Western horror of Indian outbreaks. Little Ole's gun-play had thrown a scare into the wheat-country people.

"I'll see that you get paid," I told the doctor. "I've got a pay-check due here at the station this week. I'll give you an order on the agent for it, if you want one."

It didn't sound very strong. What I needed was a fistful of money to poke into his face. One of the crop-hands called "Make him ante, doc!" Another put in something about a white kid associating with those black this-and-thatters, and another thought I ought to be told to go to hell. But the doctor got off the pool-table.

"I'll have to get some dressings and things," he said. "Have you got a place fixed where I can work on him?"

I told him that I would fix one, without the faintest idea how or where. Hungry and leg-weary, it struck me as almost a hopeful possibility that the wounded youth might be past needing a doctor.

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IV

He was still alive, and, what seemed still better at the moment, the station-agent had got out of bed and come down to see who was hurt. He stood over the handcar, lighting matches to take stock.

"The doc's on his way, is he?" he said. "I'll open the freight-room for him to work in, and bring a lamp for him. You could have the waiting-room, only you'd get blood all over it, and I get hell when it ain't clean."

The freight-room did very well. While they carried the wounded man in, I borrowed a telegraph blank and wired the division superintendent that Laborer No. 25, Extra Gang 14, was seriously injured and required transportation on train No. 35, which please wire on receipt. Then I went into the freight-room. It was less pleasant than outdoors, with oil-drums, crates of farm machinery, milk-cans, bales of gunnysacks, wool-fleeces, side-leather, the yellow, smelly lamp, and the wounded man stretched out on the floor under it.

But the five men of the handcar crew all came inside and lined up against the wall. Not to help. Not even to watch. Even old Elliott and the young medical student, who should have been used to such work, stared at their feet when the first stiffened bandage cracked off. When the doctor held up our well-meant tourniquet and asked who had put that thing on, they didn't even look up to see what he had. There was no reason why they should. What difference did it make? However, I owned up to it.

"You should have put a pebble in it, to get pressure on the artery," said the doctor, and I have remembered that hunch ever since, without once having had any use for it. "The man's bled almost to death. I'll need somebody to hold the forceps while I tie this."

Nobody moved. The medical student explained afterward that his studies hadn't got past osteology. Mine hadn't even got that far, and I was wobbling with dizziness besides. But I held the forceps, though the smell of hides, kerosene and blood brought my stomach up on me three times while the doctor worked his loop tight.

I didn't grudge it, either. The wounded youth was worth a rocky stomach. The feeling was coming back into him, and his eyes were bright and alert with pain, but he didn't let out a whimper. "Hold steady," the doctor warned him, working on his back. "This is going to sting."

"Sprinkle me down, Mistuh Man," the youth told him, in a half-whisper. "Cain't no stings bothuh me, countin' what I done had already."

It took a long time to get him finished. He was bandaged from waist to hair-part, with nothing sticking out except one eye and one arm, and the station-agent explained that he would have to lock up the freight-room. We couldn't stay in it, because there was too much property there that people were liable to raise hell about. "I hate to run you out this way," he apologized. "That man ought to be in bed."

I asked him what he thought of the hotel, with the wild idea of getting in a night's rest, and offering the widowed proprietress another order on my pay-check after it was too late to trade back. But the agent advised me not to.

"I room there myself," he explained. "Not that I'd have any kick, of course. But the lady that runs it, she's fitty about colored men these days, and she'd raise hell. I don't say she's right, but she would."

I looked at the wounded youth to see how he felt. He grinned through his wrappings. "Outside'll do me," he said.

"Of course, it would be different with a room for yourself," the agent said. "You're

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welcome to half of mine. You look like you needed sleep."

I knew that I must look pretty sorry and helpless. If I hadn't, he wouldn't have offered his room. There was no reason why I shouldn't have taken him up on it, and no charity in refusing to sleep in a bed because half a dozen niggers weren't allowed to.

But I thanked the station-agent, hoping he wouldn't think me insane or a renegade, and went back to the men. We carried the wounded youth down into the grass by the river. The young medical student took it hard that we hadn't gone to the hotel instead, though how he expected to get by without money he didn't say. He kept talking about a letter he was going to write to some colored people's association about wheat-country discriminations. Nobody paid any attention to him. Neither he nor anybody else suggested loading on the handcar and pumping back to camp in the dark.

There was straw in the willows where some Indians had camped and baited their horses. I kicked it into a bed for the wounded youth, and we sat down to wait for daylight.

V

The place we had picked was an old hobo bull-camp, and the ranchers, frantic because they were short-handed in a wheat-boom, were scouting it close. We hadn't been there half an hour when a motor-truck jounced along the railroad track, playing a spotlight down on the willows. It picked us out and stopped. "Come up here, you men!" a voice ordered. There seemed a lot of invisibly owned voices around that town. "Don't try to duck out on me, or you'll get hurt! I'm an officer of the law!"

I told the men to stay where they were, and went up. It was one man with a truck-load of gunnysacks—a wheat-rancher, though he did have a deputy sheriff's star. The sheriff told me afterward that he had got it by claiming it would scare little boys out of his watermelon patch, but he had brought it out to recruit a few extra hands for his wheat by making them think they would go to jail if they didn't work for him.

He was excited. Six men at one draw was more than he had hoped to land. When I told him they were all colored except me, he went down to make sure I hadn't lied. Then he climbed back to his truck and went away without even declaring our arrest void. Little Ole had certainly discouraged that wheat-country from monkeying with colored men.

I had been raised in that wheat-country, and I had written poems about it and some of the people in it. They hadn't shrunk any, but it seemed they had, because I had grown past them. In the wounded youth alone, I had discovered more about a good way to live than they would ever know in their lives. They never managed to get down to life at all, because the trimmings got in their way. I thought of the life that went on in that town while the wounded youth sat strapped to the handcar outside the railroad station. He hadn't acted nearly so addled over the prospect of dying as the man on the truck had over the prospect of corralling six big farm-hands. I never doubted that I should be able to stand dying as fearlessly as he had, or that all the men would. I don't know why I should have been so certain. There was no reason for it except that we had all been elbowed out of town together. We were all broke and bedevilled, and we were, therefore, all better than the people who bedevilled us. I wouldn't have traded that patch of grass

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by the Deschutes river for the station-agent's bed, or all the beds those townspeople had ever slept in or hid under.

At daylight, two girls came out of the section-house, looked around, and surprised us by heeling down the bank to our grass-patch. Their get-up—khaki breeches, silk stockings, high-heeled slippers—showed them to be ladies on the move. So did their complexion, which was a touch darker than usually met with in those Northern latitudes. They were young. The older of them, who did the talking, couldn't have been over twenty-five. Less, maybe, for dark meat ages fast. She wasted no time in stalling.

"You're from the extra gang up-river?" she said. "How many men on it—fifty? How's it to ride up with you, and make a little money out of 'em?"

"Bad," I said. "They haven't got any money."

"There's a payday this week," she said. "Don't come your deep stuff on me. We moved up last night from an outfit on the main line with ninety Japs on it. They stood us, and so can you. Who'll stop us?"

I thought of the cook's flunkey, his moral principles, and how he had crawfished on his ruling about the Indian graveyard. It would be funny to see what happened if those girls set up shop in camp and he undertook to run them out. "I won't stop you," I told them. "These men may. The dishwasher that bosses them doesn't like girls."

She looked them over. "Man hurt, eh? Well, there's plenty without him." She was metal-patched, that girl. Money was her point, and she let nothing else bother her. "How about you boys? Does this dishwasher's word go, or do you talk for yourselves?"

They all answered, rather blurtily, that they liked girls, and that it was none of the dishwasher's damned business. Even old Elliott, who should have outgrown such waywardness, voted with the bunch.

"All right," said the girl. "Around payday we'll chase in on you. They cash railroad checks in this town, don't they?"

VI

I had hoped to get the wounded boy shipped out before the row over the girls started. But his pass was late, and there wasn't any row. At the news that the girls planned a visit, the gang back in camp simply fell to pieces. That evening, eighteen men asked for their time. By bedtime there were a dozen more. I figured and wrote time-checks all night, and got a whole deck of new ones in the morning. By noon, the men who hadn't quit wouldn't have filled one handcar.

They gave dozens of different reasons for quitting. Ill health was a strong favorite, with strained backs the prevailing infirmity. Courtship, love and family ran strong, too. A whole platoon of men had got letters begging them to come home. One elderly man had seen his wife beckoning him in a dream, and a young buck wanted to get out before his caught up with him. Time-checks could only be cashed in the Dalles, a forty-mile walk in the heat, but that stopped none of them.

The flat-chested flunkey drew his time after he had washed the breakfast dishes. It was a strained parting. I disliked him, but he was worth feeling sorry for. It had taken work to get those men under his hand, and his hesitation about small decisions didn't slow him up when he came to a big one. Brought to a choice between shading his morals and losing his power, he blew up the gang, his job, and everything he had worked and schemed for and got, without faltering. His name was

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Serphin Hammer. I expected to hear of him again, but I never have.

The five men who had made up the handcar crew quit last, no friendlier and no more convincing in their excuses than any of the others, and I never heard of them again, either. The entire gang of fifty colored men scattered into that wheat-country, where all the people were set against them, without stirring up so much as a two-line local in the county newspaper. By Fall, there wasn't a sign that any colored men had ever been there. Even the work they left wasn't enough to remember them by, for they hadn't done enough of it to be worth noticing.

I did see the wounded youth that Fall. He was in Portland, a few weeks out of the company hospital, and he was having trouble collecting the damages a lawyer had told him he was entitled to. We didn't find much to talk about.

The foreman stayed behind to take care of the outfit train when I left. I wished I could have been around there when the two girls jumped off the train in front of him, ready for business.

The Maupin doctor never turned in the order on my pay-check. I don't know if he ever collected for sewing up the wounded youth or not. He may have dunned the railroad company direct. I hope he did, and that the company sent him another bunch of blank forms.

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AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

SCIENTIFIC note from the Los Angeles *Times*:

> Ota-ah-ka Mohawk, medicine man of the Canadian Mohawk Indians, has taken to the ways of the white man and in place of his time-honored rattle and incantations has turned to modern methods, for he was graduated last night with a class of twenty-eight from the Los Angeles College of Chiropractic. Ota-ah-ka received his diploma with his wife, Ote-ah Mohawk, from Dr. C. H. Wood, president of the college.
>
> "After all," Ota-ah-ka said last night at the graduation exercises, "there is not a great deal of difference in some of the Indian ways for curing ills and the methods of chiropractic. We used to put our patients on the ground and work on them, and then sometimes over a log. We were great believers in rolling our patients over a log, and sometimes we would walk on them."

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ILLINOIS

COMPLAINT of a Christian reader of the Chicago *Tribune*:

> I am just wondering whether some ministers belong to a labor union. Yesterday my wife and I entered a church with the hope of getting the usual order of service. The temperature was 72. This is what we got: One hymn, one prayer, one solo, one sermon (it was good but very short), and one collection. After the sermon the minister said: "This is the end of the service; you may go home." I was astounded. Not even a benediction, no closing hymn, no postlude. What's the big idea? Am I old-fashioned?
>
> Ministers are always complaining that too many pews are empty. I believe a full service, without any cutouts, will do the trick.
>
> When I go to church I want everything from prelude to postlude. They get my money, don't they?
>
> FREDERICK H. JAENICKEN.

CULTURAL item from the Du Quoin *Review*:

> Some of the citizens of Du Quoin, some years ago, started a movement to secure a public library here. An ordinance was passed by the city council and a tax levied and collected for several years until a fund of several thousand dollars was accumulated for that purpose. . . . The city council, in its wisdom, believing that anything useful and also handsome in appearance would meet the requirements, diverted the

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money in the library fund and with it purchased a new fire truck and equipment. It is a handsome and efficient machine, and often when there is a fire and it goes roaring down the street under the control of our skillful and capable volunteer fire department, with its glossy red paint, nickel trimmings flashing in the light, and tooting horn, the remark is frequently heard "There goes the Du Quoin Public Library. Ain't she a dandy?"

MASSACHUSETTS

FROM the Questions and Answers department of the Boston *American*:

Q. The smallest blood vessels are called ————?

A. Corpuscles.

MINNESOTA

THE worship of Yahweh in Minneapolis:

"We Specialize in Helpfulness"
7:45—PREACHING FROM A PULLMAN—7:45
The rear end of a Northern Pacific Observation Car has been set up in Simpson Church and will be used as the pulpit from which the pastor preaches Sunday night on the theme
"WHERE TO, PLEASE?"
See the big vested choir board the train. Special scenery and appropriate decorations. Lights and color galore.
A service you can never forget.
SIMPSON CHURCH
28th St. and First Ave. South

MISSOURI

FROM the Marshall *Daily Democrat*:

Wheat yesterday on the market at Liverpool, where the world price is set, was the lowest since 1654, which means 277 years. So not since the time of William Makepeace Shakespeare has this grain been at the ebb it now is experiencing.

NEW YORK

ADVERTISEMENT in the Bay Shore, L. I., *Sentinel*:

C. RAYMOND DAILY
OF THE DAILY FUNERAL SERVICE
For Nearly a Century Long Island's Leading Morticians

ISLIP	BAY SHORE
1 Chestnut Street	5 Fifth Avenue
Tel. 1100	Tel. 1428

CENTRAL ISLIP
First Avenue
Tel. 10

Gentlemen by birth
Gentlemen by education
Gentlemen by environment
Gentlemen by choice

OHIO

THE Dayton *Herald* apologizes to its readers for a serious lapse in its service to their cultural needs:

Tuesday not only was one of the hottest days of the summer. It also was one of the busiest at the *Herald*.

More telephone calls came into the *Herald* building Tuesday than on the busiest election night. And it was all because "Tarzan of the Apes" failed to make its customary appearance in Tuesday's editions. Through a confusion in the mails this week's supply of Tarzan copy failed to come through from the New York syndicate that prepares it. Telegrams and telephone calls were hastily dispatched to New York requesting a replacement. In the meantime the *Herald* went to press without "Tarzan."

And was there an uproar? Was there a protest? Did thousands of *Herald* readers who are Tarzan fans want to know why? Just ask any one of the score or more of editors, reporters and circulation department clerks. When the day staff quit for the day at 5 P. M., the telephones were still ringing. They kept the *Journal* staff busy until far into the night.

For the information of "Tarzan" fans there is this assurance: that the "Tarzan" strip will make its reappearance in the *Herald* not later than Thursday and that it will be resumed without any interruption in the continuity. In other words, it will begin with Tuesday's installment.

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TENNESSEE

MORAL and ethnological note from the Chattanooga *News*:

> Twenty-seven persons were arrested in Chattanooga last month for driving automobiles while drunk. It is considered significant and somewhat alarming by police officials that 302 persons were arrested for drunkenness, and 115 charged with being drunk and disorderly. White men give the police more trouble than any other group of the human race, and those between 20 and 30 years of age are more likely to get into trouble. Of the total number of arrests, 543, or more than half, were of white men; 304 were of colored men, 83 were of white women and 70 were of colored women. All but nine were American-born.

FROM the Associated Press correspondent at Knoxville:

> A proposal to install a bathtub in the Youngs High-school, long debated by county School Board members, was abandoned today.
>
> "We don't have school on Saturday, so it won't be needed," a board member announced to the finance committee of the County Court.

TEXAS

DISPATCH from Detroit in the eminent New York *Herald Tribune*:

> Folded into a tiny coop where his chin rests on his knees and his arms cannot be stretched full length, Ike Morrow is headed back to Texas and prison. The Negro was shoved today into a heavy wire cage like those on the rear of a dog-catcher's cart. The cage is right over the rear wheels of a small truck. A grim-faced Texas prison agent who broke his taciturnity only to exclaim, "In Texas we don't fool," snapped two heavy padlocks on the door that had closed on Ike.
>
> Ike was a little bewildered. He had just finished thirty days in the Detroit House of Correction for petit larceny. But a prison cell compared to his new quarters had all the expansiveness of the great outdoors. If they hit a bump Ike's head is going to smash against that wire ceiling through which the hot sun pours in. If he lies on the floor where the dust has gathered he will be bruised.
>
> The prisoner in his 4 by 4 cage will be carted through eight States—1,100 long, dusty and bumpy miles—before they pull up at Huntsville, whence Ike escaped. He slipped his shackles and swam a stream, eluding bloodhounds and bullets. This trip back is to be a lesson to him. At night he may be taken from the cell to sleep in whatever jail is near.

WASHINGTON

CARD of the proprietor of the Hotel World, the pride of Wenatchee:

> When you rent a room you come to sleep,
> And not around the halls to peep;
> We have no girls, we sell no booze,
> So go to bed and have your snooze.
> For in the morning when the sun is red,
> We'll roll you out to make your bed;
> And if you've had a good night's rest,
> You'll slip right on your pants and vest,
> And step right out without a frown
> And call again when you're in town.
>
> —CLARENCE L. ROSS,
> Hotel World.

WISCONSIN

SOCIAL item from the Milwaukee *Sentinel*:

> Viola Wagner, 21, and Harold Hedlund, 23, will have a brass band, a 600-pound wedding cake and all the spectators who can crowd into the Arcadia ballroom marathon dance classic when they say "I do" next Tuesday night, after 1,000 hours on the floor. They fox-trotted off the floor Wednesday, as one of the eleven remaining couples, after some 760 hours of dancing; waltzed on to a truck that conveyed them to the courthouse. While the necessary papers were filled out for their marriage license, they did a bit of soft shoe dancing to keep in the contest. Then back again, dancing all the while, to invite Elmer Dupree and Birdie Kettlehut, other marathon contenders, to make up the wedding party.

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CANADA

THE woes and hazards of public officials in the wilds of British Columbia, as revealed by a Canadian Press dispatch from Grand Forks:

> W. F. Laidman, census commissioner, and his attorney, Horace W. Galbraith, of Vernon, had a narrow escape from disrobement at the hands of the Sons of Freedom sect of Doukhobors today when they sought to gain census information from a colony numbering upward of 200.
>
> The officials were forced to leave in haste with the Doukhobors shrieking threats of vengeance on them and on any government officials who might come. Women were the worst offenders in the demonstration and two of them scarcely out of their 'teens, who had attended high-school and spoke perfect English, were especially venomous. The women tore clothing from some of the other men who attempted to give information to the officials, and when one of the latter was given a list of some thirty names, the women took the papers from the officers and tore them to shreds.
>
> Today's attempt followed a nude parade a day or so ago when the local enumerator, E. L. Kidd, spent a couple of hours with the colonists in a fruitless effort to get information.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

FROM the celebrated Manchester *Guardian Weekly*:

ARE YOU AN ISRAELITE?

(Not Necessarily a Jew.)

SUMMARY OF DOCTRINES HELD BY THE CHRISTIAN ISRAELITE CHURCH.

We believe the Bible to be the Word of God. We believe in an actual fall of man (Gen. 3:1-24), brought about through the disobedience of our first parents; and that temporal death was thus introduced. That the Fall of Man was permitted, foreseen, and provided for in God's plan of salvation. We believe in Universal Salvation—that "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive; but every man in his own order," I. Cor. 15:22, 23.

That this great consummation has been made possible through the obedience of God's Son, Jesus Christ, who tasted death for every man (Heb. 2:9).

That all who have died in faith will enter upon their reward at the First Resurrection, and that the wicked will be restored at the Final Resurrection (Rev. 20:5, 6).

We believe that, quite apart from these two classes, God has an "Elect number," "whom He foreknew" in a pre-existent spiritual state (Matt. 24:22; Rom. 8:29).

That the glory of immortality has been reserved for the literal seed of Abraham, who will live and reign with Christ upon Earth for a thousand years (Rev. 20:4).

That the sifting-out process of this favored, or Royal race, began more than a hundred years ago, through various "messengers," who successively were commissioned to revive the preaching of "the Gospel of the kingdom" (Mat. 4:23), viz.—The abolition of death and overthrow of Satan and establishment of God's kingdom upon earth (I. Cor. 15:26; Rev. 20:3: 11:15).

We believe that this literal and spiritual seed of Israel are at present to be found in the Christian and Jewish Churches, ignorant of their Royal descent and of the highest destiny which is theirs. Hitherto they have been content with the "assurance of the salvation of the soul," which is all that the Gentile Christian Church either hope for, or are promised, or are eligible to receive (I. Peter 1:9); but when they hear the sound of full Redemption, of Spirit, Soul, and Body (I. Thess. 5:23)—"forgetting those things which are behind" (the salvation of the soul and all that is implied thereby)—they will "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3:13, 14).

Send 4d. (English stamps or International Coupons) for 12 Sermons and Price List of other books. Please mention Manchester Guardian Weekly. Write legibly.

CHRISTIAN ISRAELITE CHURCH PRESS,
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ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE
ENGLAND.

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THE WORST AMERICAN STATE: Part II[1]

BY CHARLES ANGOFF & H. L. MENCKEN

In Part I of this article, published last month, an effort was made to determine the relative wealth of the different American States and to find out if there was any apparent correlation between it and their relative culture. Such a correlation was easily established. To ascertain the relative wealth twenty-six tables of statistics were examined, ranging from one showing tangible property *per capita* to one reporting postal receipts, and from one showing the percentage of residents paying income tax to one showing the amount of life insurance in force. The same States tended to rise to the top or to gravitate to the bottom of nearly all these tables. There were a few aberrations, but not many. The inquiry demonstrated clearly that the richest American States, in order, are Connecticut, California, New York, Massachusetts and Illinois, with the District of Columbia lying between New York and Massachusetts, and that the poorest, starting from the bottom, are Mississippi, Arkansas, South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia.

To ascertain the cultural rank of the States twenty-four other tables were examined. They included tables showing the percentage of illiteracy, the average days of school attendance, the circulation of magazines and newspapers, the percentage of natives and residents represented in such works as "Who's Who in America" and "American Men of Science," the number of applications for passports annually, the number of volumes per 100 of population in public libraries, and so on. It was found that Massachusetts, the District of Columbia, California and Connecticut also led in this field, and that Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina were again at the bottom. Here, as in the case of relative wealth, the same States tended to move toward the same places in all the tables. Thus, the two master tables, one summarizing the twenty-six tables showing the relative wealth of the States and the other summarizing the twenty-four tables showing their relative culture, synchronized very closely. They are here reprinted for reference:

TABLE NO. 45: RANK OF THE STATES

	In Wealth	*In Culture*
1	Connecticut	Massachusetts
2	California	District of Columbia
3	New York	California
4	District of Columbia	Connecticut
5	Massachusetts	Michigan
6	Illinois	Colorado
7	Nevada	Utah
8	New Jersey	Illinois
9	Rhode Island	New York
10	Pennsylvania	Oregon
11	Ohio	Washington
12	Michigan	Iowa
13	Washington	Nevada
14	Minnesota	Ohio
15	Delaware	Indiana
16	Colorado	Wisconsin
17	Oregon	Minnesota
18	Iowa	New Jersey
19	Maryland	Rhode Island

[1] The third and concluding article of this series will be printed next month. The authors desire to thank Dr. James M. Chalfant of Ohio State University and Dr. S. H. Hobbs, Jr., of the University of North Carolina for some of the tables used. They are, of course, not responsible for any of the conclusions.

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	In Wealth	*In Culture*
20	Wisconsin	Missouri
21	Maine	Montana
22	Nebraska	Maine
23	Indiana	Nebraska
24	New Hampshire	Kansas
25	Kansas	Maryland
26	Vermont	Pennsylvania
27	Missouri	New Hampshire
28	Montana	Vermont
29	Wyoming	Wyoming
30	Arizona	Delaware
31	Utah	South Dakota
32	South Dakota	Oklahoma
33	Florida	Idaho
34	North Dakota	Arizona
35	New Mexico	North Dakota
36	Idaho	Florida
37	West Virginia	Texas
38	Virginia	West Virginia
39	Texas	Virginia
40	Kentucky	Kentucky
41	Oklahoma	Tennessee
42	Tennessee	New Mexico
43	North Carolina	North Carolina
44	Louisiana	Louisiana
45	Georgia	South Carolina
46	Alabama	Georgia
47	South Carolina	Arkansas
48	Arkansas	Alabama
49	Mississippi	Mississippi

The correspondences here are very striking. No less than five States—Connecticut, California, New York, Massachusetts and Illinois—and the District of Columbia, take places among the first ten in both tables, and no less than nine—Kentucky, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas and Mississippi—are among the last ten in both. Four of the latter—Kentucky, North Carolina, Louisiana and Mississippi—have precisely the same places in each. Eleven States hold places in one table that are but one remove from their places in the other, and twenty-nine States hold places that are no more than three removes. The greatest aberration is that of Utah, which has a place in the cultural table twenty-four removes above its place in the wealth table. Next comes Pennsylvania, which is sixteen places lower in the cultural table than it is in the wealth table. Other States that are lower in the cultural table than in the wealth table are Delaware, New Jersey, Rhode Island, New Mexico, Maryland and New York, and others that are higher are Colorado, Oklahoma, Indiana, Michigan, Oregon, Missouri, Montana, Iowa, Massachusetts and Wisconsin. Most of these aberrations will probably not surprise diligent students of American culture.

II

The twenty-four cultural tables studied last month had to do mainly with education—schools and colleges, libraries, magazines and newspapers, illiteracy, etc. There are other criteria of civilization, and some of them are quite as important. For example, there is the matter of the public health. And there is the matter of public order. The mortality and morbidity statistics for the United States still leave a great deal to be desired, for some of the States remain outside the national registration area, and in others the reports of deaths, births and infectious diseases are incomplete. But such as they are we must try to make use of them. Here is a table showing the gross death-rates in the different States in 1929, as reported by the Bureau of the Census:

TABLE NO. 46: DEATH-RATES, 1929[2]

1	North Dakota	8.0
2[3]	Oklahoma	9.0
2	Wyoming	9.0
4	Idaho	9.2
5	Nebraska	9.8
6	Minnesota	10.1
6	Utah	10.1
8	Iowa	10.4
8	Kansas	10.4
10	Arkansas	10.5
11	Washington	10.6
11	West Virginia	10.6
13	Montana	10.7
13	Wisconsin	10.7

[2] South Dakota and Texas are missing.

[3] When two or more States show equal standing the same serial number is given to each of them. The slack is taken up by advancing the number of the next State to that of its actual rank.

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15	Oregon	11.3
16	Connecticut	11.5
17	Illinois	11.6
17	New Jersey	11.6
19	Michigan	11.8
19	North Carolina	11.8
21	California	11.9
21	Louisiana	11.9
23	Kentucky	12.0
24	Georgia	12.2
24	Tennessee	12.2
26	Massachusetts	12.3
26	Missouri	12.3
26	Pennsylvania	12.3
29	Alabama	12.4
29	New York	12.4
29	Ohio	12.4
32	Colorado	12.5
33	Florida	12.7
33	Indiana	12.7
35	Mississippi	13.0
35	Virginia	13.0
37	Rhode Island	13.1
38	Delaware	13.2
39	Nevada	13.3
39	South Carolina	13.3
41	Maryland	13.5
42	New Hampshire	14.1
43	Maine	14.3
44	Vermont	14.7
45	District of Columbia	15.4
45	New Mexico	15.4
47	Arizona	15.9
	United States	11.9

The gross death-rate is affected by various factors, chiefly arising from the composition of the population. It is high in a population containing relatively large numbers of infants and the aged, and low in a population made up mainly of persons in the prime of life. This explains the fact that it is lower in the Canal Zone, despite the general unhealthfulness of a tropical climate, than it is in, say, New York, for most of the inhabitants of the Canal Zone are males between twenty-one and forty-five years old. In general, a high birth-rate tends to be accompanied by a high death-rate, though this is by no means the case invariably. Again, in a mixed population, such as that of the United States, it varies sharply for different races. The death-rate among Negroes is everywhere much higher than among whites, and in consequence those American States which have relatively large Negro populations showing high general rates. Thus Table No. 46 should be studied in comparison with Table No. 64, following.

When it comes to diseases which are fostered by unfavorable living conditions it appears at once, and quite naturally, that the poorer States tend to have the worst records. Here, for example, is a table showing the deaths from malaria to each 1000 inhabitants, taken from "The Notifiable Diseases, 1929," published by the Public Health Service; Washington, 1931, p. 21:

TABLE NO. 47: DEATHS FROM MALARIA[4]

1	Michigan	.000
1	Minnesota	.000
1	New York	.000
4	Colorado	.001
4	Iowa	.001
4	Massachusetts	.001
4	New Jersey	.001
4	North Dakota	.001
4	Ohio	.001
4	Pennsylvania	.001
4	Washington	.001
4	West Virginia	.001
	* * * * *	
28	Missouri	.042
29	Oklahoma	.065
30	Tennessee	.069
31	Louisiana	.099
32	Alabama	.164
33	Mississippi	.178
34	South Carolina	.215
35	Georgia	.225
36	Florida	.329
37	Arkansas	.361

Here is a table from the same source showing the deaths from tuberculosis (all forms) in each 1000 of the population in 1929:

TABLE NO. 48: DEATHS FROM TUBERCULOSIS

1	Utah	.249
2	Wyoming	.292
3	Nebraska	.310
4	North Dakota	.325
5	Iowa	.326

[4] No returns from the following States: Delaware, Idaho, Maine, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

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6	Idaho	.373
7	Kansas	.377
8	Oregon	.477
9	New Hampshire	.505
10	Wisconsin	.533

* * * * *

35	Arkansas	.800
36	Delaware	.809
37	Mississippi	.828
38	North Carolina	.833
39	Alabama	.846
40	Louisiana	.872
41	Virginia	.992
42	Kentucky	1.007
43	Maryland	1.047
44	California	1.063
45	District of Columbia	1.167
46	Tennessee	1.203
47	Colorado	1.234
48	New Mexico	1.634
49	Arizona	3.429
	United States	.773

In this table Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, and perhaps also California, suffer from the fact that many persons with tuberculosis resort to them in the hope of relief, and thus swell their death-rates. What the rates for citizens are cannot be determined from the statistics available. North Carolina also suffers to some extent from the same cause. To make up for these States the table is extended upward five places further than the other tables of the series. The next deals with pellagra, a disease of malnutrition. It shows the death-rate to each 1000 of population:

TABLE NO. 49: DEATHS FROM PELLAGRA[5]

1	New Jersey	.000
2	Connecticut	.001
2	Indiana	.001
2	Iowa	.001
5	Illinois	.002
5	Michigan	.002
5	Minnesota	.002
5	Montana	.002
5	Nebraska	.002
5	New Hampshire	.002
5	New York	.002
5	Oregon	.002
5	Pennsylvania	.002

* * * * *

33	Louisiana	.138
34	Texas	.150
35	Tennessee	.157
36	Florida	.219
37	Alabama	.252
38	Arkansas	.272
39	Georgia	.294
40	North Carolina	.314
41	Mississippi	.365
42	South Carolina	.526

[5] Delaware, Idaho, North Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming are missing.

To which a typhoid fever table may be added:

TABLE NO. 50: DEATHS FROM TYPHOID FEVER

1	New Hampshire	.004
2	Rhode Island	.007
3	Minnesota	.008
4	Connecticut	.009
5	Massachusetts	.010
6	New York	.013
6	Wisconsin	.013
8	New Jersey	.014
9	Illinois	.015
9	North Dakota	.015
40	Mississippi	.099

* * * * *

41	Kentucky	.105
42	Louisiana	.106
43	West Virginia	.115
44	Georgia	.116
45	Oklahoma	.118
46	Tennessee	.119
47	Arizona	.128
48	Arkansas	.134
49	South Carolina	.144
	United States	.049

Certain other diseases, though their incidence is not much affected by living conditions, tend to show differential death-rates, highest in populations generally ill-nourished or receiving inferior medical and nursing care. One such is influenza. Here is a table showing the death-rate from it to each 1000 of population in 1929, prepared by the Public Health Service:

TABLE NO. 51: DEATHS FROM INFLUENZA

1	California	.200
2	District of Columbia	.205
3	Nevada	.233
4	North Dakota	.234
5	New Jersey	.250
6	New York	.269
7	Massachusetts	.280
8	Utah	.307
9	Illinois	.346
10	Delaware	.354

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40	South Carolina	.804
41	Georgia	.862
42	Vermont	.898
43	West Virginia	.912
44	Virginia	1.009
45	Arkansas	1.027
46	Tennessee	1.063
47	Mississippi	1.198
48	Kentucky	1.199
49	Alabama	1.202
	United States	.545

Now let us turn to cases of illness, as opposed to deaths. Unfortunately, morbidity figures are always much less reliable than returns of mortality. Many physicians neglect to report cases of infectious disease, just as they neglect to report births. Thus the Public Health Services's returns in such diseases as syphilis, gonorrhea, chicken-pox, measles, mumps, diphtheria and scarlet fever are of small value. They seem to show, *inter alia*, that Mississippi, which leads the venereal diseases table, had 8.8 cases of syphilis and 13.2 of gonorrhea to each 1000 inhabitants in 1929, whereas Idaho, which is at the bottom, had but .14 and .23 respectively, but that may only indicate that the physicians of Mississippi are more faithful in reporting such diseases than their colleagues of Idaho. In such unreliable tables there are many aberrations. Thus Utah, in 1929, had more than twice as much chicken-pox as any other State, but less diphtheria than any save five. But when it comes to smallpox the returns become measurably more reliable, for the disease usually alarms any neighborhood in which it appears, and so it is commonly reported. The following table shows the estimated expectancy of cases in 1929, based on the returns for 1922-28, reckoned in terms of 1000 population:

TABLE NO. 52: CASES OF SMALLPOX

1	Massachusetts	.001
2	Maine	.003
3	New Jersey	.005
4	Maryland	.006
5	Pennsylvania	.008
5	Rhode Island	.008
7	Delaware	.013
8	Connecticut	.015
8	New Hampshire	.015
10	New York	.028
	* * * * *	
10	Vermont	.028
40	North Dakota	.485
41	South Dakota	.509
42	Utah	.552
43	Nevada	.614
44	North Carolina	.740
45	Idaho	.974
46	Indiana	.993
47	Montana	1.086
48	Oregon	1.209
49	Washington	1.226
	United States	.333

The returns of cases of insanity and of deaths from alcoholism are too unreliable to be considered seriously. The former show only the number of insane persons confined in hospitals; manifestly, many more are at large, and the numerical relation between the latter and the former depends upon such variable and irrelevant factors as the nature of the local laws, the fidelity with which they are enforced, and the capacity of the State institutions. New York, in 1928, had three times as many lunatics under lock and key, to each 1000 of population, as Pennsylvania, but no one would contend that the incidence of insanity in the one State is three times as great as in the other. The returns of deaths from alcoholism are affected by many factors. In some States a local prudery discourages reporting them, as it discourages reporting cases of syphilis and gonorrhea. In others deaths caused by alcohol are commonly credited to pneumonia, gastric ulcer or some circulatory disease, for the latter often give the quietus to alcoholics. But for what they are worth the following returns for 1928, the latest available, are given:

TABLE NO. 53: DEATHS FROM ALCOHOLISM

1	Utah	0.8
2	Kansas	1.3
3	Mississippi	1.5
4	Tennessee	1.7

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5	Idaho	1.8
6	North Carolina	1.9
	* * * * *	
42	Illinois	5.0
43	Pennsylvania	5.3
44	Connecticut	5.5
45	Massachusetts	6.0
46	Rhode Island	6.4
47	New York	7.4
48	Maryland	7.8
49	Delaware	11.9

Two kinds of returns are generally reliable, and of considerable cultural significance. One is the return of maternal deaths in childbirth, and the other is the return of deaths of children less than a year old.

The following table, showing the death-rate in childbed to each 100,000 of the general population for 1928, is calculated from materials courteously assembled for this inquiry by Dr. E. Blanche Sterling, medical officer in charge of field investigations in child hygiene in the Public Health Service:

TABLE NO. 54: MATERNAL DEATHS IN CHILDBIRTH[6]

1	Iowa	8.6
2	Connecticut	8.9
3	Oregon	9.5
4	Delaware	9.8
5	Illinois	10.0
6	Minnesota	10.2
7	Washington	10.5
8	New Jersey	10.8
8	Rhode Island	10.8
10	California	11.1
	* * * * *	
36	Colorado	16.8
37	Arkansas	17.2
38	Tennessee	17.8
39	Georgia	19.7
40	Florida	21.3
41	North Carolina	21.6
42	Alabama	23.2
43	Louisiana	24.5
44	South Carolina	25.2
45	Mississippi	25.4
	United States	14.0

There follows a table showing the infantile death-rate per 1000 of living births for 1929:

[6] The following States are missing from table No. 54: Nevada, New Mexico, South Dakota and Texas. South Dakota and Texas are also missing from Table No. 55.

TABLE NO. 55: DEATHS UNDER 1 YEAR

1	Oregon	47.9
2	Washington	49.0
3	Minnesota	51.2
4	Nebraska	51.7
5	Iowa	52.6
6	Idaho	55.3
7	Kansas	57.6
8	Arkansas	58.1
9	Utah	59.1
10	Wisconsin	59.6
11	New Jersey	60.1
12	New York	60.8
13	Illinois	61.4
14	Massachusetts	61.8
15	Missouri	62.1
16	California	63.2
17	Indiana	63.6
18	Montana	64.0
19	Connecticut	64.4
20	Florida	65.5
21	Vermont	65.8
22	Michigan	66.4
23	Nevada	67.2
23	North Dakota	67.2
25	New Hampshire	68.2
26	Ohio	68.8
27	Oklahoma	70.2
28	Wyoming	70.3
29	Pennsylvania	70.5
30	District of Columbia	70.7
31	Kentucky	70.9
32	Rhode Island	72.0
33	Mississippi	72.1
34	Alabama	73.6
35	Louisiana	74.0
36	Georgia	76.3
37	Tennessee	77.1
38	Maine	77.4
39	West Virginia	77.6
40	Virginia	78.8
41	North Carolina	79.1
42	Maryland	79.9
43	Delaware	81.2
44	South Carolina	91.0
45	Colorado	91.4
46	Arizona	133.3
47	New Mexico	145.5
	United States	67.6

Obviously, the death-rate is conditioned in large measure by the extent to which skilled medical and nursing care is available, and for that reason is likely to be at its best in the more opulent States. The following table, showing the number of physicians (excluding osteopaths, chiropractors and all other irregular practitioners) to each 10,000 of population, is based upon data gathered by the *Journal of the American Medical Association*:

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TABLE NO. 56: SUPPLY OF PHYSICIANS

1	District of Columbia	34.22
2	California	19.97
3	Colorado	16.81
4	Nevada	16.66
5	New York	16.31
6	Missouri	16.28
7	Vermont	15.01
8	Maryland	14.95
9	Illinois	14.93
	* * * * *	
10	Massachusetts	14.72
35	Wisconsin	9.92
36	Utah	9.88
37	Wyoming	9.87
38	Virginia	9.84
39	Mississippi	9.38
40	Georgia	9.26
41	New Mexico	9.11
42	Alabama	8.85
43	South Dakota	8.66
44	Arizona	8.56
45	North Carolina	8.04
46	North Dakota	7.75
47	Idaho	7.39
48	Montana	7.10
49	South Carolina	7.09
	United States	12.65

And the following, showing the number of people to each dentist, is taken from "Dental Education in the United States and Canada," published by the Carnegie Foundation, New York, pp. 257-580:

TABLE NO. 57: SUPPLY OF DENTISTS

1	District of Columbia	873
2	Oregon	966
3	California	1006
4	New York	1113
5	Massachusetts	1235
6	Washington	1268
7	New Jersey	1306
8	Colorado	1339
9	Minnesota	1390
10	Nebraska	1392
	* * * * *	
40	Texas	3348
41	Arizona	3369
42	North Carolina	3384
43	Georgia	3523
44	Virginia	3615
45	New Mexico	3972
46	Arkansas	4359
47	Mississippi	4627
48	Alabama	4635
49	South Carolina	4850
	United States	2231

Modern medical and surgical procedures often require hospital care, and the State with the most and best hospitals is plainly more advanced than the State with the least. Here is a table showing the percentage of counties having hospitals, taken from the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for March 28, 1931:

TABLE NO. 58: COUNTIES HAVING HOSPITALS

1	Arizona	100.0
1	Connecticut	100.0
1	Delaware	100.0
1	District of Columbia	100.0
1	Maine	100.0
1	Massachusetts	100.0
1	New Hampshire	100.0
1	New Jersey	100.0
9	New York	93.5
10	California	93.1
	* * * * *	
38	West Virginia	50.8
39	Mississippi	50.0
40	Nebraska	49.5
41	Utah	48.2
42	Texas	47.6
43	Missouri	46.1
44	Louisiana	45.3
45	Arkansas	44.0
46	Florida	43.2
47	Virginia	43.0
48	Kentucky	40.8
49	Georgia	29.2

A proper distribution of hospitals is important, but it is more important that they be adequately equipped. The following table shows the number of beds in hospitals and sanitoriums to each 1000 of population. It is taken from the same issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* as Table No. 58:

TABLE NO. 59: BEDS IN HOSPITALS

1	District of Columbia	20.16
2	Massachusetts	11.72
3	Colorado	11.54
4	New York	10.12
5	Minnesota	9.61
6	Wyoming	9.57
7	New Hampshire	9.49
8	Arizona	9.44
9	Oregon	9.39
10	Nevada	9.35
	* * * * *	
40	Kentucky	4.64
41	North Carolina	4.56
42	Texas	4.54
43	Georgia	4.22
44	Tennessee	4.21

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45	Arkansas	3.98
46	Oklahoma	3.73
47	Mississippi	3.68
48	South Carolina	3.64
49	Alabama	3.61
	United States	7.39

But of even more importance than the accessibility and size of hospitals is their standard of service. A good way to estimate that standard in any given State is to determine the number of internships that they offer to medical graduates. The following table shows the number of such internships meeting the rigid requirements of the American Medical Association and approved by its Council on Medical Education and Hospitals, reckoned to each 100,000 of population:

TABLE NO. 60: HOSPITAL INTERNSHIPS

1	District of Columbia	20.33
2	Maryland	10.48
3	New York	8.23
4	Illinois	6.74
5	Pennsylvania	6.59
6	Missouri	6.58
7	Massachusetts	6.44
8	California	6.25
9	New Jersey	5.74
10	Louisiana	5.56
	* * * * *	
40	North Dakota	.44
41	New Hampshire	.42
42	Arkansas	.37
43	Arizona	.00
43	Idaho	.00
43	Mississippi	.00
43	Nevada	.00
43	New Mexico	.00
43	South Dakota	.00
43	Wyoming	.00
	United States	3.78

III

Next to public health comes public security. The safer the citizen, everything else being equal, the higher the standard of living and the greater the degree of genuine civilization. Certainly no one would maintain that a high lynching rate or a high homicide rate is a mark of culture. In this direction, as everyone knows, the United States has long lagged behind the other great nations. Here is a table showing the number of lynchings to each 100,000 of population during the years 1889-1930 inclusive, calculated from figures taken from the *World* Almanac for 1931, p. 450, or supplied by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, on the basis of the population for 1910, the median year:

TABLE NO. 61: LYNCHINGS, 1889-1930

1	Connecticut	.00
1	District of Columbia	.00
1	Maine	.00
1	Massachusetts	.00
1	New Hampshire	.00
1	New Jersey	.00
1	Rhode Island	.00
1	Vermont	.00
9	New York	.02
10	Pennsylvania	.03
11	Wisconsin	.17
12	Michigan	.17
13	Ohio	.23
14	Utah	.26
15	Minnesota	.33
16	Iowa	.35
17	Illinois	.44
18	Delaware	.49
19	Indiana	.96
20	California	1.00
21	Kansas	1.48
22	Oregon	1.63
23	Washington	1.66
24	Maryland	1.77
25	North Dakota	1.90
26	Louisiana	2.05
27	Nebraska	2.18
28	Missouri	7.73
29	West Virginia	2.78
30	North Carolina	2.94
31	South Dakota	3.08
32	Florida	3.14
33	Colorado	3.62
34	Idaho	3.99
35	Virginia	4.02
36	New Mexico	6.72
37	Arizona	6.80
38	Kentucky	7.42
39	Oklahoma	7.78
40	Montana	8.24
41	Texas	8.98
42	South Carolina	9.10
43	Tennessee	9.15
44	Nevada	13.43
45	Alabama	14.31
46	Arkansas	15.81
47	Georgia	17.78
48	Mississippi	25.05
49	Wyoming	27.47
	United States	5.39

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It will be observed here that Wyoming presents the worst record of all the States, and that four other Western States—Nevada, Montana, Arizona and New Mexico—are also among the last fifteen. But of late lynching has greatly declined in the Far West. In the South, however, it still goes on, and during the first six months of this year, according to figures published by Major R. R. Moton of Tuskegee Institute, there were more lynchings in Mississippi than in any other State. During the years 1882-1927 there were 4950 altogether in the United States—1437 of white men and 3513 of Negroes. Of this number the ten States of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas accounted for 3671—601 of white men and 3071 of Negroes. Mississippi was the champion, with 561—44 of white and 517 of Negroes.

The general homicide rate marches with the lynching rate. Here is a table supplied by the Statistical Bureau of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, showing the death-rate from homicide per 100,000 of population for the two years 1928 and 1929:

TABLE NO. 62: DEATH-RATES PER 100,000 OF POPULATION FROM HOMICIDE[7]

		1929	1928
1	Maine	1.0	1.6
2	North Dakota	1.2	1.0
3	Vermont	1.4	1.4
4	New Hampshire	1.5	1.3
5	Massachusetts	1.7	1.9
6	Minnesota	2.2	2.8
7	Rhode Island	2.3	2.7
7	Wisconsin	2.3	2.1
9	Connecticut	2.6	2.7
9	Iowa	2.6	2.3
11	Nebraska	3.0	3.7
12	Oregon	3.5	4.5
13	Idaho	3.6	5.0
14	New Jersey	4.5	4.5
15	Utah	4.6	4.6
16	Pennsylvania	5.2	5.7
16	Washington	5.2	4.7
18	New York	5.3	5.0
19	California	6.1	7.2
20	Kansas	6.2	5.5
21	Delaware	6.7	5.9
22	Indiana	7.0	7.0
23	Maryland	8.1	7.6
24	Michigan	8.2	7.0
25	Ohio	8.3	8.2
26	Wyoming	8.5	8.2
26	Colorado	8.7	6.0
28	Illinois	8.9	10.5
29	Missouri	9.7	11.1
30	Virginia	10.1	10.7
31	West Virginia	10.3	12.8
32	Oklahoma	10.4	10.8
33	North Carolina	10.5	10.0
34	Montana	11.1	8.2
35	New Mexico	12.2	——
36	District of Columbia	12.4	12.3
37	South Carolina	14.1	13.4
38	Arkansas	15.4	15.5
39	Arizona	15.6	12.9
40	Louisiana	16.6	19.8
41	Kentucky	16.7	17.7
41	Tennessee	16.7	18.1
43	Georgia	18.3	18.2
44	Alabama	19.5	21.2
45	Nevada	20.0	——
46	Mississippi	23.2	22.8
47	Florida	25.8	26.8

[7] South Dakota and Texas are missing from the 1929 return, and South Dakota, Texas, New Mexico and Nevada from that for 1928.

It will be observed that the rate in Illinois, despite the evil eminence of Chicago, is not much above the national mean, and that it is fast diminishing. Declines are also visible in twenty-one other States, including Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Louisiana and Arkansas, but in Mississippi, Arizona, South Carolina and Montana there are rises. It is interesting to note that the homicide rate in the District of Columbia is actually larger than in Illinois, and more than double the rate of New York. According to Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company, there are fourteen American towns which had a rate above 30 per 100 000 of population in 1930, as follows:

TABLE NO. 63: HOMICIDES IN CITIES

1	Memphis, Tenn.	58.8
2	Atlanta, Ga.	52.6
3	Lexington, Ky.	52.4
4	Birmingham, Ala.	49.1
5	Shreveport, La.	41.4

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6	Augusta, Ga.	38.0
7	Nashville, Tenn.	37.6
8	Miami, Fla.	36.8
9	Savannah, Ga.	36.4
10	Jacksonville, Fla.	34.5
11	Macon, Ga.	31.3
12	Mobile, Ala.	30.7
13	Gary, Ind.	30.6
14	Hamtramck, Mich.	30.1

Various attempts have been made to correlate the lynching and homicide rates with other variables, for example, the percentage of Negroes in the population, the average wealth *per capita* (inversely), the annual expenditures on education (also inversely), and the proportion of rural population. That lynchings tend to be more numerous where Negroes are numerous may be seen by comparing Table No. 61 to the following, which shows the percentage of Negroes in the various States in 1930:

TABLE NO. 64: PERCENTAGE OF NEGROES IN POPULATION

1	Idaho	0.1
1	Maine	0.1
1	North Dakota	0.1
1	South Dakota	0.1
5	Montana	0.2
5	New Hampshire	0.2
5	Oregon	0.2
5	Utah	0.2
5	Vermont	0.2
10	Minnesota	0.4
10	Washington	0.4
10	Wisconsin	0.4
10	Wyoming	0.4
14	Nevada	0.6
15	Iowa	0.7
15	New Mexico	0.7
17	Nebraska	1.0
18	Colorado	1.2
18	Massachusetts	1.2
20	California	1.4
21	Rhode Island	1.5
22	Connecticut	1.8
23	Arizona	2.5
24	New York	3.3
25	Indiana	3.5
25	Kansas	3.5
25	Michigan	3.5
28	Illinois	4.3
29	Pennsylvania	4.5
30	Ohio	4.6
31	New Jersey	5.1
32	Missouri	6.2
33	West Virginia	6.7
34	Oklahoma	7.2
35	Kentucky	8.7
36	Delaware	13.8
37	Texas	14.6
38	Maryland	16.9
39	Tennessee	18.3
40	Arkansas	25.8
41	Virginia	26.9
42	District of Columbia	27.0
43	North Carolina	28.9
44	Florida	29.4
45	Alabama	35.7
46	Georgia	36.8
47	Louisiana	36.9
48	South Carolina	45.7
49	Mississippi	50.2
	United States	9.7

It will be seen at once that the Cotton States—Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and Mississippi—are among the last ten in both Table No. 64 and Table No. 61. Four of them—Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia and Mississippi—are also among the last ten in Table No. 62, showing the homicide rate, and Florida and Louisiana are among the last ten in both the homicide table and the Negro table. Contrariwise, Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire are among the first ten in all three tables, and North Dakota, Minnesota and Connecticut are among the first ten in two. What all this proves is by no means clear. It may show that Negroes are extraordinarily criminal, or it may only show that butchering them is not regarded seriously where they are numerous.

A Negro sociologist, Walter White, in the course of a study of lynching ("Rope and Faggot"; New York, 1929), attempts another and somewhat curious correlation. It is between the incidence of lynching and the percentage of Methodists and Baptists in the total local church membership. Here is his table:

TABLE NO. 65: PERCENTAGE OF METHODISTS AND BAPTISTS IN TOTAL CHURCH MEMBERSHIP[8]

1	Georgia	89.80
2	Mississippi	87.50
3	South Carolina	87.20
4	North Carolina	80.89
5	Arkansas	79.50

[8] The District of Columbia, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont and Rhode Island are missing.

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6	Alabama	76.59
7	Florida	75.70
8	Tennessee	72.20
9	Virginia	63.60
10	Texas	59.70[9]
11	Oklahoma	57.10
12	West Virginia	54.50
13	Kentucky	54.03
14	Delaware	47.50
15	Missouri	36.03
16	Kansas	34.69
17	Louisiana	34.09[10]
18	Maryland	34.07
19	Iowa	26.02
20	Oregon	25.60
21	Nebraska	23.02
22	Maine	22.70
23	Colorado	22.10
24	Ohio	22.02
25	Indiana	20.10
26	Washington	20.03
27	Illinois	18.17
28	Michigan	16.40
29	New Jersey	15.80
30	Wyoming	15.50
31	California	15.20
32	Pennsylvania	15.10
33	Montana	13.04
34	Idaho	12.50
35	New York	11.80
36	North Dakota	11.70
36	South Dakota	11.70
38	Minnesota	9.40
39	New Mexico	8.68
40	Connecticut	8.60
41	Arizona	7.36
42	Wisconsin	7.20
43	Nevada	7.01
44	Utah	1.10

The correlation here is really very striking. Seven of the ten States showing the highest lynching rates—Texas, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia and Mississippi—are also among the ten States showing the highest percentages of Ku Klux Protestants. But the correlation rather fails in the other direction, for only Connecticut and New York are in the low brackets of both tables. Three States—Rhode Island, Vermont and Massachusetts—and the District of Columbia, all of which are high in Table No. 61, are missing from Table No. 65. But if they were in it they would not be among the last ten States, for Rhode Island stands twelfth in density of Methodists in a table appearing on p. 929 of Vol. II of "Religious Bodies: 1926," published by the Census Bureau, 1930, and thirtieth in density of Baptists in a table on p. 158 of "The Baptist Year Book, 1930," published by the American Baptist Publication Society; and the ranks of Vermont, Massachusetts and the District of Columbia are, in the same tables, respectively thirty-ninth and twenty-fifth, fourteenth and twenty-sixth, and thirty-second and thirty-first.

The relation between lynchings and homicides on the one hand and urbanization on the other may be seen by comparing the following table to Nos. 61 and 62. It shows the percentage of the population living in towns of 2500 or more people, or in unincorporated political subdivisions with a population of 10,000 or more and a population density of 1000 or more to the square mile. ("Population Bulletin: First Series"; Census Bureau, 1931, p. 79):

TABLE NO. 66: URBAN POPULATION

1	District of Columbia	100.0
2	Rhode Island	92.4
3	Massachusetts	90.2
4	New York	83.6
5	New Jersey	82.6
6	Illinois	73.9
7	California	73.3
8	Connecticut	70.4
9	Michigan	68.2
10	Pennsylvania	67.8
10	Ohio	67.8
	* * * * *	
40	Idaho	29.1
41	West Virginia	28.4
42	Alabama	28.1
43	North Carolina	25.5
44	New Mexico	25.2

[9] Mr. White shows ("Rope and Faggot", pp. 246-7) that in 1920, 249,652 of the 402,874 Catholics credited to Texas were Mexicans, who never lynch, though they are often lynched, both legally and *al fresco*. Counting them out, the percentage of Methodists and Baptists in the State rises to 69.3 and it takes ninth place.

[10] More than three-fifths of the Catholics in Louisiana live in New Orleans, where there has been but one lynching since 1900. Counting them out, the State's percentage of Methodists and Baptists rises to 55.4. Most of its lynchings take place, not in the Catholic parishes, but in those dominated by evangelical Protestants.

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45	South Carolina	21.3
46	Arkansas	20.6
47	South Dakota	18.9
48	Mississippi	16.9
49	North Dakota	16.6
	United States	56.2

That the predominantly rural States are not necessarily the most lawless is shown brilliantly by the case of North Dakota. It is the least urbanized of American States, and yet it ranks only after Maine in its freedom from homicides, and has a place exactly in the center of the table of lynchings. Nevertheless, four of the last ten States in Table No. 66—South Carolina, Alabama, Arkansas and Mississippi—are also among the worst ten in the lynching table, and three of them are also among the worst ten in the homicide table.

The higher hazards of life away from the asphalt and the traffic cops do not seem to make it any the less sweet. As a matter of fact, the suicide rate runs almost inversely to the lynching and homicide rates, as the following table shows. It was calculated by the Division of Statistics of the Census Bureau, and it sets forth the number of suicides per 100,000 of population in 1929, the last year for which complete returns are available:

TABLE NO. 67: SUICIDES PER 100,000 OF POPULATION[11]

1	Mississippi	4.8
2	South Carolina	5.7
3	North Dakota	6.5
4	Arkansas	7.1
5	Louisiana	7.3
6	Alabama	7.4
7	North Carolina	7.5
8	Oklahoma	8.4
9	Kentucky	8.5
10	Tennessee	8.1
	* * * * *	
38	Colorado	16.3
39	Missouri	16.5
40	Iowa	16.9
41	New York	17.0
42	Oregon	20.5
43	Montana	21.7
44	Washington	22.1
45	District of Columbia	24.6
46	California	24.8
47	Nevada	37.8
	United States	14.0

[11] No returns from South Dakota and Texas are available.

Here it appears that Mississippi, which stands in next to the last place in both the homicide table and the lynching table, has fewer suicides than any other State—less than a third as many as New York and less than a fifth as many as California. Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, Kentucky and Tennessee, which are among the ten stars of the homicide table, are among the ten least suicidal States. Of them, Tennessee, Alabama and Arkansas, along with South Carolina, are also stars of the lynching table. Nor does a fondness for lynching and other forms of homicide seem to be incompatible with a contented and dutiful family life, for the divorce rate is below the national rate in all of the lynching States save Tennessee, Texas and Florida, and in all of the Homicide States save Tennessee, Florida and Nevada. In South Carolina, indeed, there is no divorce at all. Here is a table showing the number of marriages to each divorce in 1929, prepared by the Census Bureau:

TABLE NO. 68: RATIO OF MARRIAGES TO DIVORCES

1	South Carolina	*no divorce*
2	District of Columbia	49.0
3	New York	23.6
4	Georgia	13.3
5	Maryland	11.9
6	North Carolina	11.0
6	New Jersey	10.1
8	Connecticut	10.1
9	Mississippi	10.0
9	Louisiana	9.6
11	West Virginia	9.6
12	Pennsylvania	9.0
12	South Dakota	8.6
14	Massachusetts	8.6
14	Minnesota	8.4
16	New Mexico	8.4
17	Alabama	8.2
18	Virginia	7.7
19	New Hampshire	7.5
20	North Dakota	7.4
20	Delaware	7.1
22	Rhode Island	7.1
23	Arizona	6.8

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23	Vermont	6.7
25	Wisconsin	6.7
26	Kentucky	6.6
26	Arkansas	6.2
28	Utah	6.2
29	Nebraska	5.9
29	Colorado	5.5
31	Tennessee	5.5
32	Indiana	5.4
33	Illinois	5.3
34	Kansas	5.1
35	Iowa	5.0
36	Maine	4.9
37	Florida	4.8
38	Idaho	4.6
39	Washington	4.4
39	Oklahoma	4.3
41	Ohio	4.3
42	Montana	4.1
43	Missouri	3.9
43	California	3.4
45	Texas	3.4
46	Michigan	3.1
47	Wyoming	2.8
48	Oregon	2.6
49	Nevada	2.3
	United States	6.1

In the same way it appears that the absolute marriage rate is above the national average in all of the southern lynching States save Georgia and Louisiana. This is shown by the following table from "The Statistical Abstract of the United States" for 1930, p. 92:

TABLE NO. 69: MARRIAGES PER 1000 OF POPULATION, 1928

1	Delaware	4.7
2	Wisconsin	5.4
3	North Dakota	6.7
4	Massachusetts	6.8
5	Pennsylvania	6.9
6	Connecticut	7.0
7	Rhode Island	7.1
7	Nebraska	7.1
9	North Carolina	7.3
9	Wyoming	7.3

* * * * *

32	Illinois	10.8
33	Utah	11.0
34	Colorado	11.1
35	Alabama	11.2
36	Kentucky	11.4
37	Oklahoma	11.7
38	Washington	11.9
39	New Mexico	12.4
40	Florida	12.8
41	Indiana	12.9
42	South Carolina	13.4
43	Tennessee	13.5
43	Arizona	13.5
45	Texas	13.9
46	Arkansas	14.1
47	Maryland	15.0
48	Mississippi	16.9
49	Nevada	53.8
	United States	10.8

Here the gaudy preëminence of Nevada is manifestly due to the remarriage of divorcés resorting to the Reno divorce mill. But many more return home to try it again than are remarried in Reno, and so Nevada manages to maintain the last place in Table No. 68.

IV

Let us now try to make a master-table of the health tables, comparable to those we have already made for the tables of wealth and general culture. For this purpose let us select Tables Nos. 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 52, 54, 55, 56, 57 and 59, eleven in all, for they are rather more apt than the rest to be fair to all of the States, saving perhaps No. 48, which, as we have already noted, bears rather harshly upon Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, and perhaps also upon California and North Carolina. Here is the result:

TABLE NO. 70: SUMMARY OF HEALTH

1	Minnesota	10.0
2	Massachusetts	11.0
2	New York	11.0
4	Connecticut	11.8
4	Iowa	11.8
6	Oregon	12.2
7	New Jersey	13.0
8	Illinois	14.0
9	Nebraska	14.2
10	Washington	15.0
11	New Hampshire	15.6
12	Pennsylvania	16.3
12	Wisconsin	16.3
14	Rhode Island	17.4
15	Wyoming	18.3
16	California	18.5
17	Michigan	18.8
18	District of Columbia	19.4
19	Vermont	20.2
20	Kansas	20.3
21	Utah	21.5
22	North Dakota	21.6
22	Ohio	21.6
24	Missouri	22.1

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25	Idaho	22.2
26	Maine	22.8
27	Indiana	23.5
28	Colorado	24.0
29	Nevada	24.2
30	Maryland	25.0
31	Montana	25.2
32	Delaware	25.8
33	West Virginia	26.7
34	South Dakota	26.8
35	Oklahoma	29.6
36	Florida	29.7
37	Kentucky	30.9
38	Arkansas	31.5
39	Texas	32.5
40	Virginia	33.3
41	Arizona	33.8
42	Louisiana	34.8
43	Georgia	34.9
44	Tennessee	35.0
45	New Mexico	35.2
46	North Carolina	37.1
47	Alabama	38.5
48	Mississippi	38.6
49	South Carolina	41.6

It will be seen by comparing this table to No. 45 that the correlation which the latter shows between health and general culture also holds for wealth and health. No less than five States—Connecticut, New York, Massachusetts, Illinois and New Jersey—are among the first ten in both the wealth and the health tables and no less than seven—Tennessee, North Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina and Mississippi—are among the last ten in both. Pennsylvania, which is tenth in the wealth table, escapes getting among the first ten in the health table by but two places, and Arkansas, which is next to the bottom in wealth, escapes the last ten in health by the same number.

In the same way, five States—Massachusetts, Connecticut, Illinois, New York and Oregon—are among the first ten in both the health and culture tables, and eight—Tennessee, New Mexico, North Carolina, Louisiana, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi—are among the last ten. Four States—Connecticut, New York, Massachusetts and Illinois—are among the first ten in all three tables, and seven—Tennessee, North Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina and Mississippi—are among the last ten.

If, now, we combine Table No. 70 with the two tables in No. 45 we find that the ranking of the first five and last five States is as follows:

TABLE NO. 71—GENERAL SUMMARY

1	Massachusetts	2.6
2	Connecticut	3.0
3	New York	4.6
4	California	7.0
5	Illinois	7.3

* * * * *

45	Arkansas	44.3
46	Georgia	44.6
47	Alabama	47.0
47	South Carolina	47.0
49	Mississippi	48.6

To what extent public order runs with public health, wealth and general culture may be seen by comparing Table No. 71 with Tables Nos. 61 and 62. But before attempting to fix the final rank of the States various other tables must be examined. This will be done next month. Also, an effort will be made to ascertain the natural causes underlying the fact that one State is rich and progressive and another poor and backward. Some of these causes have to do with natural resources, others with climate, and yet others with geographical position and the composition of the population. So far, Mississippi seems to be clearly the most backward State, with Alabama and South Carolina pushing it hard, and Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York seem to be the most advanced, with California and Illinois as runners-up. But the statistics that remain may force certain changes in this estimate. They will be examined in November, and there will follow a summing-up of the whole evidence.

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SOUL FLIGHTS OF THE VILLAGE

BY ALBERT PARRY

Now that Hubert's is no more, and the haze of its days grows denser, I hear from sentimentalists that it was the last bit of real Greenwich Village. I am young, but I remember Hubert's. Its lights were high and glaring. Its imitation marble was greasy. Drunks from the so-called studios of the neighborhood would stagger in at all hours of the night and dawn to get sardine sandwiches to renew their thirst. They tried to look artistic but one could see that they were nothing but insurance salesmen. The taxicab drivers whose hangout Hubert's really was looked as if they wanted to murder you even if you weren't their fare.

True, there were a few poets and artists in the crowd. But they were drunk with Prohibition gin oftener than with grand ideas. They weren't even inventive. They tried the same two stunts over and over again. They either peddled, as rare editions, books of the kind that are sold in Fourth avenue stalls as publishers' remnants, or they sent notes to strangers at the next table: "I am Poet X, and I owe Hubert twenty-five cents for my coffee and sandwich. He won't let me out of here unless the bill is paid. I will write you a sonnet if you give me a quarter." It was remarkable that their daring never exceeded twenty-five cents; perhaps they were aware of the maximum worth of their sonnets.

I went there steadily for about a year. It was at the time which is now considered the height of real atmosphere at Hubert's. But I do not remember any deep arguments, nor impulsive recitations, nor inspired fisticuffs. The few fights that did take place were half-hearted; Hollywood extras would have done better for a Poverty Row camera. Long hair was the uniform height of everybody's originality. Once I did see a poet bring a caged parrot to Hubert's table, and another time I met a bleached blonde who had a fur coat on top of her negligée. But neither of them was trying to show off. Both were in dead earnest, and I wager that both were drunk on some good pre-war stuff. They were exceptions that could not rescue the general situation at Hubert's. On the whole, his zoo was a sorry sight and a worse performance. Those who now say that it was the last genuine Bohemia of the Village are grievously wrong.

A former Villager once told me that the real spirit departed from the region with the advent of Prohibition. There is something to that. When you get true beer and unmistakable wine you will perchance become artistic and revolutionary. When you get the etherized liquid that now passes in the Village for beer you get a headache and are not fit for either the arts or the revolution.

For this reason, the last real Bohemia of the Village may have been Bob Clairmont's. A Pennsylvania millionaire willed Bob $350,000 for saving his life in a club pool, and the former soda clerk and lifeguard moved to New York to spend it in

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the Village. Bob wrote good poetry, knew good music, and financed a few Village magazines. His only mistake was in taking journalism courses at Columbia. The Wall Street crash sent him to a municipal lodging house, where he is clerking now. But while his feast lasted it was grand. For a short time he introduced good vintages into the Village. It was too bad that he appeared at Hubert's only occasionally and that most of the drinking and talking of his satellites was done in his studio in Fourth street. A real Bohemia must, after all, be more democratic. Its stage must be a public eating place. Then it becomes history.

II

One feels that there will hardly appear in the Village, in our time at least, another such figure as Bob's. One feels that even the repeal of the Volstead Act and the return of good drinks would fail to bring on a renaissance. In short, one feels like striking some sort of sum total of the Village and its rôle in the arts and politics of America.

When one tackles the gathering of historic documents on the Village one finds more novels and poems than memoirs. This tends to show that the latter-day Bohemianism of America has always been more imaginary than actual. There is little to recollect in the way of actual events and achievements, and so fiction reigns supreme. When memoirs are written they are often spoiled by the authors' insistence on changing the names of the characters. Floyd Dell veiled the founder of the Liberal Club—an important figure—with an imaginary Egeria. In Harry Kemp's narratives a lay reader is able to recognize only a few figures, such as Upton Sinclair or Emma Goldman. Even Edmund Wilson in his incomparable "15 Beech Street" insists on concealing the real names of his friends.

All this is disappointing to a historian of the gypsydom of the arts because such memoirs lose all value as documents. One feels that names are concealed the better to concoct stories that did not happen. There is an attempt at romanticism, at prettying up things and people. When the Villagers are not called by their real names the author's fancy is allowed to roam, and no one may call him to task for errors and exaggerations. Thus, even from memoirs, the American Bohemianism of the latter period emerges largely as fiction, and the achievements of the Village appear as trivial frauds.

Did it have a history aside from the sentimental inaccuracy of the books? If it did, there was not much solid glory to it, and no American has so far bothered to investigate it seriously. It was a Japanese student who recently wrote from Tokyo to New York for the complete files of the *Masses* from 1911 to 1917: he said he was writing the first comprehensive history of that magazine. It was only a few months ago that an American publisher bethought himself of ordering Mike Gold to write the first biography of John Reed. Some Moscow professors of sociology seem to know more about the significance or lack of significance of Greenwich Village than any American instructor or writer.

The facts of history are these:

In 1886, H. C. Bunner, of *Puck*, wanted to get married but had no money. He had for years lived in an old Washington square house and had known many French wineshops and many seedy intellectuals of the neighborhood. It was not Greenwich Village by any means. It was the French Quarter bordering on Broadway to the east and the Village to the west. Bunner spoke

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with disdain about the "bourgeois conservatism" of the Village. But the French Quarter was oh-la-la, it was Bohemia, don't you know! You could describe it in a sentimental novel and get enough royalties to be married on.

So, in 1886, Bunner came out with a book on the French Bohemia clustering around Washington square. "The Midge" was a success, but some years later Bunner wrote that he was sorry to have brought so much publicity upon the mustachios of his beloved restaurateurs, actors, and musicians. Perhaps his own romance had cooled by then and he was wondering whether it was worth the trouble he had caused his Gallic friends.

Bunner had imitators, and of them Thomas Janvier was the most successful. In fact, he had in a way anticipated "The Midge" by his "Color Studies," in which he described the artistic Greenwich Village grouping around the Tenth Street Studio Building. But he missed the Tile Club of 58½ West Tenth street, to which St. Gaudens, Abbey, and Stanford White belonged in their youth, and where suppers were consumed to the refrain of "The soup is a Velasquez" and "The steak is a culmination." He also made the mistake of not calling his heroes Bohemians, as Bunner did. But in the early '90s, Janvier caught up with Bunner by his series of stories laid in what he called the Franco-Spanish Bohemia of the Village. He marched his faded or faked nobility of Gallic and Spanish mannerisms through a boarding-house which he called Casa Napoléon, a true Bohemian abode.

But there was, in fact, nothing truly Bohemian about Janvier's heroes and heroines. Both he and Bunner missed the real life of the Quarter to an unbelievable degree. They missed the cold fact of the police records that their beloved Taverne Alsacienne was full of thieves and fences. They somehow omitted the actual story of how an artist married a young French widow keeping a restaurant in Wooster street. The father of the young man rushed from the West to snatch his boy from the dangerous alliance but succumbed practically without a struggle to the French meals and wines of his new daughter-in-law.

Young American chaps fresh from Columbia and Harvard read the books by Bunner and his imitators. These boys had been dabbling in the arts on comfortable allowances from their daddies. They wanted to partake of Bunner's atmosphere in reality. They wanted to be members of the French Bohemia of New York. It was chic to speak of The Quarter and hunt the intellectual brilliance therein. Soon the French wineshops of the area were full of these explorers. The proprietors were making money, but the atmosphere was fast departing. When the Columbia boys made acquaintance with some clever Bohemians at the next table, they learned in dismay that their new friends hailed from Harvard and were not Bunner's heroes at all. There were only a few original Bohemians left at the old posts. Free meals or small loans from the explorers were their chief motives. They helped the explorers to feel that they, too, were Bohemians, for did they not drink many ponies of brandy, did they not eat dishes with French names unknown at Delmonico's, and did they not discuss and curse the entire universe in bad French?

Maria's appeared in Macdougal street and was praised in the '90s as an uproarious Bohemia, but in vain do we search among its customers for personages more daring and intellectual than Robert W. Chambers, who had previously spent seven years in Paris as an art student, and Brander Matthews. It is characteristic that James

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G. Huneker completely disregarded the French wineshops, Maria's, and other Village haunts, and kept true to Lüchow's and other East Fourteenth street or Irving place paradises of beer. Thus it is evident that the Bohemia of Greenwich Village was conceived, as it later died, in fraud.

But the artists of Tenth street were real even if, caught in the mælstrom of Bunner-Janvierism, they soon began to talk of Bohemia in not unkindly terms. More artists from up-town and out-of-town moved into the Washington square buildings for the practical reasons of ample space and good light. Writers followed, favoring side streets for their lower rents. The romantic reputation of the region had its drawing power, and each wave of newcomers helped to further the reputation. Other Italian restaurant-keepers followed in the footsteps of Maria. Early in the century, Gonfarone's rose into prominence at the corner of Eighth and Macdougal streets as a resort of scribes, artists, cranks, and lovers. Studio life was spreading westward, and soon crossed Sixth avenue. The so-called bourgeois conservatism of the Village soon went the way of the gnu, or was it the dodo? In 1910 Gonfarone's and the rest of the newly-sprawled Bohemia got into a novel by Stephen French Whitman. More and more people of real worth came in where pretenders gamboled before. Not that the pretenders had by then disappeared. But from 1910 to 1917 they were in lesser evidence than at any time before or after. Thus, the span of those seven years is usually picked out as the most significant period of the Village, worthy of a detailed and close examination.

With the moving of the Liberal Club to the Village, and with Piet Vlag of the Rand School publishing the first series of the *Masses*, a strong German air filtered in. It was the air of both "Das Kapital" and *Simplicissimus*. It made a curious but workable mixture with the older French idea of jolly improvidence in a garret. When Max Eastman came down from Columbia to take over Vlag's job he made the *Masses* more artistic and literary, but he neither added to nor detracted from its quantity of social protest. Often, especially before the war, its cartoons and quips had no point of social protest, in fact had no point at all. The magazine was a more or less harmonious mélange of ideas, protests, and humorous observation of life as such. The revolutionary spirit predominated, but it was not made tedious. No lambs of true art or hearty humor were sacrificed to the Cause. The magazine never lost its connection with the navel of everyday reality.

It did not try to dramatize that reality into a series of brief walloping sentences, of brawny drawings of labor sweated and swearing, of steel piled up into grotesque cities and bridges. There was such an element in it, true enough, but that element did not spread from cover to cover, leaving space for nothing else. The magazine also gave ear to cartoons and stories of the barnyard, not always accompanied by a Red moral. It gave space to Coney Island, picnics, provincials in New York, and marital difficulties. Charles A. Winter drew delicate women in flowing robes of sanitary aspect. Maurice Becker drew satire not only on bloated capitalists but also on Village studio dwellers stealing towels from their landladies. John Sloan poked sly fun at Cubism, and attached no Socialist sermon. Art Young and other brethren laughed and shouted at money bags, but they also made frequent use of Christ as the first workingman-Socialist. It was an awful deviation from the straight atheist path of a revolutionary journal wherein Christ must be ridiculed as J. P. Morgan's partner. There were frequent hymns to

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beauty and love in the *Masses*. The task of blaspheming the boss was made rather attractive.

There was, of course, a subject, or rather, a series of subjects: woman suffrage, economic freedom, scientific sex knowledge, Socialism, anti-militarism. This was an improvement in the growth of American Bohemianism. From the purposeless humor of Pfaffian days and from the lavender ecstasies and inanities of the Yellow Nineties it came to a point where it knew what it wanted, and said it courageously and without ugly fanaticism. The *Seven Arts* lost its subsidy and closed up; the *Masses* was hounded and brought to court for its defiance of Wilson's crusade. All save a few of the Villagers were cowed into silence or deserted to whoop for the war. The heroism of this small band, as witnessed by the old and partly mutilated files in the Public Library, is astounding, unbelievable! Even the most unsentimental of historians will pause in reverence before the memory of a minority that was not only talented but brave as well, brave enough to go against the war hysteria of an entire land.

III

It is another matter with the purely artistic rôle of Greenwich Village. Because three-quarters of what was fresh and strong and good passed through the Village it does not follow that it gave these writers and artists to America and the world. It was a mere caravanserai to them, an object of curiosity. It was a hothouse of plants that were brought there from many fields and hills. None of the really great had their roots or improved their foliage in the hothouse.

John Reed is often classed among the great of the Village. He was, indeed, a great reporter. But the excitement with which he was constantly plunging into the storms of his time robbed him of a chance to be a great writer. He died too soon. In the comparative quiet of the early 1920's he could have recollected and revaluated his experiences in America, Mexico, and the Russia of 1910-1920 into an unforgettable epic. As it is, some of his short stories remain brilliant in technique and tone, but fail in the depiction of human figures and motives. His "Ten Days That Shook the World" remains his best and truest book because it is excellent reporting, in the best American journalese, of the fiercest of Russian conflicts. The Russians themselves could not do any better, and the book, in translation, was the only good account of the October Revolution that we in Russia could read in the years immediately following.

In poetry, Edna St. Vincent Millay is altogether too often identified with her one-time Waverly place address. She, indeed, wrote some of her best songs in that cold room, and she took a lively part in the Little Theatre movement of the Village. But even so, she was unmistakably the product of New England hills and stars. The rigid beauty of her verse and feelings had nothing in common with the gay pretensions and social protest of the Village. Once, it is true, she wrote how merry was she, going back and forth all night on the ferry and hearing the whistles, but even into that Bohemian city idyl she managed to inject the touch of naked earth: "We lay on a hill-top underneath the moon."

Harry Kemp, as a poet, was far more typical of the Village, even though he old-fashionedly insisted on rhymes. Come to think of it, this aversion of his to blank verse exposed, best of all, the inherent conservatism and put-on airs of the Village. Kemp was one of the first to walk the

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American city streets without a hat, and for a long time his escapades provided copy for the boulevard press. Maxwell Bodenheim tried to be his successor in this respect, and though his exploits in love were less spectacular the yellow press of America had by then grown more sensational. Tabloids were absent at the height of Kemp's philandering, but they worked full blast in Bodenheim's time. Thus, both poets received about equal shares of publicity.

In painting and drawing, the patriots of the Village point to a pleiad of brilliant artists, among them, Boardman Robinson and George Bellows. Both were friendly guests, not hosts, in the Village. Their roads merely passed through the *Masses*, but neither made the *Masses* nor was made by it. His cartooning in the *Tribune*, his trips to Europe, his teaching in Arts Students League will interest the future biographers of Robinson more than his participation in the editorial meetings in Greenwich avenue. As for Bellows, his was the world of brawn. Surely, not in Greenwich Village did he find his boxers. But the patriots there would do well to point to such men as Art Young, John Sloan, and Maurice Becker. The radicalism of their talents was, indeed, fashioned to a large extent by the Latin Quarter of America at its height. Particularly Art Young's. I predict that the originals of his homely caricatures of stark, almost archaic lines will some day be bidden for by collectors—too late for poor old Art himself to enjoy the proceeds.

It is a mistake to associate Eugene O'Neill and the cradle of the Little Theatre with the Village. O'Neill was always a solitary figure; he was around the corner from the Village but not in it. He gave the new forms in the theatre that impetus which Jig Cook always ascribed to his own nervous efforts. George Cram Cook was an unpardonable sentimentalist who could not have, by his very nature, begotten the accentuated realism of the New Theatre, its direct beauty and its cynicism. In his day, he was an unsuccessful Thornton Wilder. He moaned and mooned for the beauty of the ancient Greeks. Finding it neither in Iowa, nor in Provincetown, and even less in Greenwich Village, he departed for the hills of Greece. There he donned the skirt of a Greek peasant and died in childish bliss.

I happened to be in Greece shortly before he came there; in fact, he sailed from New York for Greece on the very day I sailed from Patras for America. Later, reading and hearing about Jig, I wondered how in the world he could mistake that country of Balkan mongrels, of petty politicians and overabundant bootblacks and waiters, for the noble land of his dreams. He was not satisfied with gazing at the ruins of temples and having his pictures taken in front of them. He tried to teach the waiters the ancient Greek speech and ideals, forgetting that they had far more of Albanian, Slavic and nondescript blood than of the ancient Greek in them.

Floyd Dell, his devoted pupil of Iowa days, was more sober. He chose American evening dress instead of a goat-cheese smelling Greek skirt. Though at one time he composed Upton Sinclair's biography and, on some occasions, still signs himself "yours for the Revolution," he has, on the whole, kept to the most profitable trick of the Village trade: Sex. He now writes about the bachelor fathers and *garçonnes* of the American studios, and gains a pretty penny thereby. Howard Brubaker showed some promise in the Village. He might have become a biting publicist, but the short breath of his witticisms in the *Masses* never grew fuller and deeper. His quips,

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however brilliant, are still just that: quips. His evolution, in a way, reminds one of Dell's; from the revolutionary field he transferred himself to that of the ultra-ritzy magazines, and I see his occasional story in the *American*, in company with inspirational essays on how Mr. Flimpdoodle made a million selling peanuts.

These few instances are typical of the ultimate good of the Village to the uplift of the American arts. No wonder a recent interviewer drew from Sinclair Lewis his contempt "for the ill-kempt superior souls who sit around bare tables in Greenwich Village discussing art." The interviewer explained this partly by Lewis' inherent Middle Western conservatism, partly by the memory of his own young and irresponsible days in the Village. The latter would strike closer to the heart of the matter. From his brief experience Lewis knows how little good this idle talk does and what insignificant roads lead from too long a stay in the Village.

Oh yes, there was Theodore Dreiser in the Village, and at one time Sherwood Anderson stopped there. But need it be argued that Dreiser was no more than a kindly observer in the Village, that it was not particularly vital to him? And that Anderson was a transient figure in Washington square, and as in Dreiser's case, it was to him only a tiny part of the vast American scene? Both owe the Village precisely nothing.

IV

And what of today? What came after the *Masses*, the Provincetown Players, Hubert's and Bob Clairmont? Nothing that would disprove the main thesis of these notes, to wit: the Village has always been bore and bogus, with the old *Masses* the only brief exception.

For a period of the late 1920's Eli Siegel, a Baltimore-reared poet of Montana hot afternoons, was the center of a group. Eli was confused on many points of life and the arts; his one-time association with Clairmont heightened his overdose of mysticism. There were periodical verse readings in one or another Village restaurant, to which students from the nearby branch of New York University came, also some æsthetic souls from the Bronx and Bayridge. T. S. Eliot was the Allah of these neo-Villagers, and Ezra Pound their Mahomet. I understand that Eli has recently gone back to Baltimore, however temporarily, but the Bronx and Brooklyn boys and girls still commute to the Village, and some have taken the last attics that have not been remodeled by the Sheridan square realtors. They still write letters to Eliot in the vain hope of autographs, and they arrange parties with recitations of e.e. cummings' poetry and the singing of "She Was Poor But She Was Honest."

Some of them open ye cute shoppes where anything from Czechoslovakian embroidery to Jewish samovars, and from Spanish combs to Tartar bracelets, is sold to elderly ladies of Corn Corners, Iowa. Others run ye little bookeries where T. S. Eliot again is heavily featured. The late Wall Street debauchery and the general depression sent many of these enterprises into the city marshal's hands. Bankruptcy notices are pasted almost symbolically above the titles of Messrs. Eliot and Pound. The business men of the Village are forced from the unwept shoppes back into their unswept studios, where they resume their old pursuit of writing.

Though the names of the principal Paris exiles are constantly on their lips, it could not be said of many of these Villagers that they owe much to the influence of other writers. They do not read other

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writers. They read their own works only. Though the name of Bohemian has by now grown stale, some of them still call themselves by it. In fact, there is a group in the Village that officially calls itself The Bohemians. I am not sure whether "Inc." is added to the name.

Soul and love are as yet great subjects for ponderings in such groups. There is at least one Greenwich Villager who is legally married to his wife but who tries his best to make it appear that she is his free love.

Webster Hall is still lighted for balls that are called Greenwich Village Balls and Playboy Balls. These are undertakings of individuals trying to cash in on the glamorous past. *Playboy* was the aristocrat of the Greenwich Village press of the post-war era. It had many of the artists of the *Masses*, but the spirit of the revolutionary was manifestly absent. The period was first of disillusionment, and then of prosperity; and the magazine was resplendent with dazzling colors and fine paper. If the *Masses* deserves a book to be written about it, *Playboy* deserves at least a special magazine article, and Egmont Arens is the man to write it.

There are many writers, artists, and other such gentry who live in the Village not because it is the Village but because of its convenient nearness to the city's main arteries. They seldom boast of the fact that they live there. Some of them lapse into the other extreme and devise other names for the location. I remember living in a house run by an elderly miss who occasionally contributed pieces to the metropolitan papers. She tried to instil good morals into the writers and students who rented rooms from her. She made scenes before the closed doors of those roomers who brought in friends of the opposite sex after 10 P.M. She always corrected us when we said that we lived in Greenwich Village. "This is not Greenwich Village," she would say, "This is the Washington square section, near Sixth avenue."

There is also another Spartan influence in the present-day Village. I mean the *New Masses* and the John Reed Club. The club is composed of intellectuals and has its headquarters on the borders of the Village. The *New Masses* has its office in the proximity of Union square. Though neither of the two organizations would suffer its identification with the Village, both have much to do with it. They are the heirs quite apparent, at least by virtue of their names, to the Village of 1910-1917. The elder of their members and contributors were the juniors of that historic Village; both the elder and the younger of the *New Masses* and the John Reed Club often troop to the more solid of the Village studios to have their fill of caviar on cheese crackers and of not very spirited argument.

The argument is lukewarm because these boys and girls agree among themselves on the major issues and on the arts. Dissenting outsiders seldom venture into their circle. It is notable that even for their debates they do not invite any differing orators but select opponents much as college teams do, from their own midst, along the lines of oratory rather than opinion. The high point of a recent season at the John Reed Club was a debate on whether bourgeois literature is any good to the worker, and while Mike Gold took the negative Joshua Kunitz took the positive side. It was evident all along that Kunitz felt on the subject exactly as Gold did, but orders were orders and he had to perform with the zest of a Soviet-appointed attorney for the defence at a Moscow trial of counter-revolutionaries.

The *New Masses* suffers from the same rigidity of dogma. It inherited the flaming social revolt of the old *Masses*, but it misses

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the belly-filling laughter and the romantic moods with which that revolt was so adroitly seasoned and made attractive to outsiders. Mike Gold, Harry Allan Potamkin, Melvin Levy and other leaders of the new magazine and the club know and say, in frankness, that something is wrong with their efforts. They ask their readers and friends to try to put their fingers on the mysterious sore spots, so that they can be healed, and the masses will rush in with their subscriptions and memberships—and with the long-delayed Revolution.

Of course, they will not listen to me if I tell them that they need less of the dramatization of their subjects and more of relaxation. I do not mean to say that they must sing of love and crack jokes all the time, but they would do well to sing of love and do a little laughing some of the time, not to the exclusion of their denunciation of the capitalists, but certainly to make that denunciation more readable and fruitful. They ought to turn now and then to the files of the old *Masses*. There are Bohemian laughter and Marxian result in those files.

In the pre-war days, the Bohemian seemed a kindred soul, an ally in the Marxian's assault on capitalism. Vladimir Friche, the late Soviet professor, propounded the axiom that though the Bohemians came from the *petit bourgeoisie* and not from the downtrodden masses of workers and peasants, they were soon proletarianized or rather pauperized by the developing capitalism of the Nineteenth and early Twentieth Centuries. He lauded the Bohemian "opposition to the *bourgeiosie*," calling it a "wide social phenomenon," but warned that though Bohemianism was a good thing in an old bourgeois society, it is a very ugly thing when the proletariat wakes to action. Bohemian individualism, Bohemian lack of social and moral discipline, Bohemian refusal to understand the functions of the arts in the vortex of social revolt and reconstruction, all these spell reaction and corruption, said Friche.

The Marxians have not much use for the Bohemians of today. Today, say the Marxians, the lines of the class war throughout the world are drawn rigidly and definitely, and the intellectual proletariat, *i.e.*, the Bohemians, need not spend their anti-boss fury in useless drink, pointless poetry, and excessive sexualizing. The Marxian says to an intellectual proletarian: "We do not particularly need you, we want common proletarians of muscle rather than you, but if you want to revolt, your place is in the Communist party rather than in Greenwich Village." The Bohemian who insists on remaining a Bohemian in these days of Five-Year Plans and capitalistic unemployment is a stupid ignoramus, if not a willful traitor, in the eyes of an orthodox Marxian.

Mike Gold and his group take all this as gospel truth and act accordingly. Yet they know that something is wrong with them, notwithstanding. Their work has not been bringing results, and the Kharkov conference of international revolutionary writers, of last November, chided them as eager but unsatisfactory plodders. What to do, what to do? Why, scrap some of the Spartan rigidity! After all, in the world of bogus Bohemias of Hubert's type, where ineffectual æstheticism and worship of T. S. Eliot rule, groups like Gold's are welcome and worthy oases—if only they would grow more human and life-loving.

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A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

BY JOEL SAYRE

PAPPA BLANCHE had us all writing "La Cigale et La Fourmi" from memory, and I had just finished:

La cigale, ayant chanté
Tout l'été,
Se trouva fort depourvue
Quand le bise fut venue.

and was trying to figure out whether it was *le bise* or *la bise* when Frank, Pussy French's little hoparound, came into the room and told Pappa Blanche that I was wanted on the 'phone down in the school office.

It was mother. I said: "Hello, mother, how are you?" and she said: "Oh, honey, we aren't very well." Her voice sounded kind of whiney. I remember because right away I thought what the hell have I done now? I knew my marks were all right, but Edwards caught me sneaking down the dorm fire-escape on my way to the Dreamland only the week before, and I supposed that was what the matter was. Of course, Edwards couldn't prove I was on my way to the Dreamland, but I knew he suspected it and I figured he had written a letter to the family about it.

But, anyway, just to bluff it out, I said to mother: "Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, George," she said, "I don't know how to tell you. Something awful has happened."

Then I really did get scared, although I didn't know what about.

"Well, what is it?" I said, after swallowing a couple of times.

"Oh, George," she said, and her voice wabbled all over, "Milt's dead."

"Good Lord, mum," I said, "how did he die?"

I could hear her crying over the 'phone, and after a while she said:

"I can't tell you now, honey. But you'd better come home right away."

"All right," I said, "I'll catch the next train."

I hung up and went to see Pussy French, the headmaster. He was sitting there smoking that stinking old bulldog pipe of his.

"Sir," I said, "I have got to go home. My brother has just died."

When I started to say "my brother has just died" I could feel the bottom part of my chin start to tremble. I didn't want to blub, and I kind of felt there was no reason for me to, but I could feel my chin trembling. However, I was O.K.

Old Pussy pulled that stinker of a pipe out of his mouth and looked at me, kind of startled.

"Why, Davis, I'm terribly sorry to hear this," he said. "Of course you may have as much time as is necessary. We always let a boy go home if there is a death in the family. Was it your younger brother?"

"No, sir, an older brother," I said. "Could I borrow ten dollars to get home with?"

"Why, of course," he said and pulled out his wallet. "Is ten dollars all you will need?"

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I told him ten would be plenty and thanked him and went over to my room and packed my bag.

I grabbed a street car and got to the Union Station just in time to catch the 3:40 for home. It's about a five-hour trip, and so I started to think about Milt.

II

Milt was my half-brother and I really didn't know him very well because he was a lot older than I was. He was a full brother to Grace and Fanny, my older married half-sisters. Their mother died when they were all pretty young, and pop married again. His second wife, who is the mother of me and my younger brother Charlie, that we call Chick, wasn't much older than Grace and Fanny when pop married her.

Milt was about ten years older than I was, and before I went away to school he'd been away to school and later he got jobs out of town.

One of the earliest things I remembered about him was the room he had in our house. He had pennants of all the different prep schools and colleges all over the walls, and of course Chick and I thought that was pretty great all by itself. But the thing that interested me most about Milt's room was his bookcase full of books.

They were all books that we weren't allowed to read and they were all old-timers. I know now that they were, but of course I didn't then. There was a big slew of Horatio Alger Juniors and Frank Castlemans and Oliver Optics. I sneaked "Phil the Fiddler" out of the bookcase one time and mother caught me reading it. She pounced down on me and took it away, and she wanted to know where I got such trash. When I told her, she said I was never to go into Milt's room again. She wouldn't tell me why. She just said she'd tell me when I was older.

Well, we kept right on sneaking books out of Milt's room, only we didn't let ourselves get caught at it. We'd generally take them to the hayloft of a barn across the alley in back of our house and read them there. The nigger coachman was a good friend of ours, and he used to let us go up in the loft. I remember I liked the Algers and the Castlemans ("Frank On A Gunboat" and all the rest), but I thought the Optics were rotten, too full of lectures.

But besides all the Algers and the Castlemans and the Optics there was a whole slew of dime-novels. Those were the ones that kept us awake at nights! There were all the King Bradys and the Nick Carters and the Liberty Boys, and there was a series about the Dumb Hercules.

This Dumb Hercules was a deaf and dumb Indian fighter who had wonderful adventures. Every once in a while he would be in some terrible scrape, and in the excitement he would recover his speech for a while. Once he was in a pit wrestling around with four Apaches, and just after he had hurled the fourth one out, he was so excited that he let out a great shout. It was the first time he had spoken in twenty-five years. But later he lost his speech again. Then he would get it back just as he was in some terrible ordeal. But when things got dull it would go away again.

Well, because all these terrible adventures were in Milt's bookcase, and because he was away most of the time, we began to think of his room as a kind of ghostly place. At least, I did.

We lived in a dark old house. There were big elm trees in the yard, and when there were leaves on them they shut out the light. The halls were dark. The room Chick and I slept in was right at the head

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of the stairs. There was a big window on the first landing, but it was one of those old-fashioned stained-glass things with a Baltimore oriole in the middle of it, and that kept out the light.

Next to our door was a cupboard where they put all kinds of brooms and cleaning junk, and then at right angles to the cupboard was Milt's door. The cupboard door was at the other end of a short hall that Milt's door opened on to. To go to the bathroom you had to go down this short hall and turn to the right. There you struck another hall about twenty-five feet long. At the end of it was the door to the attic stairs, and then it kind of skewered to the right and there was the bathroom.

It was pitch dark at night, and when I was about ten and reading all those King Bradys and Dumb Herculeses of Milt's, going to the bathroom was a pretty scary experience, I can tell you. I used to have terrible thoughts about the attic door opening some night and a couple of murdered gamblers rolling down the stairs.

The whole house used to frighten me pretty much then, but Milt's room got to be the worst. I remember I was standing at one of the windows in our room one night looking out into the yard. There was some moon and the yard looked pretty ghosty. All of a sudden two long white arms came shooting out of Milt's window. I just about died.

And then, when I could look closer again, I saw that it was only a pair of lace curtains that a puff of air had blown out. The Hunky maid had been cleaning his room that afternoon and forgot to shut the window. But it certainly gave me an awful spell for a few seconds.

Milt used to scare me, too, whenever he came home. He was a great big powerful guy, in long pants, of course, but grown up as he was, his head was as full of all these crazy tales in his books as ours were. He used to talk very wild to us about how he was going to run off to New York and be a Pinkerton detective. He claimed he could disguise himself as a tough guy and go around with crooks and find out all their plans from them. He used to talk about that a lot. Then he told us he was an expert knife thrower and could take a stiletto and pin a woman to a door across the street by her hair. We didn't believe him, at least I didn't, but he scared us all right.

He was always having terrible fights with pop about the trouble he got into at school. His grades were terrible, I guess, and when he came home on vacations he and pop would have it out, right at the table before everybody. They both had quick tempers. Milt would make some dumb remark and pop would take him up on it and right away they'd be at it. Pop would say he ought to be ashamed of himself, a big pup nineteen years old, behaving like he was two. He'd say Chick, who was only eight, knew how to handle himself better than Milt, who didn't have sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole. That's a favorite expression of pop's: "not sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole."

Then Milt would blow up and say he wouldn't stand for being picked on any more by pop or the masters at that rotten school or anybody else. They'd both shout and cuss each other right in front of mother and the girls.

III

I kept thinking about him all the time there in the train on the way home. I thought all I could remember from the time I was a little kid. I thought about the way he looked and talked, and about his books and his room and how scary it used

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to be going to the bathroom at night, and the time I saw the long white arms shoot out of his window, and about his battles with pop, and everything. I sort of thought him up to date.

And then I started to wonder how he died. Right off I was certain he got killed somehow or other. I knew it just as sure as I was sitting there in that train. I was just *positive* he hadn't gotten sick and died of pneumonia or flu or anything like that.

First, I thought of all the ways a person could get killed in an accident. He could have gotten run over by something, or maybe a big stone or girder fell on him, or he could have swallowed poison by mistake or been drowned or burnt up. Maybe he got trapped in a blazing building.

But after I thought over all the kinds of accidents a person could die in, I decided that Milt hadn't died in any accident. I decided somebody had killed him.

Then I thought of all the people who would want to kill Milt. I thought of all the crooks he used to tell us about five years ago, the ones he was going off to spy on for the Pinkertons whenever he wanted to by simply dressing and talking like them. But I decided that that was just silly. He hadn't been anywhere near New York since he got kicked out of prep school and went to work.

Pop got him one job after another, but he never lasted more than about six months in any one of them. The jobs were nearly always out of town. After he'd get fired from one he'd come home and fool around awhile, and then pop would get him another one with some friend of his who had a factory or a mill in another city. But I only saw him during my vacations, once in a while.

One day last Summer I saw a letter on the table in the hall in his handwriting with the postmark "Drumright, Okla.," on it. The writing was funny and jumpy and all twisted around and you couldn't mistake it for anybody else's in a million years.

I took it in to mother and told her I thought Milt was in Indianapolis. She opened it, although it was addressed to pop, and then she said: "Oh, my God!" in that terrible sick way women do. A little later, when she'd snapped out of it, she called up pop and told him that Milt had run off to the Oklahoma oil-fields. I didn't see the letter, but I heard mother read it over the telephone, and it went something like this:

> *Dear Father:* I am sick and tired of all this picking and nagging. I am out here in this man's country where there is oil and plenty of work for all. I am here because I want to be my own boss and do not want to stay in that rotten Indianapolis, where everybody is always picking on you.
>
> Don't worry about me. Have dandy job on a chicken farm and hope to come home soon with plenty of money.
>
> *Your son,*
>
> MILTON.

Mother could hardly read it, she was crying so terribly.

Well, a few months later Milt wired pop for money and came home and went to work in the chain factory. I went back to school last Fall and hadn't heard about him after that.

All of a sudden, there in the train, I decided only one person could have done it and that was pop. He's got such a fierce temper and he's got a Smith and Wesson .32 he keeps in his handkerchief drawer. I and Chick have had it out many a time, fooling around with it and pointing it at each other and so forth. And I figured pop had probably gotten into a fight with Milt and grabbed his Smith and Wesson out of the handkerchief drawer and taken a shot at him and killed him.

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By the time the train got to Belfast, which is about twenty-five miles from home, I was as sure as hell that pop would be in jail by now. I remember when we lived in Chicago and he was in the tile business, they indicted him for being a trust. Chick and I were very little kids then, and I suppose Chick doesn't remember it. But I heard from our nurse or the elevator boy or somebody that pop had been indicted. I asked what indicted meant and they said it meant arrested.

That afternoon mother took us down to pop's office, and there he was, sitting in his big swivel chair as calm as you please. I was sure he would be in a suit with black and white stripes running around it. I guess I got that idea from looking at billboards with the posters for the show "Convict 999" on them.

Well, by the time my train pulled into the Union Station I was absolutely certain that pop had shot Milt with his .32 Smith and Wesson, but there was a funny kind of idea in my mind at the same time that I would find him just like I did in Chicago when he was indicted for being a trust—not arrested at all and perfectly all right. It's sort of crazy the way these ideas you had when you were a little kid stick with you.

But when there wasn't anybody at the Union Station to meet me in the car, I started feeling bad again.

IV

When I was paying the taxi driver I noticed that the house was all lit up. I walked up the front steps and rang the bell. Mother opened the door, and there was pop standing right in back of her.

"Hello, honey," she said, putting her arms around me, "did you have any dinner yet?"

"How did Milt die?" I said.

I couldn't look pop in the eye. I felt just like that time when I was a kid and our nurse told us he was indicted, and indicted meant arrested.

Mother started to cry.

"He died in a very tragic way," she said very gently.

And then pop said: "He destroyed himself."

Right away I felt all right again. I didn't care very much about Milt, and I thought how dumb I was not to figure out right at the start that he had committed suicide.

Chick came down from upstairs and I noticed that he'd put on long pants since the last time I'd seen him. We all went into the dining-room and sat around the table. Mother wanted to know if I was sure I didn't want a bite to eat. I told her no, and then nobody said anything for a minute.

Finally, I asked how it happened.

"Well, we'll never know exactly," mother said. "We never even heard the shot. I was going along the hall upstairs and I noticed his door was open. I heard a funny kind of snoring noise, and I thought Flossie might have been run over and crawled into his room. (Flossie is our old Airedale.) I went in to look and there he was on the floor by the bed with father's revolver beside him. I fainted and when I came to I called the ambulance. He never recovered consciousness and died at the hospital.

"Then all those reporters came in on me at once, and I was so upset I don't know what I told them. But father fixed it with the papers just to run a little formal notice."

Mother always calls pop father when she speaks of him to us.

Pretty soon we got her to go up to her room and get some sleep, and then pop and I went for a walk around the block.

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We didn't say anything for a long time. He stopped to light a cigar.

"Gosh, pop," I said, "this is certainly tough on you."

I could see he looked worried, although not much more than usual. Pop is little and quiet and old. He can say some very funny things when he wants to, but he never talks much and he always looks pretty serious.

"Oh, I've got too many things to think about," he said. "But it's hard as hell on your mother. She found him. That was a shame."

V

The next day they brought Milt's body back to the house in a big gray coffin and put it in the room where the piano is. He looked so fine lying there. His face was all peaceful, and his hair was combed, and for the first time in his life he looked decently dressed, with his pants all pressed and his shoes shined and everything. All that day I kept going in and taking another look at poor old Milt. Finally, I got up enough nerve to touch his hand when nobody else was looking. The skin felt exactly like one of those Art Gum erasers we have in mechanical drawing.

And then all our relatives came pouring in from out of town, and all the neighbors started to call. Mother and the girls and my two brothers-in-law would meet them at the door, and the women all cried like hell. I got terribly ashamed. I couldn't stand it.

Pop, though, was fine. He just kept smoking cigars, and when he wasn't meeting people, he'd play solitaire at his little desk.

I remember when Mrs. Watchmaster came. She was a friend of mother's. When I was a little kid I used to like to go with mother to her house, because they had a wonderful spittoon in the shape of a big brass turtle. When you put your foot on the turtle's head and pressed, its shell would fly up and there was the spittoon. Then she had a big book called "Dante's Inferno" with wonderful pictures of Hell and what went on there. I'd spend hours at the Watchmasters when I was a kid, playing with the spittoon and looking at those pictures of Hell.

But I always thought Mrs. Watchmaster was crazy. She is always telling everybody about her gallstones. And when she came to see us that day before the funeral, she certainly lived up to schedule. She bawled all over the place, although I don't think she'd ever set eyes on Milt more than two or three times in her life. And it had a terrible effect on mother and the girls.

Well, finally, she finished her bawling and said that she really had to go. She must have dropped in on us from shopping, because she had a bunch of bundles with her. Mother asked me to drive her home in the car, and I said sure, and we started for the front door. I was carrying the bundles.

On the way to the front door we passed the library, and there was pop sitting at his little desk playing solitaire. Mrs. Watchmaster swooped down on him.

"Oh, poor Mr. Davis," she said, "you certainly have your cross to bear."

And she stooped over and kissed him right on his bald head.

God, I was never so ashamed in my life. But pop never even looked up at her. He just went right on playing solitaire. I was certainly proud of him.

Mrs. Watchmaster looked kind of disappointed, and then I drove her home in the car.

The next afternoon they had the funeral. The whole house smelled of flowers. Be-

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sides all the neighbors and friends of the family, a lot of people from our church were there and all the members of Milt's Bible class.

Before the services started my sister Grace came up to me and said: "Do you know what Milt's Sunday-school teacher just told me?"

"No," I said. I saw that she was going to cry and I hated it.

"Well," she said, "two years ago they had a gift drive in his Bible class and everybody was supposed to pledge something. Poor Milt insisted on pledging $50. They knew he was supporting himself at the time and wasn't earning more than enough to live on, and they tried to persuade him not to pledge so much. But he wouldn't listen to them. And only a month ago they got the last of it in a rumpled dollar bill. And some of his payments came in nickels and dimes. Wherever he was, he always sent them something from out of town."

While she was talking I looked over her shoulder and saw they had put the coffin and all the flowers into the cozy corner under the stairs. The halls were getting fuller and fuller every minute. Then I noticed Dr. Swettman, our pastor, come in the front door and I knew the services would be starting any minute now.

I went upstairs, and there on the top landing right up against the banister were a whole bunch of chairs. Mother, in black, was in the middle and her friends were sitting on both sides. I got a chair from somewhere and sat down right behind her.

Pretty soon the talking died out downstairs, and you could hear everybody moving towards the cozy corner. Then the Sunday-school double quartette started to sing "Lead, Kindly Light." Mother began to cry and I suddenly felt like I wanted to hold her hand, but I couldn't get near her because all those friends were sitting around her.

And then Dr. Swettman was saying "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." He's got a deep bass voice, and it echoed down the halls and all over the house. And then he said "Let us pray," and that voice went on booming and everything else was quiet as a church except for the sobbing of the women.

I couldn't stand it any more and I got up. Mother had her head bent down, crying in her handkerchief, and I stooped over and kissed her on the hair, and it smelled of the pine tar soap she uses to wash it with. I sneaked into our room and shut the door and got "Winning His Y" by Ralph Henry Barbour out of the bookcase and flopped down on my bed and started to read it.

Dr. Swettman's voice kept booming right through the door, but finally it stopped and then I could make out the noise of everybody saying "Our Father" together. And then came another man's voice, not Dr. Swettman's, and I guess it was Milt's Bible class teacher making kind of a little speech about him. And then the double quartette sang: "The Fight Is On, O Christian Soldiers," which is the hymn that pop once said sounded more like a football song, and it does, too. The words go something like this:

The fight is on, O Christian soldiers,
And we are all in stern array,
With colors gleaming
And banners streaming;
The fight is on again today.

I forget the words to what comes next but it ends: "da-da-da-bump-bump, da-da-da-bump-bump, we'll sing the victor's song at last." Anyway, Milt used to whistle it around the house a lot, and I guess

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the double quartette sang it at the funeral because they thought it was his favorite hymn.

And I was reading about Gerald and Alf and Tom and Dan and the big hockey game between Yardley and Broadwood to forget how terrible women look when they're crying. Finally I fell asleep. When Chick woke me up it was dark outside, and I peeled off my clothes and went to bed.

VI

About ten o'clock the next morning we caught a train for Louisville, where the family burying grounds are. I happened to be the first one down the steps to the tracks and when I turned around to see where the others were there was mother and the girls coming down together, all in black. The three of them were crying without putting their handkerchiefs up to their faces.

There were so many of us with the out-of-town relatives that we took up almost half the car. Pop sat beside mother, and most of the women sat together. After awhile I bought a magazine and went into the smoking-car. My two brothers-in-law, Frank Beccles and Jim Logan, had gotten a deck of cards from somewhere and were sitting opposite each other, having a game of casino on a folded newspaper held on their knees. Frank was smoking a Melachrino.

"Why, Frank, that's the first time I ever saw you smoke anything but a cigar," I said to him.

"I can smoke a ham," he said, and went on with the game. They laid their tricks on the window sill. Jim finally looked out of the window.

"We're due in Covington any minute now," he said. "There'll be a lot of the folks getting on. I wired them we were on this train. We'd better all go back."

Sure enough, a whole slew of relatives got on at Covington and Chick and I had to be introduced to all of them, for we hadn't seen them since we were little kids.

"George, this is your Aunt Frieda," said pop.

I shook hands with Aunt Frieda.

"My, my, what a splendid good-looking fellow you've grown up to be," she said so everybody could hear. "How old are you?"

"Fifteen," I said, and wanted to jump out of the window.

Some more relatives met us at the station at Louisville and there was more introducing and another preacher. Mother and pop and the girls and Chick and I were bundled into a Packard limousine, and started right away for the cemetery, Chick and I on the little folding seats. As our car was turning around I noticed a big, black motor-hearse backing up to the platform.

It was a fine day, regular Indian Summer. We rolled through town and when we went over a bridge pop said: "There's the old Ohio all right."

We went to the outskirts of town and finally we came to the cemetery gates. We went through the gates and then through a kind of little woods and we got to a big open place where all the grave-stones and vaults were, and there weren't any trees there.

Away at the other side was a string of cars, and quite a crowd of people were bunched up. You could see the red and white of the flowers, too.

Our car had to make a big circle around the driveway to get to where all the cars and the people and the flowers were, and when we got close enough we could pick out the faces of the relatives. I

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guess they told our chauffeur to take it easy so they'd all get there first.

The chauffeur opened the door, and we all got out into the sunshine. The people standing together all cleared a way for mother and pop and the girls and then closed in around them. I sat down on the running board of the Packard and so did Chick. Suddenly I remembered it was Saturday and we were playing Central. I looked at my watch and it said 3:17, so I figured the second quarter must have just started.

Then mother and the girls came up and got back in the car and sat there crying. I got up and walked over to where the people were standing.

I pushed through until I got right up to the front. The first thing I saw was Milt lying there in the big gray coffin, only there was a glass lid over it. The coffin was resting on two web straps stretching across the grave about five feet apart, and the ends of each strap passed over little rollers at the sides of the hole the coffin was going down into. There were flowers stacked all around.

The preacher was just saying: "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust" when the coffin started to sink into the grave very slowly. You could see the web straps slipping over the little rollers.

Then I stopped watching the rollers and I suddenly saw pop standing all alone at the foot of the grave. He was looking down over his glasses at Milt sinking into ashes and dust. He was holding his derby hat in his left hand on his hip. The collar of his overcoat was kind of hunched up around his neck. And he seemed so little and quiet and old that I got a terrible fit of crying and pushed my way out through the people.

I stumbled right on to our car. Chick saw me coming and he got up off the running board with a surprised look on his face. I didn't want him to see me bawling.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said.

And I hit him in the mouth, and went around behind the car.

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THE MAKING OF A WOWSER

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

THE fearful revelation that I, a life-long Live-and-Let-Liver, had in me in embryo the whole apparatus of a fanatical American Thou-Shalt-Notter came upon me on a rare day in June, 1930, midmost in my three-months' period of sour stomach.

Before this momentous June, in my psychical as in my physical life, I had never been ill. I was Health Abounding. Even my pessimism was a Hail, Schopenhauer! salute to Life. The word diet had no more meaning to me than the word beauty to a Communist. I was never conscious that I had any internal organs, so perfectly and noiselessly did they function. Did the red ants of worry nibble at me or the worm of envy gnaw and cause a depression of my life-forces? A vat of beer drowned them out. Kidney, liver, stomach, blood-stream, carbohydrates, vitamins, lungs, heart, spleen, blood-pressure, solar plexus were all rigmarole to me—the Chinook of neurotics, hypochondriacs, dyspeptics, Socialists, and body-prying old women of both sexes.

In my day physiology was not taught in the public schools, and so I escaped that morbid curiosity and knowledge about what's inside which spawns aches and disorders as Holy Church spawns the consciousness of sin.

For more than fifty years I thus went along, reeking with health. Never having had a disease of any kind, I naturally did not wish anyone else to have a disease of any kind. Being a perfectly free, autonomous agent both physically and mentally, I had from my earliest years a perfect passion to see all other human beings free both mentally and physically. An Individualist, as I was, is simply a person who has no programme for anyone else. It is the greatest of all health-gestures. But since Individualists are as rare as perfectly healthy persons, we have a world filled with busybodies, messiahs, wowsers, bluesnoots and twelve thousand other varieties of moralic and economic fanatics, all of whose activities are rooted in one secret—and often unconscious—desire: *I want to give my disease to you.* This is the reverse of an Individualist, who communicates nothing but his own individuality, willy-nilly, and doesn't care a Baptist's ringworm whether you take him or leave him.

In my pre-Gethsemane days (those happy years of French fried potatoes, hot biscuits, mince pie and beer abounding!), in the years that preceded the evangelical Summer of 1930, I had never given any thought to the mechanism, physical or psychical, of the American Thou-Shalt-Notters. I looked on all such fellows, wherever nested and coiled, as naturally my personal enemies, just as I would have looked upon a leper or a skunk that suddenly leaped out of the dumbwaiter. I was never much for prying into causes. Consequences were to me the important thing, for most theories of causes are

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erected by a personal bias; but a consequence can land you on your bum quicker than a Mississippian can yell "Lynch him!" The enemy of personal liberty, of the individual—the law-shackling moralist—was a universal enemy, but especially *my* enemy. To the wall with him! *Why* he existed, *how* he existed was not my affair in those days. My business was to see that he was blotted out like a bedbug.

O obese braggart that I was! O poor piece of individualistic cheese! O, thou crack-toned cockarouse! *Schlemihl!* . . . I who had shouted for fifty years, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are!" was destined to hear in the profound and distant thunder-rumblings of my belly the more portentous "That thou art!" of the Dhamapada, which meant, in my case, Thou art destined to become—or nearly become—the thing thou despiseth.

There seems to be an obscure universal law that attracts us and identifies us with the things we hate most. Not only did my illness unmask to me that I, too, was a potential bluesnoot, a Prohibitionist, a snap-lipped Methodist, a bad-cess-to-you, but there was also unveiled before me the whole psychical panorama of the drys, the wowsers, and the very springs of action of the Sourbelly Dragon.

How I nearly became a kosher choirboy for the Methodist Jehovah, and how I hope to worm my way out of it and be saved for the Opposition are herein set forth with absolute truth, so help me Saint Gambrinus!

II

It began with a "puny spell," which, I believe, is the classical reason among drys for swilling from the secret bottle. This puny spell, indeed, is an excuse for anything that you are naturally inclined to but which is prohibited or inhibited. Whiskey becomes a "medicinal" drink, even if you lie in the gutter with the bottle. A certain boorishness that delightfully incommodes others develops and is defended on the ground that "I am not well." You assume a general nuisance value. You begin to look for signs of punyness in your friends and hope they'll all be taken down with you.

This puny spell, in me, was nothing but a run-down condition, the first warning, unknown to me, that there was a conspiracy On High to infect me with the American disease. Always a rapid walker, I slackened to a crawl. Presently I thought my crawl ought to be universal. What's the good of hurrying, anyhow? Where does that fellow imagine he's going to? There orta be a law regulating the speed of these healthy, springy, daily-dozen nuts on the street! "A puny spell upon you all!" I anathematized, as the gases filled my gizzard, swept around my heart in tidal-waves, chased up and down my alimentary canal, dissolving into poisonous acids that were a lumbago *Largo* in my back and a *Turnfahrt* of devilkins in my calves. There was also what seemed to be a ball with a roving commission in my stomach. It seemed to live on bi-carbonate of soda. It could not be dissolved.

As I had never had a doctor in my life—and did not know one—I believed no more in the existence of the tribe than I did in the internal organs of my body. I hadn't the faintest notion that food and my insides were related. I ate and drank and smoked for the same reason that I read Shelley or Nietzsche, listened to Liszt, or necked a more or less pretty girl—because it gave me pleasure. In my supreme ignorance, I, like all primitives, and most Americans, sought to put the blame for my pains on some external and

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unrelated agent. In fact, I blamed everybody who was healthy. It was my first glimpse of Envy as the mother of Reform. I cursed, I fumed, I muttered, I hit the wall with my fist as I passed down the hall, I tossed a pillow venomously across the room—just as Americans and other savages hit and smash something to get even for their own impotencies.

"Why should this happen to *me*?" is an everyday question. There is great satisfaction when we find that someone else has got what we have got. So I went on the hunt to find company in misery, just as two bluesnoots will breed a convention of them over-night. And I found myself sliding down mental and psychic stairways like the Emperor Jones. I, whom I had always regarded as a highly civilized Spinozist—besides being of the Chosen—was now, in mid-July, about to ascribe the rotating ball in my belly to the work of a malign personal God, who was no doubt getting even in my middle years for some blasphemies I had idly sown in my Bradlaugh-Ingersoll nonage. As stealthily and noiselessly as the first thought of murder there came into my consciousness, quite unwilled, quite unwanted, the thought: Propitiate Him. Maybe He wants just a nod and a prayer. Back to Moses!

I have always had the diary habit, the confession complex (rooted, no doubt, in my ancestral Wailing Wall days). I pluck this entry from the note-book I kept at that time, having, of course, no notion of the greater moral and mental catastrophe that was coming on with the Winter and the Hawley-Smoot depression of 1930-31:

> August 24, 1930—Acid, sour or cancerous stomach, or whatever I've got, continues with unmitigated havoc. There seems to be a symphony orchestra of tom-toms, bagpipes and French horns playing inside me, with a baseball making continuous and non-stop flights around my colon. Heart disease also, undoubtedly. What is worse, I note atavistic tendencies toward ancient prayer-forms mixed with a desire to exorcise the devils or swine within me and put them in someone else. Here is unquestionably the beginning of senile decay, and consequently the germ of Puritan theocracy, which is nothing but an attempt to universalize some form of windcolic or some internal functional or organic disease. Bah! — — — — — —. [The dashes are incantatory but unprintable words, to which I ascribe my check in backsliding at that date.]

About a week afterward I had the illuminating idea that probably a doctor could tell me something about the crash in my innards. He might also be able, I argued, to throw some light on the relation of bodily disorders to social, religious and political concepts. I knew doctors, by repute, to be a hard-bitten, atheistic, materialistic lot who were quite capable of ascribing Lincoln's melancholy countenance to a lack of colonic irrigations and the "Timon of Athens" period of Shakespeare's evolution to clogged liver. At that time (the first week in September) I did not think much of the theory in spite of the evidence that was piling up within me. Facts in contempt of it arose in my memory: there was Montaigne, the most tolerant, skeptical and lovable of men, whose life was a perpetual torture caused by stone in the bladder. There was Nietzsche, who saluted life with a daily yawp, though he was almost always suffering physically.

The doctor first of all *x*-rayed everything but my ego (which is what my Christian Science friends would call a goitre on my Mortal Mind). I was fluoroscoped, sounded for blood-pressure, punctured for sugar and old rall, belly-flattened, my knees hit, and my eyes peered

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into. A lot of other things were done and ordered of me which cannot be recounted in a farm and garden magazine. I enjoyed it all immensely. I was Alice in Wonderland, and I looked on all these monkeyshines as the fee-fi-fo-fum of Humbug.

So great was my hilarity and unbelief that my aches were leaving me and I was resuming my normal benevolent nihilistic and Satan-be-with-ye attitude toward all my brethren and their works when the blow fell. Jehovah was not through with me yet! Far from it!

III

The blow was the doctor's report. I was as sound, it appeared, in every organ as God's Great Gift to America, Rudy Vallee. But—*shemang Israel Adonai!*—I had a dangerous case of nervous indigestion and sugar.

A Diet Encyclical was thereupon issued: it was to bring on my Revelation and put me at Armageddon. Fifty-seven years' use of starches, flour, sweets and sugar, thirty-eight years' use of alcoholic drinks, fifty-five years' use of coffee and tea and thirty years' use of cigars and pipe were drastically cut off in one night under penalty of joining the porch-gossipers-in-perpetuity in the Mansion in the Skies. If I had not been schooled in certain feats of the will this sudden withdrawal from my system of what were vital parts of myself might have meant death. But in my old five- and six-day drinking-bout period I had learned how to Cut It Short. I never tapered off. Tapering off either means another souse or a continued state of alcoholism. Other of my feats in those old days were working at proofreading steadily for from twelve to fifteen hours without any previous sleep and working out a whole philosophic essay in my brain while doing it.

But all this was baby play to what I now experienced, beginning in the first week of September and lasting for about a month. The horrors of the Argonne were, after all, to make the world safe for democracy. I had, in my inferno, no such compensatory and healing vision. My face and my stomach both slunk away. The mirror gave me back the pinched and compressed face of a Methodist bishop cursing the laughter of little children on Sunday. I was always hungry, and I had that big-eyed, all-stomach look that you may have seen in the face of the late Br'er Bryan when he sat down to eat. I wanted to sleep all the time and had no more real thought in my noodle than a column-spy on a New York tabloid. My internal pains had given way to a vast void.

First symptom of coming Redemption: I felt the Infinite Nothing moving across the face of the de-carbohydrated waters within me. My earthly stuffing was disappearing and the Spirit of Wowser, God of the Moralic Hundred Per Centers, was seeping into me. A vast chemico-religious change was taking place in me. I find this entry in my note-book:

> October 5, 1930—For one month now I have gone through the tortures of what a five-spot astrologer at Atlantic City called Moving into My Second House. O Job, O Saint Augustine, O Tolstoy!—I am your brother! My pipe, my cigars, spaghetti, beer, cocktails, the 1824 brandy that Pete made in Houston street, lemon meringue pie, my boiled murphy, my toasted bread—all gone forever! But I begin to feel better, different, remade. Resurrection!—can that fable be true, after all? And did it mean symbolically that the Last Supper was the last of the good Nazarene's feasts of carbohydrates? Is the resurrection a symbol of dietetics? And the stone that was

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rolled away? That thing like *a stone* in my stomach! It has rolled away, dissolved. I feel precisely as if I had come out of a tomb of spaghetti, bread, pie and booze. I'm beginning to feel clean and regenerate. There orta be a law —— God! did *I* write those words, *There orta be a law!* What's coming over me? Is my whole mental structure changing? Am I to be a messiah of deflated bellies?

However, I began to feel better and better. And (note, please) *I wanted everybody else to feel better by using my means to attain this blessed betterment.* There was the germ of my discovery of the hidden machinery of conversion by law and bulldozing. The instinct or disposition or will to better someone else when he or she is quite satisfied with his or her condition of sin *is always induced by envy or impotency.*

Thou shalt not, said my doctor. No sooner had he said that than I was amazed to find the most extraordinary reaction (for me) in my mind—blowing my bugle unto land's end about the beauties of thou shalt not for you, the other fellow, who is waxing fat and cherubic on booze, spaghetti, potatoes, pies, breads and ladyfingers dipped in gin, followed by a big cigar or a pipe and a slug of two-hour-old Hennessy.

New Year's Eve approached, and I found myself becoming a more and more confirmed Thou-Shalt-Notter because, for the first time in my life, New Year's Eve would be dead to me from the eating, drinking and bawling standpoints. (I had been ordered also, for the good of my nervous system, to make as little verbal noise as possible hereafter in this world.) I discover from an entry made in my note-book on December 31 that my attitude was grandiloquently sour-grapish. Not being able to participate in the grand annual saturnalia (I had five invitations to as many houses), I waved New Year's Eve away as of no importance, just as a professional Prohibitionist, not being able to drink or being too nearly a congenital drunkard to dare to drink, will declare that "the drink issue is dead, gentlemen." I quote from my note-book:

January 1, 1931—What a foolish, stupid, vapid thing is this thing called New Year's Eve! Everybody celebrates the fact that he is one year nearer the grave! Last night I went to bed at ten o'clock—the first New Year's Eve it had ever happened since my seventh year. How much better I feel this morning for it!—the first New Year's Day that I ever woke up sober. That infernal racket at twelve o'clock ought to be stopped. What a waste of money in a terrible Winter such as this!

Later in the day: You old hypocrite and faker—go out and get one rotten souse and then cut your throat! Bad health is the father of ethical epicenes!

But in spite of these self-castigations for my backslidings into moralic enthusiasm, I continued to feel a revengeful resentment growing in me against all those who could do what I could not do. As I grew better and better, as my step resumed an ancient swing and spring, as the lustre of boyhood came back into my eye and as my face became rounder and rounder I felt more and more called upon to proclaim a kind of Dietetic Mission to the world. I had urgings to write to the letter columns of the newspapers about the wonders of a decarbohydrated, non-alcoholic, non-nicotine diet. I even thought of rousing the women's clubs of the country to the importance of the matter, knowing as I did that all national male thought originates in their dismal Promethean purlieus.

Parallel to this messianic urge was the growth of mental, ocular and verbal condemnation of all those I saw enjoying themselves on foods and drinks and

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smokes forbidden to me. (I was permitted the stinking cigarette, mainly because, I believe, it gave me no pleasure or satisfaction.)

IV

Along in February I was invited to dinner at an Italian eating-place, a speak-easy restaurant that I had frequented in the days before my ascension into the realm of etherealized food and drink. There were four of us. I had to pass up the cocktails. But it was not enough for me to refuse them with a gracious no. I found myself lecturing to my three companions on the evils of "the most vicious drink that was ever invented" (dry Martinis were always one of my delights). "It's inconceivable to me how anyone in his right senses can swill that stuff!" It really caused me great agony to see my favorite pre-prandial tipple being drunk with such glad gulps, and I believe that if I had had the power there and then, I'd have forbidden the mixing and sale of cocktails under penalty of death—so far had I progressed in my pilgrimage into the beard of the Methodist Jehovah!

The spaghetti came on. Deadly to me, but beloved beyond any dish! I whispered to myself as my friends picked it up with their forks and twirled it around gayly in their Gargantuan, gleeful health, "It's a deadly poison—but they don't know it yet. What a terrible mess to put in one's stomach! I hope it chokes you! . . .

"Coffee—no! Don't you know that that's what keeps you awake at night, poisons the digestive tract, overstimulates the heart, ferments in the what-you-call-it, and ——"

"Why," cut in one of my companions, a beast of a fellow who has nothing at all the matter with him, "as a matter of fact, I can't go to sleep at night until I've had my coffee. As for a digestive tract, I've no such thing."

"I said that once," I hissed, "and you too will see that coffee is killing you—some day. Now, there's Pos ——"

"Tell it to Heflin!", yelled back the booziest coffee-highball-cocktail rounder of the bunch.

As I emerged from that ancient place of delight, Pete's spaghetti speak-easy, into the February thaw, I, absolutely sober and still hungry and my friends all belly-bulging and singingly soused, the dreadful notion darted across my brain like a snake that all speak-easies ought to be closed, as well as all restaurants that sold whatever I could not eat. At last I was becoming a full-fledged Prohibitionist, a Methodist Grand Inquisitor, a horninsky of the first water. I take this from my note-book:

> February 12, 1931—I have been re-reading the chapter in Frazer's "Golden Bough" dealing with the curious psychological phenomena of the scapegoat. Heretofore my interest in that profoundly fascinating human instinct, which seems to be universal, has been purely objective. But since my illness, and during my convalescence particularly, the scapegoat habit has come home to me personally. I have a vague, shameful desire to make someone suffer for the goodies that are denied me. I want to load my ills on others. As Frazer points out that the scapegoat mania is in the doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement, so I seek—and this is quite beyond my higher civilized will—to saddle my ills (which, in my case, are only the absence of certain pleasures of the gut and gullet) on someone else. I have felt that someone somewhere should be made to *atone* for the plight I'm in. I feel a frightful undertow in me toward Fundamental Bluesnootery.
>
> Sitting in a restaurant the other day I saw a healthy young girl eating piles of buttercakes and then an order of buck-

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wheat cakes. (I once fought a buttercake-and-buckwheat duel with Sinclair Lewis by the dawn's early light, for these batter cakes are to me, as they were to Lewis at that time, like golden marshmallows in the Garden of Hesperides.) Well, my bilge and spite and atonement-mud came up the sluiceways of my blood to my eyes. She was my potential scapegoat. I felt, obscurely, irrationally, evangelically, that that charming young girl was somehow responsible for the fact that I could no longer eat such delicious stuff. If she had choked to death on those buttercakes I'd have chortled with glee, just as Bryan and his gang held that for every one who died of alcoholism the Angels of the Lord plunked out another hymn on their harps.

And so it was with bread, beer and tobacco. "They call bread the staff of life," I thundered at my wife, who is perfectly healthy, normal and long-suffering. "They ought to call it the bludgeon of death! It is bread that is causing boils, eczema, mumps, cataracts, waterbrash, pyorrhea, anthrax, Asiatic cholera, neuritis, sciatica, paresis, icterus, lockjaw and *elephantiasis græcorum*. There orta be an amendment ——"

Before I was taken down I used to defend all the beer in New York against the charges of mouldy-minded 'fraid-cats that it was needled. I denounced on street and on highway, up and down the town, in and out of the ear-porches of those that I could buttonhole, the assertion that all whiskeys were cut and treated. But what a congenital butcher's digestive apparatus had put together, six months of Saint Anthony's diet had ripped asunder. In March I denounced all beer as etherized hogwash, and all whiskeys as cut, treated and probably full of wood-alcohol. At parties, when I saw the flasks coming out, a great wave of indignation mixed with a deep growl of envy rolled over me. "I'd like to drink that whole flask," struggled in me with my new-found personality, which thundered with the voice of Billy Sunday, "Away with the poison! The youth of to-day ——"

For thirty years I found no greater pleasure, next to seeing professional respectability caught with falling pants, than I found in my after-dinner cigar and my pipe. But having discovered by repeated trials that cigars and pipe produced in me nausea, nicotine poisoning and a swimming sensation, I picked on the most inveterate smoker I knew—a lifelong friend in spite of the fact that he is a magazine editor—and actually got him to cut his smokes in half, and then to a third. He began to feel the symptoms, so he averred, that I had described as my own. I launched a drive against cigars. "Don't you know that nicotine-poisoned saliva is what is destroying your appetite!" I hurled at him and others who complained of anything at all.

Metabolism became my magic word, my Mesopotamia. I began to read the food columns in the papers; I saw in the syndicated articles of every Doctor Bullwinkle the foundation of a national cult. Anabolic and catabolic were words the meaning of which, the vivid realization of which, should be taught in our public schools. I narrowly watched the effect of foods that I couldn't eat and of drinks I couldn't drink on those who were dining with me. "That's what gives you those rings under your eyes. . . . That's what causes the heaviness and distention on arising from table. . . . That's what is causing the rising death-rate, insanity and cancer," I'd announce dramatically to some foolishly healthy person, naming something that was forbidden me.

"No ice-cream," warned the doctor about this time, in April. Now, ice-cream, next to wines and beers, was always one of my

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favorite thirst-quenchers. But I really never knew what it was when I liked it. Like sin to the pre-Methodist Fijian, it was just something delicious and satisfying. Now I looked up ice-cream in the books. What a mess! The children of America were ruining their stomachs on the stuff! There was nothing more repugnant to me now than to see a little boy or girl wallowing in an ice-cream cone. Children were coddled too much. Discipline! Discipline! A Spartan training—that's what they need, I soliloquized, as I bulged more and more with the green venom of wowserism and the apoplectic rage of bryanitis. . . .

V

As I write this, in the Autumn of 1931, the Baptist Baal and the Methodist Yahweh planted in my soul have grown to titanic stature. When I pass a Methodist or Baptist church I feel that the doors of these Molochs of Morality are two jaws about to open to immolate me.

The Salvation Army—that frightful host of saved and hideously ugly butt-ends of men and women who should have been allowed to die in a state of beatified alcoholism and menædic lasciviousness—calls me to my eternal wowserian damnation with its satanic fife and macabre drum.

I awake at nights in a cold sweat of fear at being redeemed forever from the flesh, alcohol, tobacco and spaghetti. I have "blessed" visions which take the last atom of my ancient will-to-heathenish-indulgence to overcome. One of these visions—the most recurrent—is of helping Philadelphia fight the rising tide of sentiment against the closed Sunday. What began with a sour stomach has swollen in me to moralic elephantiasis.

I battle against the Methodist and Baptist Yahweh each hour. I am the Laocoön of Sinful Joy in the strangling folds of the serpents of the American Ethic. The ghosts of Jonathan Edwards, Neal Dow, Frances E. Willard, W. J. Bryan and John Roach Straton walk the Elsinore of my soul and beckon me to the beetling cliff of sadistic intolerance.

But the ancient Angels of Sin and Joy and their descendants on earth are also arrayed in my soul in battle formation, and they struggle with great dint against the Dark Angels of American Bluesnootery. My Tyl Eulenspiegel kicks my Peter the Hermit in the backside. The Rabelais in me spits in the face of my John Wesley. My Voltaire lets fly bolts of rage at my Moses. My drunken King David looses his slingshot at my Jonathan Edwards. My Falstaff lays about with his cudgel when he gets close to my Scotty McBride.

In this colossal duel between damnation by the sadistic Yahweh and my natural selves, the World, the Flesh and the Devil—between the armies of the Inquisition and the armies of the Abbey of Thélème—there is one ray of light. It is that my trials will end by the doctors some day putting me back on my old poisons, thus purging my soul of the stagnant black mess of moral frenzy and demonic wowserism.

Born a Son of Old Nick, I stand at Armageddon and battle for him against the Yahweh of Westerville, Ohio, and the Juggernaut who art in Washington. Let all good scalawags, gluttons, individualists, anti-Jehovists and tosspots repair to their speak-easies, spaghetti-dumps and Trimalchian nests, and pray for me.

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THE DEVIL WAS IN IT

BY JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

Robert Louis Stevenson, with a frankness unusual to authors, acknowledged that as a youth he played the sedulous ape to many writers as a means of developing his own unique literary style. It now appears that Edgar Allan Poe, during his poverty-stricken years in Baltimore, from 1831, when he left West Point, to 1835, when he became an assistant on the *Southern Literary Messenger* in Richmond, developed his prose in the same manner. But there was this great difference in Poe's procedure: his imitations, received ever since as original tales, were meant as deliberate burlesques and satires.

My first suspicion that this was Poe's early method and intention grew upon my mind more than ten years ago from a restudy of his "Silence." I could not bring myself to believe that, with his keen sense of the ludicrous, he could have been serious when he wrote into that melodious piece of prose the shrieking of the water-lilies on their stems, and used as a refrain "the rock rocked" and phrases such as "the thunder fell." When I recalled that he first called "Silence" a tale "in the manner of the psychological autobiographists" and used as his motto a phrase from one of his own early poems, "Ours is a world of words: quiet we call Silence—which is the merest word of all," I was sure that the piece was meant to poke fun at the Transcendentalists—the frog-pondians, as he nicknamed the Boston group. In mockery of their mysticism, he set out to show how sonorous and beautiful words could be made to sound—signifying nothing. And incidentally, he borrowed somewhat from an early piece by Bulwer, "Monos and Daimonos," in producing his effect.

I was at first amazed at my own conclusion, for all the writers on Poe agreed that "Silence" was one of his most unblemished masterpieces. George Edward Woodberry considered it perfect. James A. Harrison called it "perhaps his most majestic piece of prose, worthy of Jean Paul Richter in its music and magnificence." C. Alphonso Smith said that "in dignity and elevation of thought, in faultlessness of keeping, in utter simplicity of style and structure" it placed Poe among the masters of English prose. And Hervey Allen said it was, "taken all in all as a pure work of art, his most majestic contribution to prose." Dared I assert that as a youngster in Baltimore he had written this piece as a burlesque?

Then I read again his own preface to the "Tales of the Folio Club," which Dr. James A. Harrison had first published in his complete edition of Poe's writings. Here it is made grotesquely clear that the tales which he meant to include in that collection were all either satires or burlesques. The manuscript consists of two leaves covered by a minute script in Poe's handwriting. The first two pages give the complete preface. The other two include a part of the tale "Silence," and are numbered 61 and 62, showing that there had been a mass of closely written manuscript between the

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preface and this story. The motto under the title, "The Folio Club," is:

> There is a Machiavelian plot
> Though every hare olfact it not.—*Butler.*

The Folio Club is described as "a mere Junto of Dunderheadism", the members of which meet monthly at the house of one of them, "when each individual is expected to come prepared with a Short Prose Tale of his own composition." The author of the best tale becomes the president for the next meeting and the club is entertained at the expense of the man whose composition is voted the poorest. The relator of the preface represents himself as making an exposé of the club by publishing the tales read at the first meeting which he attended.

As Poe originally conceived his plan there were eleven members. The president was Mr. Snap, "formerly in the service of the *Down-East Review*." Mr. Convolvulus Gondola was "a young gentleman who had travelled a good deal." De Rerum Natura, Esq., "wore a singular pair of green spectacles." "There was a very little man in a black coat with very black eyes." Mr. Solomon Seadrift "had every appearance of a fish." Mr. Horribile Dictu, "with white eye-lashes, had graduated at Göttingen." Mr. Blackwood Blackwood "had written certain articles for foreign magazines." Mr. Rouge-et-Noir "admired Lady Morgan." There was also "a stout gentleman who admired Sir Walter Scott." Finally, Chronologos Chronology "admired Horace Smith and had a very big nose which had been in Asia Minor."

It is impossible to fix the date of the manuscript of the preface to "The Tales of the Folio Club." It is almost certainly as early as July, 1833, when Poe submitted several of the tales, in a script form similar to that of the pages that survive, in competition for the prize of fifty dollars offered by the Baltimore *Saturday Visiter*. It is important to remember that at that time he was only twenty-four, and, though he had published poems in 1827, 1829, and 1831, was totally unknown to the public. Five of the tales had already appeared without his name in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, but so unnoticed were they that this early publication remained for Dr. Killis Campbell to discover. The stories were published at intervals from January 14 to December 1, 1832, under the titles of "Metzengerstein," "The Duke de l'Omelette," "A Tale of Jerusalem," "A Decided Loss" ("Loss of Breath") and "The Bargain Lost" ("Bon-Bon"). It follows that Poe must have begun the series soon after he left West Point in 1831.

When later, in 1835, he became connected with the *Southern Literary Messenger* through the recommendation of J. P. Kennedy, the Baltimore novelist, he printed or reprinted most of these stories, but he continued his efforts to have them published as a book under the old title. He referred to this intention in an editorial note in the *Messenger*. He sent them to Cary & Lea and to the Harpers through the novelists Kennedy and Paulding, and letters survive showing that he offered them to two other publishers. The number of the stories increased to sixteen and then seventeen.

II

The surprising part of the matter is that Poe's burlesque intent has been so long overlooked. For this, as far as later readers are in consideration, he himself is partly responsible. No one would publish his "Tales of the Folio Club" with his burlesque trimmings, and when he printed them separately in magazines with mottoes or subtitles to indicate his drift, few

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even of the craft caught his satirical aim. Of the phrases he used, "A Tale à la *Blackwood*" for "Lionizing" had been understood, but "in imitation of the German," attached to the title of "Metzengerstein," and "A Tale in the Manner of the Psychological Autobiographists," in the case of "Silence" missed fire.

Poe acted as Poe would act. He had written with his tongue in his cheek and now he published in a slightly revised form, shifting his tongue to the other cheek. He removed some of the specific references, such as those to "Vivian Grey" and Bulwer, and cut out the significant subtitles, and his American readers enjoyed them as sparkling (if pointless) *jeux d'esprit*. Staid scholars of later times have taken his boyish fun-making burlesques as mature efforts at independent humor. Dr. Fred Lewis Pattee was one of the first to guess that there must have been some sort of satirical intent behind them to give them piquancy in their day.

In the light of the origin and intent of the tales the comment of Poe's most scholarly biographer, George Edward Woodberry, becomes amusing. Speaking of the earlier group, he wrote, "In all of them, too, Poe is less original than in his other tales. 'King Pest' is very closely modeled on Vivian Grey's adventure . . . and 'Lionizing,' a sketch which was repeatedly and elaborately corrected in later years, . . . copies in style and conception 'Too Beautiful for Anything' in Bulwer's 'The Ambitious Student in Ill Health and Other Papers,' apparently a favorite book of Poe's." Poe had tried hard enough in his earlier versions to make his originality consist in not too obviously making sport of his originals; and his commentators make big eyes when they discover that a tale borrows from the story of which he meant it to be slyly recognized as a burlesque.

His meaning was not clear to most readers in his own day. Perhaps it would have been if the tales had ever been printed as a collection with the preface and the lost discussions by the members of the club, in which Poe had the opportunity to satirize the critics as well as the writers of tales. The complimentary comments on some of the tales which were reprinted in the back of the *Messenger* from the newspapers of the day show that they were read only as amusing and original magazine pieces. John P. Kennedy wrote to Poe on February 9, 1836: "Some of your bizarreries have been mistaken for satire—and admired too in that character. They deserved it, but you did not, for you did not intend them so." Poe had the habit of half agreeing with a correspondent's strictures: he could in courtesy temper his reply to the distinguished older author who had been his generous patron. He answered:

> You are nearly, but not altogether right in relation to the satire of some of my tales. Most of them were *intended* for half-banter, half-satire—although I might not have fully acknowledged this to be their aim even to myself. "Lionizing" and "Loss of Breath" were satires properly speaking—at least so meant—the one of the rage for [social] lions, and the other of the extravagancies of *Blackwood*.

When J. K. Paulding, the New York novelist, submitted the tales to "Messrs. Harpers as to their republication" neither he nor the publishers wholly missed the aim of the author. It was not because they were satires but because they were not satires of the most familiar sort that the Harpers declined them: and Paulding agreeing with their cautious decision, excepted some of the stories from the objection. "His quiz on Willis, and the Burlesque of *Blackwood* were not only capital but, what is more, were understood by all," he wrote to Mr. White, the owner of the

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Messenger in his letter reporting his failure to secure the Harpers as Poe's publishers. Harpers thought the stories had lost their novelty by appearing so recently in the *Messenger*—

> but most especially they object that there is a degree of obscurity in their application, which will prevent ordinary readers from comprehending their drift, and consequently from enjoying the fine satire they convey. It requires a degree of familiarity with various kinds of knowledge which they do not possess to enable them to relish the joke; the dish is too refined for them to banquet on.

Paulding also made suggestions of his own, which included as a fit subject for satire "the ridiculous affectations and extravagancies of the fashionable English literature of the day," which was exactly what Poe's tales did satirize. He added the real explanation of why Poe's burlesques were not understood as burlesques:

> For Satire to be relished, it is necessary that it should be leveled at something with which readers are familiar.

III

Here, then, was this young trickster, Edgar Allan Poe, in Baltimore from 1831 to 1835, learning how to write by imitating in burlesque the foibles of fashionable literature, from the epigrammatic cleverness of Bulwer and the extravagancies of the *Blackwood* article to what he considered the prose-poetic nonsense of the Transcendentalists or the frozen horrors of the German tale of terror.

Sometimes the tales are out and out burlesques of a whole novel. I am ashamed to confess that it took me nearly ten years to run down the original of "A Tale of Jerusalem," though I had conjectured from its subject that it was by Chronologos Chronology, who admired Horace Smith and had a very big nose which had been in Asia Minor. "Zillah, a Tale of Jerusalem" by Horace Smith was a popular novel in 1829 and Poe not only burlesqued episodes in the story, such as the siege of the city, but lifted for ridicule whole sentences and phrases from its text, such as "true as the Pentateuch," and "bigger than the letter Jod." He filled his tale with *El Emanu! Booshoh-he!* and *El Elohim!* and closed it with words from Smith's book: "it is the unutterable flesh!" He burlesqued amusingly a three-volume novel in half a dozen pages.

"King Pest" was at first subtitled "A Tale Containing an Allegory, By ———", and the blank should be filled with Benjamin Disraeli's name. It is a specific and obvious burlesque of the incident of the palace of the wines in "Vivian Grey." There the moral is brought out that in liquor each man becomes a kind of beast according to his nature. Poe copies the devices, making them more repulsive and grotesque. The story was unquestionably told by the stout gentleman who admired Sir Walter Scott, and a point was given to the hint of imitation by the motto:

> The gods do bear and well allow in kings
> The things which they abhor in rascal routes.

The story opens in the most familiar Scott manner, with two men, at first unnamed, in an ale-house.

Some of the stories are half bantering satire and half burlesque. Others are aimed apparently, not at a particular author, but at a type of story or a fashion in tales. "Lionizing" was the "quiz on Willis," who had in the *Mirror* been depicting himself as surrounded by London celebrities, but it was also, as Woodberry saw, copied after "Too Beautiful for Anything," but—as he did not see—in burlesque. That sketch by Bulwer had appeared in New York early

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in 1832 in "Conversation with an Ambitious Student in Ill Health: with Other Pieces," and the publisher, Harper, bragged that these pieces from the London *New Monthly Magazine* of 1830 and 1831 had "not in either country been given to the public in a collected form" before.

"Ms. Found In a Bottle" must have been told by Solomon Seadrift who looked like a fish—and told fishy stories of improbable sea-adventures. It may be aimed at the history of Sir Edward Seaward, a hoax in three volumes that Jane Porter edited for her brother. The Porter hoax was widely known and Poe himself mentions it in a letter with a casualness that takes its familiarity for granted.

It has been customary to take the first sixteen stories that he published as the sixteen that he declared in the *Messenger* to be the group composing the "Tales of the Folio Club." But it is really through internal evidence in the earliest form of the tales that surest identification can be found. Moreover, there are grounds for the elimination of some of the first sixteen published. "Hans Pfaall," so Poe wrote to the owner of the *Messenger*, had been written especially for the *Messenger*, and just after its first publication he wrote to Judge Tucker that "Morella" was his story most recently written. This time I take his word in both cases. For various good reasons neither of these stories is likely to have been among the Folio tales; nor obviously was "The Descent Into the Maelstrom" one, though a Mr. Latrobe in his old age specifically said it was one of those submitted for the *Visiter* prize in 1833.

On the other hand, there was obviously a story in burlesque of Lady Morgan—and only one of all Poe's writings is a burlesque of Lady Morgan. She knew a dazzling popularity in the days of Bulwer and Disraeli. She came under critical fire for the French words she was introducing into her Irish stories. Mr. Rouge-et-Noir, "who admired Lady Morgan," evidently was the first teller of Poe's only effort at Irish humor, "Why the Little Frenchman Wears His Arm In a Sling." As far as we know, the story was not published until the 1840 volume, for which the tales were not selected by Poe himself. Perhaps he did not print the story before because he did not like it, but in the making up of the volume it was included by the publishers for the sake of variety.

IV

Fourteen of the stories were definitely among the Folio Tales. These were "Ms. Found In a Bottle," "Lionizing," "Bon-Bon," "Loss of Breath," "Shadow," "Silence," "King Pest," "Metzengerstein," "Duc de L'Omelette," "Four Beasts in One," "A Tale of Jerusalem," "Mystification," "The Assignation" (in its early form called "The Visionary,") and "Berenice." The latter is the best constructed and most mature of the group and was probably told by the member "I," who is betraying his fellows of the club because they found his story too terrible.

There were various little betraying marks in some of the early editions of the stories that disappeared before they reached the form in which they are now usually reprinted. A thrust at Hewitt, the one-time editor of the Baltimore *Visiter*, disappears in later versions of "Loss of Breath." Hewitt received the verse prize of the *Visiter* when it was discovered that Poe's "Coliseum" was by the same author as "Ms. Found In a Bottle." Most of his poems were sickly with sentimentality and he wrote often of angels. In the early version of "Loss of Breath" the hero breaks "a bottle of Hewitt's 'Seraphic and highly-

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scented double extract of Heaven, or oil of Archangels,' which, as an agreeable perfume, I here take the liberty of recommending." In the same tale, one version has a long satirical reference to the popular dramas of the American Indian which does not appear in another version. The second version in another place, however, had added to the absurdities that rush through the brain of the half-dead hero "falsities in the Pelham novels—beauties in 'Vivian Grey'—more than beauties in 'Vivian Grey'—profundity in 'Vivian Grey'—genius in 'Vivian Grey'—everything in 'Vivian Grey.'"

"Mystification" carries frequent reference to the "U. of G——n" which indicates that it was told by Mr. Horribile Dictu of the Teutonic eyelashes who had attended the University of Göttingen. Other stories of the group have no marks identifying them with a particular relator. I think when he first increased the tales from eleven to sixteen Poe had more than one tale read by some of the members of the club. "Shadow" and "Silence" should have been told by one person, and "Metzengerstein," though it borrows from Bulwer, should, as a German tale of terror, have been no one's but Horribile Dictu's. Too minute and detailed a discussion would be necessary to trace all the birthmarks of the tales that Poe in many cases removed from later versions.

There is a sixteenth tale to name. One of the sixteen tales sent to Cary & Lea was lost by them: but if, as is likely, Poe recovered or rewrote it, and if my allotment of the tales is entitled to the belief that I put in it, there is left one member of the Folio Club without a story. The little black-eyed man in a black suit is, I suppose, the Devil. Poe would not have left him out and he would not have made him tell a tale like "Bon-Bon" in which he is the "goat." "Never Bet the Devil Your Head" is the only other one of Poe's stories, though published later, that has the characteristics of immaturity and likeness of spirit with the Folio Club group. In its earliest form "me" occurs throughout the tale where later "the Devil" or "him" is substituted; a significant alteration in the light of a study of the other early tales.

V

There is something ironic in finding Poe discovering his own technique by accident. He wrote many of these early stories in the first person because the stories that suggested the burlesque were written in the first person. Even his "tale of effect" and the horror story he first practiced in "half banter." This early group of stories cannot be intelligently read without a knowledge of how he first "intended" them. Chiefly, the story of the origin of the Folio Club Tales is significant as a factor in interpreting the origins of his later methods in the short story.

It was like Poe later to keep the secret of his earlier intention to himself. The tales were his most successful hoaxes. I think he would enjoy it, satirically smiling at his later critics. "Ours is a world of words," he wrote. "Quiet we call *Silence*—which is the merest word of all."

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A HYMN FROM AN ABATTOIR

BY LLOYD LEWIS

Most men who have written hymns have come, soon or late, to believe the Lord God Jehovah to be the real author of their compositions, and themselves to be little more than inspired stenographers. They have felt, no doubt sincerely, that this attitude was the ultimate in modesty, and it may be piously wondered if any of them ever recognized what conceit they proclaimed.

Philip Paul Bliss, however, was a truly humble man. Not only did he give the Almighty full credit for his amazing output of hymns; he also gave Him nearly all his royalties. The popularity which floated him on its tide from 1870 to 1876 never appeared to touch his vanity. It was a Higher Power, not he, who had written those gospel songs which practically every pious American Protestant seemed to be singing, and that Higher Power, he thought, should get back the proceeds in the form of contributions to evangelism.

So irresistible were Bliss's revival songs that scores of them continued as favorites as late as 1900, and some of them are employed even today by bucolic revivalists. What Sunday-school scholar of the elder generation has never sung "Hold the Fort," "Pull for the Shore," "What Shall the Harvest Be?", "Only An Armor-bearer," "Almost Persuaded," "Oh! That Will Be Heaven For Me," "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," "Jesus Loves Even Me," and the rest of the Bliss masterpieces?

Bliss's singing and exhorting were celebrated through the midlands and South in the middle '70's. His baritone voice was thrilling and his handsome face beamed with kindness behind his big black beard. What delight he took and gave when, at the end of a hymn, he told his hearers how divine inspiration had made him write it. Particularly was he sure of that inspiration in "Hold the Fort."

"Its use in churches all round the world," he would say, "is on account of its harmony with the word of God upon a truth intended to arouse Christians. Let us sing it—Number eleven!"

Then, with the organ swelling into that warlike melody, men, women and children would begin:

Ho! my comrades, see the signal
  Waving in the sky;
Reinforcements now appearing;
  Victory is nigh!

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
  Jesus answers still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven:
  "By Thy grace, we will."

See the mighty host advancing,
  Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
  Courage almost gone.

"Hold the fort," etc.

Had any of the singers stopped to inquire into the mundane genesis of the song, its words might have stuck in their throats, for the historical incident that inspired it was one of those upon which

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William Tecumseh Sherman based his decision that war is Hell. Bliss took his idea from a Civil War battle which, in its lavish scattering of blood, brains and viscera, was one of the worst of the whole war. It is a commentary upon the blinding power of religion that none of the Southerners with whom he sang the hymn so often ever observed that the loathed Sherman was the Jesus of the song, and that its Satan was none other than their own revered Confederacy, now so tragically lost.

II

After Sherman captured Atlanta on Sept. 1, 1861, the Southern strategy was to force him to withdraw to the North whence he had come. So the one-legged, one-armed General John B. Hood struck at his communications, falling upon the railroad that stretched northwest of the city. Unfortunately for Hood, his chief executive, Jefferson Davis, gave away the campaign secret in a series of stump-speeches that warned Sherman in time to be prepared.

Sherman sent to Nashville, at the other end of the line, enough men to handle Hood when he should arrive, and put over this army his most dependable officer, Major-General George B. Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga. That done, he waited until Hood launched his drive, and then fell upon his rear and harried him toward Thomas. Once he saw that Hood was on his way, he returned to Atlanta and his leisurely task of disemboweling Georgia and both Carolinas. Soon afterward news came that Hood had shattered himself against Thomas at the Battle of Nashville.

At the start of the campaign, however, Hood had given Sherman an anxious day or two, by swooping down upon a major supply dépôt at Allatoona Pass, sixty miles up the track from Atlanta. Here on a mountain height protected by two small forts, one on each side of a deep railroad cut, were warehouses holding a million rations of Union hardtack. In the rocky valleys five miles away grazed 9,000 cattle destined to become beefsteaks for bluecoats. To man the forts Sherman had left Lieutenant-Colonel Tourtelotte and 941 men—a force sufficient for any attack from cavalry, but too small for comfort when thousands of gray infantry began to pour into the region.

On October 4 Sherman, starting after Hood, learned that the Confederate division commander S. G. French was nearing Allatoona and that the telegraph wires had been cut. Quickly he had his signalmen wig-wag a call for help from one mountain peak to another across the heads of the enemy. The force nearest Allatoona was that of Brigadier-General John Murray Corse at Rome, Ga., forty miles from the Pass on a branch railroad. Corse, fortunately, was the man for just such an emergency.

Immediately after his graduation from West Point in 1857, he had resigned from the army to practice law and politics in Iowa. So precipitate was his personality that he had been nominated and defeated for Lieutenant-Governor on the Democratic ticket, and had left for the war, sore and angry, by the early Summer of 1861. As a major of the 6th Iowa Volunteers he had fought viciously under Grant and Sherman and had won his brigadier-general's stars during the Atlanta campaign.

When Sherman's signal came to him on the evening of October 4, Corse struck off for Allatoona immediately with 1000 of his men inside and on top of box-cars. So recklessly did he hurry his engineer that the narrow, rickety rails spread behind the

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train and prevented his second load of soldiers from following. Unaware of this misfortune, Corse and his 1000 arrived at Allatoona a little after midnight, to find the garrison under arms and peering at the fires which the Confederates were making out of railroad ties and the little blockhouses down in the valley. Tourtelotte was feverishly trying to teach 200 recruits how to handle their muskets.

Corse took the west fort, Tourtelotte the east and, between them they divided the six cannon and communicated with each other across a narrow bridge made of two pine trees, spanning the railroad cut.

At the rear of the forts rose the mountain; on each flank, at the base of the ridge, ran creeks walled with pines. For some 200 yards on three sides all the trees had been felled to give the riflemen full play, and midway of this distance Tourtelotte had planted a row of sharpened stakes to impede attackers. But at best the defenders were only so many targets on a bald hill. Their breastworks were low and could be easily enfiladed if assailed by massed artillery on three sides.

This disadvantage was seen at dawn when the Confederate batteries unlimbered. The Union men flattened themselves behind their parapets and endured it. At eight o'clock the bombardment stopped and a gray-clad major was seen climbing the hill and waving a white flag. He bore a message from General French to the commanding officer:

> I have placed the forces under my command in such positions that you are surrounded, and to avoid a needless effusion of blood I call upon you to surrender your forces at once, and unconditionally. Five minutes will be allowed you to decide. Should you accede to this, you will be treated in the most honorable manner as prisoners of war.

In the bushes beyond the shaved semicircle surrounding the forts, the Confederate infantrymen watched anxiously. Their haversacks were empty, and their mouths watered for the million Union rations which French had promised that they should have by 10 o'clock that morning.

Up on the hill, however, Corse was dooming them to disappointment. Without hesitating a moment, he wrote, on a stump, this answer:

> Your communication demanding surrender of my command I acknowledge receipt of and respectfully reply that we are prepared for the "needless effusion of blood" whenever it is agreeable to you.
>
> I am, respectfully, your obedient servant, etc.

III

Somehow, in the confusion, the answer was never delivered to French, but comprehending, he gave the word; the batteries roared, and thereafter, for three hours and a half, the hill was an abattoir, torn every which way by red explosions which kicked jagged iron into the sides, backs and faces of men. Corse, cocked pistol in hand and scorning cover, strode up and down behind his riflemen, swearing fiercely at those who showed despair. Nobody ran away: there was no place to run to. Shells and rifle-balls swept in from three sides.

The Union cannoneers toiled in the open as became their trade. Crew after crew were blown away from their guns in the storm of Southern lead. At length the gunners had to lie on their backs and pass ammunition over their heads to the man at the muzzle. He would sit up, ram home the charge, then lie down while a comrade sprang to the breech, aimed the piece and pulled the lanyard.

While the cannonade raged, Sherman climbed Kenesaw Mountain, fourteen

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miles away as crows flew across the Autumn woods. He was anxious about Allatoona and must see how it fared. About 8 A. M. he came to the little log-shanty on the summit where his signal corps operated with wig-wag flags by day and flaming torches by night. From its dark interior a telescope protruded and through this telescope signal officers eyed stations on the peaks for thirty miles around.

The morning of October 5 was a beautiful one, Sherman always remembered, with the red and yellow and green forest flaming at his feet. All that could be seen of Allatoona was a cloud of white smoke. "Find out if Corse is there," Sherman snapped and a signalman began waving dark flags against the bright background of the sky.

Over in Allatoona's east fort signalmen standing among the shells watched Kenesaw, for it was the center of communication for the whole region. They caught Sherman's question. Tourtelotte said, "Answer that Corse is here with a portion of his brigade and we must have reinforcements." A flagman stood on a stump and began sending. He had spelled out "Corse is here with ——" when a shell cut his staff in two.

Sherman's officer at the Kenesaw telescope kept losing letters as the distant flag was alternately hidden and revealed by the billowing smoke. Finally he came out of the shanty saying, "General, I can't make out anything from what I have here—C. S.H.E.H.E." Sherman studied the letters for a moment and then exclaimed: "I understand it. Corse is there all right. He'll hold out. I know the man."

Nevertheless, he said to General Willard Warner, beside him, "General, go down and telegraph General Cox [a division commander close at hand] to move on French's rear, and make French understand he can't stay there with Corse in his front and Cox in his rear. Tell Cox to burn every house and barn that he comes to so that I can see where he is all the time."

Warner sped away and Sherman turned back to the telescope, remaining beside it till night.

When noon came, the Confederates around Allatoona slackened their fire. They were going to try their infantry. Corse knew the signs and braced for the shock. Whosoever among the wounded could aim a rifle was brought up to the parapet. Cannons were crammed with canister, loose shot, pecks of minie balls.

With a yell the hungry, dirty gray-coats came out of the woods, shooting as they ran. One hundred yards from the entrenchments stood Tourtelotte's row of sharpened stakes. Corse told his men to hold their fire until the enemy reached this point. As the Confederates bunched at the obstruction, he commanded both cannoneers and riflemen to let them have it, and the blast piled them in heaps. For a moment they hesitated in indecision; then they fled. The bluecoats stood up and fired at their vanishing backs.

But in a few minutes the Confederates were back again, this time protected by sharpshooters among the trees and stumps. In their excitement the Northerners rose high above their breastwork for better aim and thus made perfect targets. The charging lines laid volleys across the parapet tops, too, riddling the defenders. Colonel Rowett, second in the Union command, saw the flag shot down and Corporal Samuel Walker, Company H, 7th Illinois, catch it up and stand on top of the rampart waving it until a bullet split his skull.

Walker's regimental comrades had, at their own expense, bought $50 Henry repeating rifles a few months before and

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now rejoiced at the rapidity with which they could plant sixteen shots every minute into the gray ranks that surged and ebbed before them. Once the Confederates broke over the dike at a small sector and, when driven out, carried as prisoner a corporal of the 93rd Illinois. He was using one of the Henry rifles and in the shelter of the forest his captors stared at the wonderful gun. They told him that they would kill him unless he showed them how to work it.

"Go to hell," he replied and went unharmed, to make his way back to the fort during the confusion of the next charge.

Both forts became slaughter-pens—the dead and mangled sprawled over the whole hilltop. The Confederates were coming from so many angles that the ramparts were of small use; some of the defenders had always to stand out in the open to protect the danger points.

IV

As the sun reached one o'clock a rifle ball knocked Corse senseless and Colonel Rowett, himself wounded, took command. Ammunition was running low and volunteers dashed back and forth between the redoubts over the narrow little footbridge while hundreds of Southerners tried to pick them off.

The Confederates made four major charges between noon and 3:30 P. M., not counting the rushes of small detachments from shelters close to the flanks. One of the attacks brought danger to the precious warehouses. The gnawing of Southern gizzards gave desperation to this raid on the food stores. Rowett barely got Colonel Hann and 500 bayonetmen to the spot in time to turn the Confederates back. In another charge a lone lieutenant in gray slipped through the line unseen and was discovered racing for the warehouse firebrand in hand. It was too late to head him off. So a Yankee rifleman stood up, aimed at him as at a running rabbit, and got him through the head just in time.

After one early assault the Southern sharpshooters took possession of a pulpit that the Rev. Sylvanus Allen, serving as a private in the 4th Minnesota, had built, weeks before, in a gully. On many a Sunday Allen had preached from this glory-box and it angered him now to see the enemy use it as a vantage point from which to kill his comrades. Alonzo Brown of the same regiment observed how Allen trained his rifle on the pulpit and waited. "He gave his attention to it and during the afternoon killed eight rebels in his gospel shop."

From the heights of Kenesaw Sherman watched the long-continued battle and kept sending messages for Cox to hurry. On the previous day he had sent encouraging signals to Allatoona—one reading, "Sherman is moving in force; hold out," and another, "Sherman says hold fast. We are coming." And, now that the fight was on, he kept the wig-wag flags busy with cheering words.

When Tourtelotte's embattled signals read, "We still hold out. General Corse is wounded. Where is Sherman?", Kenesaw answered, "Near you. Hold on. General Sherman says he is working hard for you."

Second Lieutenant John Q. Adams caught the messages on Allatoona and brought them to Tourtelotte, who found them encouraging, as did Rowett, but as the sun crept slowly around to the west, with more men dying every minute, hope began to die too. Tourtelotte and all but two of his officers were bleeding; some of his best lieutenants were dead. Rowett had only a few officers left standing. Another attack was coming—the worst of all. Row-

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ett, noting how low the ammunition had become, told the 50th Illinois and the 39th Iowa to fire no more, but to draw back and wait with fixed bayonets to stab the gray wave when it broke through. Then he ordered the cannon double-shotted and waited. A bullet bowled him over—his second wound—and a Captain Rafferty took command.

Around the unconscious Corse as he lay in the open there was a sudden hush at a command, "Cease firing." The words beat into the general's dazed brain and he came swearing and shouting to his feet, crying defiance. He realized that the next attack would come at any minute. All about the enclosure were muskets that had burst at the muzzle, overheated by too-rapid firing. Most of them still retained their bayonets, so Corse had them gathered up and given to such of the wounded as could grip them. Men and guns were propped against the breastwork with the weapons pointing outward. They might fool the enemy into thinking that the defense was still stronger than it was.

The most vulnerable spot in the earthwork was a break made by a ditch, and here a fragment of the 39th Iowa under Lieutenant-Colonel James Redfield took its stand. A bullet broke Redfield's leg, but he stayed on, crawling about with his leg dragging, shouting encouragement to his soldiers, who fired so fast that they had to discard their hot pieces for the cooler weapons of dead comrades. A private brought Redfield a chair and he sat in it facing the full blast of the Confederate fire. More balls kept hitting him, but still he sat there, firing his revolver, shouting to his men, till one final bullet shot the last flicker of life out of him and he slid down to the ground, dead at the foot of his throne.

Corse, bracing every spot against the coming onslaught, called surgeons from their bandaging to shoulder muskets at the barricades. He called the sick from the hospital and they wabbled into the line. Isaac R. Russell of the 4th Minnesota was one of them and although he was so weak that the recoil of his gun kicked him flat on to his back at each discharge, he kept crawling back to pull the trigger again and again—a harder job than dying, which, incidentally, he did not do.

At length, here the Confederates came, jumping over their slaughtered or screeching comrades and, as they drew nearer, forgetting everything and trampling the wounded beneath them. Corse dragged a cannon to an embrasure from which he had cleared the dead, piling them like cordwood on either side. Then he ripped a blanket into wide strips and wrapped them around hatfuls of minie balls. These he shoved into the gun's throat and sighted the piece, blood still streaming down his face. Then he bent forward, peering, while Sergeant Croxton, himself worse wounded than the general, kneeled by the cannon-butt, lanyard in hand.

When the yelling Southerners were but a few feet away, Corse screamed "Fire!" and Croxton yanked hard. It was as though he had, by merely pulling a string, jerked the insides out of dozens of men in front of him. The blast was echoed along the parapets of both forts. The whole hill burned flame, charring its attackers. Such of the Confederates as could still move ran for the woods. The battle was over.

Corse, Rowett and Tourtelotte stood together, dripping gore. They guessed that fully half of their men were down. Both forts were littered with shreds of flesh, bone, brains, bursted muskets, crumpled fatigue caps, bodies in pathetic, ridiculous postures. Cartridge papers, torn and jagged, soaked in red puddles.

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There was sniping and sharpshooting after that, but the Southerners were done. By morning, when Sherman was back at his post on Kenesaw, French had gone.

"How is Corse?" signalled Sherman's aide-de-camp, Colonel L. M. Dayton. Quickly the answer came back: "I am short a cheek bone and one ear but am able to whip all hell yet. My losses are very heavy. Tell me where Sherman is."

Kenesaw replied: "Am reconnoitering. Are you badly wounded? If all is right I want you at Rome." A little later, however Sherman was less exacting and was telling Corse to remain behind and rest up. "Your head is worth more than a dozen of any I have to spare." When the two men met a few days later and Corse's bandage came off, there was strangely little scar to be seen. Sherman looked at the place, then barked, "Corse, they came damn near missing you, didn't they?". The Confederate General William C. Oates, meeting Corse when the latter was Democratic postmaster of Boston after the war, said that he could see no evidence of either cheek bone or ear having been lost.

In view of another incident it may be wondered if Corse was not touched with something like hypochrondia. Once, before Allatoona, he had fallen on a battlefield and had been borne to the rear, raging and lamenting his inability to carry on. Surgeons stripped him and found only a little blue spot on his leg where a spent ball had landed. However, it is not uncommon for brave men to imagine themselves wounded either more or less seriously than they really are. There can be no doubt of Corse's courage.

For months after the fight his heroism and the dramatic wig-waggings between his fort and General Sherman were hosannahed in the North. The little battle was called the Second Thermopylæ.

On the basis of numbers lost in proportion to men engaged it was one of the most sanguinary fights in the Civil War. The Confederates left behind 799 of their 3,197, and the Northerners 706 of their 1944 officers and men exposed.

Still, the fight was so small that it might have been forgotten by all save the dull historians if that energetic hymn-writer, Philip Paul Bliss, had not been looking for inspiration nine years later.

V

Throughout the war Bliss had been at Rome, Pa., ploughing corn and giving singing lessons. He had a wife and at least one child at the time and was not a warlike man anyway. His father, Isaac Bliss, had been a singer before him, a simple-minded farmer of Clearfield county, where Philip Paul was born on July 9, 1838. The old gentleman sang hymns from the time his bare feet flapped on the floor in the morning until he blew out the lamp at night.

In 1850 a revival swept the region and a Baptist pastor immersed Philip Paul in the creek behind his father's house. The boy soon became known as a choir singer, both at home and in the neighboring localities, where from the age of eleven, he worked on farms and in logging camps. He received enough schooling to enable him to teach school of Winters in Rome, where at the age of twenty he married the daughter of his landlord, having been attracted to the abode by the news that the whole family liked to sing in the evenings.

Soon he had a horse, buggy and a $20 melodeon and was off, every Winter, to teach the rustics how to sing do, re, mi, fa, so, la, si, do. Of Summers he plowed his father-in-law's corn for $13 a month. In 1864 he composed a ballad, "Lora Vale,"

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and sent it to Root & Cady of Chicago, who issued it with some success at the very time the news of Allatoona's battle was in the papers. Three years later the house received from the young composer his first approach to a hymn. It was entitled "If Papa Were Only Ready." Two verses indicate its quality:

I should like to die, said Willie,
If my papa could die too,
But he says he isn't ready
'Cause he has so much to do;
And my little sister Nellie
Says that I must surely die,
And that she and mamma—
Then she stopped because it made me cry.

There will be none but the holy—
I shall know no more of sin;
Though I'll see mamma and Nellie,
For I know He'll let them in;
But I'll have to tell the angel,
When I meet him at the door,
That he must excuse my papa,
'Cause he couldn't leave the store.

It was the success of this dirge, plus the report that its composer back in Pennsylvania was making hardened sinners weep whenever he sang it, that decided Root & Cady to bring Bliss on to Chicago and to make him their chief song-plugger.

Exploitation of songs, in those days, was mainly a matter of conducting "musical conventions" in which small-town choirs, quartettes and soloists would meet and show off. Root & Cady's singers, promoting such affairs, which ran usually from four days to two weeks, taught singing, often at $2 a head for the course, but their principal duty was to see to it that the populace learned the firm's new songs and bought its sheet-music, and that the local churches purchased its hymn-books.

Throughout four years Bliss worked in and around Chicago for Root & Cady, receiving in return $150 a month and expenses. Then, in 1869, came the event that changed life for the plough-boy-composer. Strolling down town in Chicago one Sunday evening with his wife, he heard an evangelist saving souls from the Courthouse steps. Stopping to listen, Bliss noted that the singing was weak, and lifted up his voice to show them how it ought to be done. The evangelist noticed him and when the meeting was over came to him. It was Dwight L. Moody, who promptly hired him to reorganize the music for his revival campaign, then being waged of noontimes in a theater.

Bliss was off on a new career. The evangelists who swarmed so thickly in the Middle West through those hysterical years after the Civil War learned from him how to employ really catchy tunes. Major D. W. Whittle, another Chicago evangelist—still an amateur at the time—teamed with him and paid him to come as singer on Sunday revival trips to neighboring towns. It was while they were together at Rockford, Ill., on a Sunday in March, 1870, that Whittle told his singer the story of Allatoona Pass. He said that Sherman's noted signal had read, "Hold the fort; I am coming." Bliss took fire from the tale and that night, back in Whittle's home, where he, Mrs. Bliss and two little Blisses were staying, he wrote the words and music of a hymn.

Next day he was to lead the singing for Whittle at a service in the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago and began by writing on the blackboard the verses of "Hold the Fort For I Am Coming." He sang it over and over until the congregation had it by heart. Within a few weeks Root & Cady, for whom Bliss wrote but no longer worked, had it on sale in sheet-music form. It became a nation-wide hit and when Moody & Sankey visited England in 1873 it was their prin-

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cipal musical aid in saving the British Isles from Hell. Sankey said that shortly after they returned to America, Moody and himself were burlesqued one night by two comedians in a London music-hall, and that the actors were interrupted in their low act by the simple folk of the galleries, who arose *en masse* and sang "Hold the Fort" until the wretched clowns left the stage.

Having left Root & Cady for free-lance work among the evangelists and for managing musical conventions on his own account, Bliss began to write songs with greater frequency. For Root & Cady he composed many tunes to the verses, both popular and sacred, which the publishers bought and turned over to him. An appointment to the Sunday-school superintendency of Chicago's First Congregational Church added to his income and allowed him to do more work at home.

As the demand for his hymns grew and as the word came that even in far-off China missionaries were winning coolies from Confucius by singing "Hold the Fort," he turned more and more to the composition of sacred songs. In 1874, while assisting Whittle at a revival in Waukegan, Ill., he saw so many sinners troop to the altar during his singing of his "Almost Persuaded" that he decided to become an evangelist himself. Making formal surrender to the Lord, he gave over his musical conventions altogether and sallied forth, either alone or with Major Whittle, who at the same time gave up his secular job with the Elgin watch works and embraced revivalism as a career. Moody had been urging Bliss to the step for some time and there was great rejoicing at the news of his surrender.

Thereafter he was an eminent figure in the Middle West and the South. One gospel song-success after another was published by Root & Cady or John Church & Co., the latter specializing in hymn-books. Church had published "The Charm, a Collection of Sunday-School Music," by P. P. Bliss in 1871; "Sunshine for Sunday-Schools" in '73; "The Joy, for Musical Conventions and Church Choir Music" in '73 and "Gospel Songs, a Choice Collection of Hymns and Tunes, New and Old, for Gospel Meetings, Sunday-Schools, etc." in '74. The last of these sold prodigiously and in 1875 Church got Bliss and Sankey to join forces in issuing a compilation of their works under the title of "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs." When this volume outsold all others, they issued "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs, Number Two" with the result that Bliss's royalties at the time of his death, on December 29, 1876, were fully $60,000, most of which he had given to the cause of evangelism.

Some eight months before his death, Bliss, accompanied by Whittle, visited Allatoona Pass, and climbed Kenesaw to stand where Sherman had stood when he sent the message which, slightly altered, had meant so much to revivalism. "We read the passage concerning the coming of our Lord from Heaven," said Whittle, "knelt in prayer and consecration—and then sang 'Hold the Fort,' looking out upon the distant mountain, looking up at the clear blue sky and almost expecting that Jesus might then appear, so near He seemed to us that April day."

The following December Bliss and his wife were in a train riding home to Chicago when it was wrecked in one of the major railroad disasters of the time, at Ashtabula, Pa. Both were killed.

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RIO GRANDE

BY HARVEY FERGUSSON

VI. *The Strange History of Padre Martinez of Taos*

MANY gods now live at peace along the Rio Grande. All the gods of the Pueblos are still potent, and send rain and babies when their people dance. Gods still live in the bottomless sacred lake near Taos and the Indians of Taos wait for a day when the antelope and the buffalo shall come back by that blue door from Shipapu. The Hopi priests still dance with sacred rattlesnakes in their mouths and the Navajos worship fire in a dance of burning brands about a flame. The Penitent Brothers still bow their bloody backs before a skull. The Church of Rome is still the faith of most of the native people but almost every Protestant sect has both its churches and its missions. Now there are Methodist Mexicans and Baptist Pueblos. Worship is undeniably free, whether or not it is fervent.

All the gods are still alive but they have grown a little weary. They sit peaceably side by side and compromise with one another. Holy Church frowns upon the idolatries of the Indians, but it closes its eyes when they dance so long as they are married in church and come to Mass. The Christian government of the United States officially asks visitors to the Indian dances "not to encourage these ceremonies," but the ceremonies still go on.

However, the great days of the gods are over—the days when priests gladly died for Christ in the wilderness, and Spanish soldiers slaughtered infidels by the thousand, and Indians tore down churches, murdered friars and scrubbed the taint of Christian baptism off their heads with the root of wild amole. The gods are still alive but they are no longer terrible and being a man of God is no longer the splendid adventure that once it was.

Perhaps the gods have weakened because they no longer drink blood. In the old days they were well nourished. Most of the blood poured out upon this country was for some god or other. Nearly every war and rebellion had some religious motive. Every other man who died a violent death was an infidel to the man who killed him.

Padre Martinez of Taos was a man of God who lived the transition from the old ways to the new. He was born at the wrong time. By temperament and conviction he belonged to that great age when religion was a power that transcended all human restraint, when priestcraft was the greatest art, when faith was a thing that justified whatever was done in its name. For a little while he created a miniature of that medieval world and ruled it. The Taos massacre, in which he played such an obscure but important part, was among other things the last avowed effort to exterminate infidels on American soil. And he uniquely proved both the quality of

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his faith and that of his egotism when he accepted ex-communication rather than submit to men, founded a church of his own and served God in defiance of the Pope until he died.

Padre Martinez was a rare and significant character, now imperfectly revealed. A supremely secretive man, he covered his tracks with care. He must remain enigmatic but a few of his characteristics stand out clearly. Beyond a doubt he loved power above all other things. He probably thought of God chiefly as a source of power. He was an uncompromising individualist. He would serve none but God and he would serve God only in his own way. There is little doubt that he was the most intelligent man of his time and place. All of his recorded words are full of wisdom. He denounced the granting of land to wealthy men in huge tracts when the poor were landless, and in so doing he was denouncing the privileges of the class that produced him. He denounced the heavy tithes by which the church was pauperizing the people and he refused to collect them in his own parish. It is said that he even spoke openly for freedom of worship. He believed in education and founded schools when many men of wealth could not write their names. He saw the great possibilities of journalism, owned the first printing press that was brought to New Mexico, and printed the first newspaper.

He was an idealist and potentially a reformer, but above all he was an egotist. He believed in change but he wanted to bring it about himself and in his own way. All through his active life change was marching steadily upon New Mexico. First it came in wagons and then with an army and finally with a government and a population. The Americans promised many things that he professed—religious liberty and education and a free press—but their coming meant the end of his power. Wherefore he hated them. He preached against them. Finally, he plotted against them. He dreamed of a sea of blood. He planned so craftily that, although every record of the Taos massacre credits him with its leadership, his enemies could never get any evidence against him.

II

By birth he belonged to the aristocracy. His father bore the title of a general and came to New Mexico from Chihuahua in the early Eighteenth Century. The padre was born in Abique, west of the Rio Grande, in 1793, and christened Antonio José Martinez. He married early and begot a daughter. Both wife and child died in a few years and young Antonio entered a seminary in Durango, where he spent six years studying for the priesthood. Having lost his loved ones, he dedicated himself to sorrow and to God—perhaps. It seems more probable that a little of domesticity and farming had been more than enough for him, with his eager mind and his longing to dominate. Ambitious men then always entered either the church or the army, and if they had intellect it was the church they chose.

Antonio, like all Mexicans, was deeply rooted in his native soil. He came back to New Mexico, served briefly in various parishes, and in 1830 became the curate of Taos, with several churches and an assistant.

He donned the robe when the priesthood in New Mexico was at its worst. In Taos he succeeded the Franciscan Brothers, who were leaving the province after centuries of heroic service. Most of the priests who followed the conquerors

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and explorers had been Franciscans. They were the ones who stayed in the wilderness to preach of Christ until the Indians killed them. They built most of the missions. They made whatever sincere converts there were among the Pueblos and many of them the Indians came to love.

But when the conquest was over the life of a priest in New Mexico became an easy and an empty thing. He preached to Indians who listened politely and then went back to their dances and their idols and planted a prayer plume more often than they knelt to God. He preached to *paisanos* whose real church was a Penitente *morada* with its skull and cross bones. He preached of Christ, and the Virgin of Guadelupe was the real goddess of all Mexico. She was a purely native deity born of a native legend. Her image was to be seen in every church and in almost every saloon. Christ was only one god among many to the primitive New Mexicans. They carried His image into the fields when they wanted rain and they planted a cross to protect the crops from storm. They adopted Christ and God into their native pantheon and asked them to be useful along with the other gods. All of the poor and many of the rich believed in witches.

For an ambitious and intelligent priest New Mexico was barren ground and doubtless it tended to get the worst of the church, but it would have required an almost supernatural power to triumph against the primitive inertia of the country. The wilderness conquers its conquerors. The primitive spirit works on a man like a drug, transforming him subtly. Just as the feudal *ricos* of the great days along the Rio Grande absorbed the blood and color of their Navajo slaves and enemies, just as the mountain men learned to kneel at sacred springs and scalp the fallen foe, so padres in lonely missions became like those they were supposed to teach. With one eye on the clouds they prayed for rain, competing with medicine men, pitting Christ against the gods of thunder and lightning.

What the people loved about the church was its gaudy ceremonials. Their parishes were poor at best, so the priests took what they could by pocketing heavy fees for weddings, christenings and funerals. The Christian ideals of chastity and monogamy meant nothing to their flocks and finally meant no more to them. They had not merely mistresses but harems. "It is not unusual for one to have three or four wives," wrote Frank M. Edwards, one of Kearney's volunteers. Their women served them like slaves, kissed their hands and the hems of their robes, knelt when they passed in the streets, boasted of the children they bore them.

It was no unusual thing to see a priest, robed and tonsured, shaking a sandalled foot at a *baile* or bucking a monte game. The worst of them sank deep in primitive sloth, living dirty and barefoot among their women and brats, drinking huge quantities of red wine. The more sensitive were often epicures, who chose both women and wine with care. That credulous young romantic, Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike of the United States Army, was entertained in Albuquerque by the curate, Father Ambrosio Guerra. The gallant lieutenant was surprised by the cool adobe comfort of the padre's house and by the excellence of his wine and meat, and he was still more surprised to find him surrounded by pretty young girls whom the padre introduced as his adopted nieces.

Father Guerra was a veritable connoisseur of nieces. He had Mexican girls, girls of several Indian tribes, French girls,

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and two who appeared to be English. All of them were shapely and handsomely dressed. The padre hospitably bade the two whitest girls embrace the delighted lieutenant and he and his guest were then served by three of his nieces, "who, like Hebe at the feast of the gods, converted our wine into nectar and with their ambrosial breath, shed incense on our cups." Anyway, the lieutenant had a good time.

Of their ecclesiastical superiors outside the province these padres knew almost nothing. When Bishop Zubiria visited Santa Fé in 1833, it was the first time in seventy-one years that a prelate of his rank had been in New Mexico. He is described as a devout man who was at once appalled by the condition of the clergy and touched by the piety of the people. Christ on His Second Coming could hardly have created more of a stir. Bridges were decorated, arches were built, the very roads he travelled were swept. Every householder hung from his windows the finest fabrics he had—Navajo and Chimayo blankets, embroidered serapes, silken shawls. As the bishop, robed and mitered, walked the streets, all the people fell upon their knees and remained with downcast eyes until he had blessed them or passed on. Even those of highest rank knelt and kissed his ring before they spoke. The church had lost nothing of its power.

It was doubtless this power that Padre Antonio José Martinez loved. Nor did he fear the primitive character of the country and the people. Presumably he might have gone to Mexico City or even to Spain, but instead he asked to be sent to Taos, the heart of primitive New Mexico, the place where the Penitent Brothers were strongest, where Popé had nursed his plot and where his dream of Indian empire had never been forgotten.

III

Taos was long a walled town and doubtless the wall still stood when Padre Martinez first went there. In all essentials it was like the walled towns of medieval Europe—a self-contained social unit ruled by church and aristocracy. It is still the same cluster of adobe houses about a plaza on a hill, with a lovely green valley spread about it and mountains lifting to rocky peaks six thousand feet above. It still has the look of a place apart from the world, but its wall has long since fallen. It was built for defense against the Indians, but Indians became steadily less of a menace and no wall would stop the new invaders. It never stopped the mountain men nor the traders from Missouri. Little by little the wall crumbled and disappeared and its decay was a symbol, but when Padre Martinez went there, a lean young priest hungry for power, it still stood. Kit Carson had come just a few years before, a ragged young bull-whacker without a penny or even a good gun. Lucien Maxwell, who was to rule two thousand square miles just across the mountain, was another like him, and Charles Bent, who was to become governor of the province and die in a massacre, was a poor Indian trader.

Padre Martinez knew these men and he covertly hated them. From first to last he was uncompromisingly against the Americanos, and it must have been his foresight that made him so. He knew they would break down the wall. He did everything he could to turn his simple parishioners against them. He corresponded with *ricos* all over the province, seeking to hold them together in an alliance against the gringos. For within the walls of Taos the padre's power grew steadily. He was the religious head of this

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principality, he was a little pope in a little Rome. He preached not only in Taos, but in several neighboring churches, and not only in churches but in Penitente *moradas*.

What the padre wanted was power and in that country he had to stoop for it. The Penitentes were only nominally Catholics. They were a primitive sect of death-worshippers. They were also, in a measure, a league of the common people against their masters, and they were potentially a great political machine. They were highly organized and completely obedient to their leaders. A man who could command the allegiance of the *hermano mayor*, the ruling brother, could command the whole chapter. Through a few score men he could rule thousands.

Padre Martinez was probably the first man of rank and influence to use the Penitentes as a source of personal power, but he was not the last. The Republican machine in New Mexico long drew much of its strength from the Penitente vote and it still cultivates the bloody brothers. Ambitious Yankee politicians have walked barefoot in Penitente processions for the sake of votes, and these may be said to have walked in the padre's footsteps. But not too literally. It is doubtful whether he ever had to walk in any processions, but he must have seen many a man bound to the cross. Every Holy Week he heard the shrill scream of the *petate* and the uproar of the *tinieblas*. In many a dark *morada* he stood before the primitive altar with its human skull and its cart of death and preached to men half-naked and soaked in their own blood.

In Taos he was not only a religious despot and a political boss, but also a man of property. He owned wide lands which he farmed on shares, so that many of his parishioners were also his renters and debtors. He had a large house near the plaza, built about a courtyard, and there he established a school to train young men for the priesthood. At one time he had forty pupils. Doubtless he looked forward to a time when every pulpit in New Mexico would be filled with his disciples.

Women were necessary to care for the padre's great establishment. How many of them were his mistresses it is impossible to say, but like other priests of his day he had a harem. One woman, named Theodora, seems to have achieved a sort of social recognition as his consort. She lived with him many years and bore him several children. Most of his descendants have been proud to acknowledge his paternity. One of his sons became a Presbyterian minister and one of his grandsons is a man of means and political power. All of his children were well educated and well cared for. He was a good padre in the flesh as well as in the spirit.

Taos is still full of stories about the padre and it is hard to separate the true from the apocryphal, but his friends are agreed that he ruled the town with autocratic and absolute power. He was unwilling that anything be done without his approval—and his disapproval was a dangerous thing. It is said that he would go into the courts, sit down beside the judge and dictate decisions. It is also told that one *alcalde* on such an occasion took him gently by the hand, led him to the door, and told him that the church was his province and not the court. But such rebellions were rare. For the most part the padre was the state as well as the church.

It is said that his schools produced a generation who were not only better educated than any previous one, but also better educated than several subsequent ones under the enlightened government of the United States. When Antonio Barreiro,

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who represented New Mexico in Mexico City, brought the first printing press up to the province, he apparently did not know what to do with it. Padre Martinez bought it and founded a newspaper, *El Crepusculo* (the Twilight)—an oddly appropriate name, still carried by a local publication. The padre issued only four numbers of his journal, but he continued to publish books and pamphlets.

In 1832 he went as deputy to the provincial legislature, which was no more than a polite and ridiculous pretext at local self-government. Some of its members could not write their names and it is impossible to discover that it ever did anything. The padre shocked all his colleagues by rising in his place to ask what powers the deputation had, if any, and on what they were based. It was then discovered, to the embarrassment of all, that the Republic of Mexico had neglected to provide in its constitution for any provincial legislature and that a law of the defunct Spanish Empire was its only excuse for existence. The padre then offered the deputation a resolution to the effect that it had no powers and might as well adjourn. He also presented the gathering with a resolution in which he denounced the church for the heavy fees and tithes it laid upon the people, saying that the poor buried their dead in the desert, left their children unbaptized, and lived in concubinage because they could not pay for the services of the church.

Surely it was a man of rare courage who would thus denounce both his spiritual and his temporal superiors, and it was a man of power who could do it with impunity. The padre was probably more secure in his power than any other man in the province. In the first place his strength was personal, based upon magnetism and intelligence, and in the second place, it embraced both high and low. He was the acknowledged head of the large and aristocratic Martinez family and through them he had influence with many of the *ricos*, while at the same time to thousands of *paisanos* and Indians he was the lord, both temporal and spiritual.

IV

Evidently the padre had in him the makings of an enlightened and benevolent despot. Left to himself, he would have taught the people to read, or at least some of them, and he would have lifted the crushing burden of church taxation. He would have given them a press and an educated and liberal clergy. But he was not to be left to himself, and it was interference from without that he could not tolerate. In his influence over the ignorant poor he had a terrible weapon. Any threat to his power could change him from an idealist preaching of enlightenment to the hidden leader of a savage mob.

He saw such a threat in the coming of Albino Perez from Mexico City to establish the new departmental system of government. Perhaps he thought he also saw an opportunity. Twitchell says he plotted with the rebel leader, Armijo, against the Perez government and helped him draft a revolutionary programme. But his part in the conspiracy was not known till long afterward and its failure left him as strong as ever. Armijo ruled in Santa Fé and the padre still ruled in Taos.

He was too intelligent a man not to see that he belonged to a waning power, and that a new language, a new government, were to dominate the Southwest. When Kearney had hoisted his flag and read his proclamation in Santa Fé the feudal epoch in New Mexico was over, and Padre Martinez, in his own way, acknowledged the

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fact. The same month that the government changed hands, he made an address to the pupils of his school which has been remembered and written down.

"Boys," he said, "you came to this school for the purpose of studying for the priesthood and I have done what I could that you might attain the desired end. But with the present change of government a change of ideas may be necessary. The genius of the American government is in entire harmony with freedom of worship and with the complete separation of the church and the state. From this you will gather that for the clergy the foot of the knife has been broken."

One of his pupils asked what kind of a government the American was. The padre replied that it was republican and he added that a republic was "a burro on which the lawyers jog along much better than the priests."

Surely there were depths in this man, both of insight and of cynicism. Frankly, he had been educating his young disciples for the priesthood because it had been the great repository of power, and now he saw that its power was gone. Succinct and ironical was his definition of change. The old world had been a jackass ridden by a priest; the new one was a jackass ridden by a lawyer. He was not one to keep up an empty pretense or to deceive the young. From that day on his school studied theology and canon law no longer. Instead he taught civil law and the English language.

He was not one to keep up a pretense or shut his eyes to facts, yet where his power was concerned he was capable of hoping against hope. All the citizens of New Mexico had been given their choice of taking an oath of allegiance to the American government or of moving out. A great many of the poor people had welcomed the change. In Santa Fé the Americans had quartered troops and were building a fort. The town was flooded with American money. Many girls had soldier lovers and many men had government jobs. The saloons and the gambling halls were full. For the poor in Santa Fé the bloodless conquest had been a boon.

Many of the rich had welcomed the change too. Some of them had entertained Kearney in their great houses, and some had sent their sons to St. Louis and even to New York to learn the laws and language of the new government. Some irreconcilables had moved out. But there were those who neither accepted the change nor left the country, and they included *ricos*, politicians, and priests.

The head of the church in New Mexico was Juan Felipe Ortiz, vicar-general of the diocese. Like Padre Martinez, he belonged to a large and aristocratic New Mexican family. He was a fat, pompous, red-headed man, immensely proud of his power. At a certain hour every day he used to walk in the plaza in Santa Fé that the people might kneel and kiss his hand while he gave them his blessing. One of his brothers was Tomas Ortiz, who had been an officer in the Mexican Army. This General Ortiz became the leader of those who secretly repudiated the new government and plotted against it.

It is said that twenty dons, including some of the most honored names in New Mexico, took part in the conspiracy. Whatever they may have lacked, these men had a gift for intrigue. They plotted so carefully that the names of most of the conspirators became known only years afterwards, through the confessions of other participants. Nearly all of these confessions seem to have agreed that two churchmen were leaders of the con-

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spiracy—the Vicario Ortiz and Padre Martinez of Taos. The government of the United States tried in vain to get evidence against both of them. To this day their participation is a matter of hearsay, but all authorities are agreed that the two priests sat in the councils of the conspirators and that Padre Martinez must have been its ruling mind. For one thing, he was by far the most intelligent man among them, and besides, he never played second fiddle to anyone. Certainly he dominated the vicar, a stupid man, and his great influence with the Taos Indians and the Penitent Brothers was the chief asset of the rebellion.

This conspiracy was many things to many men. It was to be a slaughter of infidels for the glory of God, and the vicar-general may have thought of it as such and gone about his bloody preparations in a spirit of pious exaltation. It was to be a great patriotic enterprise that would restore the lost province to the fatherland, and Ortiz and Archuleta, his chief aid, must have figured in their own minds as conquering patriots. To the Indians and peasants who followed these leaders it was one more revolt of the primitive against civilization. What they were promised, no one knows, but for the Pueblos at least it held some obscure hope of deliverance from all the forces that were destroying their world.

What it meant to Padre Martinez is not so clear. His followers believed that the few troops the United States had sent to New Mexico represented all of its power, but he knew better. He did not share their ignorance nor their credulity. What he shared was their savage hatred of the usurpers and one can only conclude that it blinded him to the weakness of their cause and the brutal futility of their plan. He seems almost a dual figure as one pictures him, telling his pupils that the days of priestcraft were over, teaching them law and English, and at night squatting on housetops with his fellow conspirators, plotting a massacre of all the gringos and all their sympathizers. Of course, it can never be known just what he sanctioned or how much of the thing that happened was what he had planned. It is known only that he advised with the rebels and that he worked with a hidden hand.

V

The first attempt of the conspirators was a comical fiasco, the second a tragic one. Their first plan was to make Santa Fé the center of their operations. At a preliminary meeting, Tomas Ortiz was elected Governor of the State they proposed to found and Don Diego Archuleta was to be commanding general. Twitchell publishes a list of all the men engaged in this first conspiracy, including Padre Martinez, and he says they were all related either by blood or by marriage. In a word, this was a cabal of the *ricos*, belonging to the oldest families in the State.

Christmas Eve was chosen by the conspirators as the date for their attack. All of the people then would be in their houses; many of the American soldiers would be drunk. Don Tomas Ortiz and his followers would gather in the church and toll the bell. Then they would rush to the palace, seize the officers of the American force, plant artillery in the streets, and hold the town. Meanwhile Archuleta would rouse the rebellious populace and descend upon the city. The gringos and their government would be exterminated and so would the Mexicans who had given them allegiance.

The plot was betrayed. Some say the

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wife of one of the conspirators went to Colonel Stirling Price, in command of the American forces, and told him all about it. Others say that Dona Tulles Barcello, the celebrated woman gambler, was the one who gave the American officer the names of the leaders. At any rate the United States troops set out to arrest Ortiz and Archuleta. The latter was warned in time and departed for Old Mexico. Ortiz took refuge in the house of a friend. There he was disguised as a woman and carried out in the arms of a peon, who pretended that he was taking a sick wife to the doctor. He then walked out of town with a water jar on his head. The American soldiers who were searching for him stopped him and asked if he had seen Don Tomas Ortiz, and he told them where he lived and then went his way. It is said that a Mexican woman recognized him and shrieked after the soldiers in Spanish, "There goes Tomas Ortiz, you fools!" But they could not understand her and the would-be ruler escaped in his petticoats to Chihuahua.

It was generally believed by the Americans that the flight of these two had made an end of the conspiracy, but as a matter of fact its real leaders were untouched. Its greatest strength was not in Santa Fé, but in Taos, and a new uprising was planned, to begin in the walled stronghold of Padre Martinez. Here all the rebellious Mexicans and Pueblos of the North were to gather, kill the gringos and march to meet the American forces. Charles Bent, who had been appointed Governor of the Territory, lived in Taos and had gone there to get his family and take it to Santa Fé. He was the one who, with his brother William, had founded Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. Later he had founded a store in Santa Fé, together with Colonel Ceran St. Vrain. It is said the conspiracy was again betrayed and the Governor warned, but he was so sure of his influence with the Mexicans and Indians that he refused to believe.

On the night of January 18 everyone in Taos knew that rebellion was afoot. The rebels had got out of hand, the rule of secrecy was broken. All of the Taos Pueblos poured into the town and hundreds of Mexicans came from the surrounding country. One Pablo Montoya was the appointed leader of the Mexicans and a Pueblo named Tomasito Romero led the Indians. These two harangued the mob in crowded saloons. Whiskey and eloquence worked them into a frenzy. Most of these men knew nothing of politics. They were illiterate savages. What flared into life that night, briefly and for the last time, was the ancient hatred of a savage world for its conquerors, the ancient hope that invading civilization might be destroyed and the old gods, the earth-born gods, restored to power.

The killing began about midnight. The mob went first to the house of Governor Bent. His daughter, who still lived in Taos when I first went there in 1917, told many times the story of that night. She remembered that they were all wakened by a crowd thundering at the door. Her father went and opened it and talked to the people, telling them to be quiet and disperse. There were three women in the house, including the wife of Kit Carson. Carson himself was away with General Kearney. The women, using a poker and an iron spoon for tools, dug a hole through the wall of the house into the one adjoining.

Meanwhile, the Indians had cut short the Governor's speech by shooting him in the face with arrows. It is said that he stood his ground, plucking several arrows from his head, until he fell. They then

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scalped him alive and left him and he followed the women through the hole in the wall, covering his lacerated head with his hand, but Indians broke into the second house and shot him to death. They debated whether to take the women prisoners, but finally left them cowering beside the dead man.

Narcisso Baubien, a boy of eighteen, hid under a pile of straw in a barn and they found him there and thrust him through and through with lances. They killed also the sheriff, the prefect, the district judge and a few others connected with the government. They looted and wrecked the houses of their victims and then marched to Arroyo Hondo, twelve miles away, where an American named Turley had a distillery. Eight Americans were in his house and seven of them died after a long siege in which many of the rebels were killed by the fighting gringos.

The conspirators had hoped that the people would rise everywhere as they had at Taos, kill the gringos and seize the government. It was a plan of revolution by massacre. At Mora a few wagon traders were captured and shot by a mob of Mexicans, but elsewhere the uprising simply didn't rise. It was only in the padre's own little domain that it had purpose and effect.

While the mob went about its bloody business he sat safe in his great house. One longs to know what that inscrutable man thought and felt as he listened to the voice of the monster he had set afoot. For whatever his part in the conspiracy may have been, that mob was more his creation than anyone else's. For twenty years he had preached hatred of the invaders. He had formed of this primitive mass a rude organism responsive to his will. It was the source of all his power. It embodied one part of his spirit as surely as his schools and his printing press embodied another.

However he may have justified his adventure in violence, he must early have had a sickening conviction of failure. His revolution had proved to be nothing but murder, his army only a mob. His first care was to disown them both.

A little girl, daughter of a leading Spanish family in Taos which was friendly to the Americans, remembered that night and her story has been handed down in her family. She remembers that with a crowd of women and children she sought safety at the house of her grandfather, which was across the street from that of the padre. The house was not large enough to hold them all, and the padre hospitably took some of them as his guests. After the killing, while the troops were on their way from Santa Fé, Pablo Montoya, the active leader of the rebels, came to the padre's house. There can be little doubt that this man had sat with the padre in the councils of the rebels, or that he came to the house at the padre's command.

But before all his guests the padre denounced Montoya, long and eloquently, as a murderer. It is remembered that Montoya stood covering his face with his handkerchief and afterward went away without saying a word. He was a doomed man, and already knew it. He took thus publicly all the blame upon himself, and gave the padre an opportunity to pose before witnesses as one who deplored the violence and bloodshed. Montoya later was hanged in the plaza and the little girl, peeping through a forbidden door, saw him hanged.

After the massacre there was a lull in Taos. Word had been carried to Santa Fé. The American troops were on their way, toiling through two feet of snow, and the

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rebels, led by Montoya and the Indian Tomasito, went hopelessly to meet them. Montoya had about fifteen hundred men, many of them armed only with bows, arrows and lances. They took their stand at Santa Cruz, about half way between Taos and Santa Fé, and there awaited the forces of the United States. These consisted of several troops under the command of Colonel Price, and a band of volunteers led by Ceran St. Vrain, the partner of the murdered Governor.

Nearly all of the men in this troop were his friends. Uncle Dick Wooton was among them, and so were many other famous pioneers and Indian fighters. Volunteers and regulars together numbered only a few hundred, but they were equal to half a dozen armies like Montoya's, and the whole strength of the United States was behind them if needed. There were two skirmishes, with the scattered mob shooting like Apaches from behind rocks and bushes, running before the well-directed charges of the troops. Had Padre Martinez or anyone else believed this mob could win a victory and found a government?

The worst enemy the troops had to face was the weather. It was bitterly cold and two feet of soft snow had just fallen. They did not reach Taos until February 3 and they dragged into the town sick and weary, many of them frost-bitten. There they learned that most of the rebels had fled to the pueblo and fortified themselves in the old mission church with walls four feet thick. The church was surrounded, batteries of howitzers were planted and the mounted volunteers took their stand between the pueblo and the mountains, so that none should escape.

This was the last battle on the Rio Grande between the old order and the new. A few hundred Indians and Mexicans, frightened and bewildered now, prepared to make their last stand. The church had led them to believe they were fighting a holy war and into the church they had fled for safety. This was traditional sanctuary, and for a time it promised to be a real one. It is said that Colonel Price, himself a devout Catholic, at first refused to train his guns upon the ancient mission, but he was overruled by the volunteers and by all the people of Taos whose friends and relatives had been murdered. For the first and only time United States troops assaulted an Indian pueblo and a Catholic church.

VI

The heavy earthen walls were hard to breech. All of one day the howitzers buried their futile balls in thick adobe, while the beleaguered rebels shot from windows and roofs. All rested for one night, the Indians merely waiting for death. On the second day the troops charged the walls, got under them, chopped holes with axes and tossed hand grenades among the huddled Indians. Some of them broke out and tried to reach the mountains and the mounted volunteers, hungry for revenge, hunted like driven game, killing fifty-one of them without the loss of a man.

For a while after this slaughter a few bands of the rebels were hunted by the troops in the northern mountains. It was a year before any of the surviving Indians of Taos came to the Mexican village, which is only three miles away, and they have never forgotten or forgiven that bloody day. But it was not long before life in Taos was outwardly what it had been before. Padre Martinez still preached and taught and ruled. There were whispers against him and the Americans

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tried to find evidence of the part he had played, but none would testify. Apparently he sat secure as ever, but in fact his day was over. His feudal world had perished in that deadly struggle about the ancient church.

It was never rebuilt, but the Catholic church in New Mexico was about to be reconstructed, not as a feudal power, but as a church. In 1851 a young French priest, the Rev. John B. Lamy, was appointed Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico for the express purpose of reform. He succeeded the Vicar Juan Felipe Ortiz, the friend of Padre Martinez. He was sent to do the work that Padre Martinez had dreamed of doing. He was young and of good repute and filled with an almost fanatic zeal. Padre Martinez was old and stained with dark suspicions and full of the bitter wisdom of living.

Lamy, beyond a doubt, was a devout and moral man, and one of courage and energy. In New Mexico he has become a figure of legend—a sort of uncanonized saint—and it is hard to see the real man through the fog of reverent tradition. But it seems clear that he was above all a Puritan. He exhibited a zeal for improving the morals of others and a naïve faith in the prefectibility of human nature which are not typically Catholic at all, but much more like the philosophy of American Protestantism. It was not only the abuses of priestly power that he proposed to correct, but the moral delinquencies of the whole community.

"The bishop has directed that the confessional and communion be denied to all females who are known to lead immoral lives," says Davis, who is almost always reliable and was a great admirer of Lamy. This is a strange pronouncement to be made in the name of Him who defended the woman taken in adultery, and a naïve one in any case. It makes one doubt whether Father Lamy knew anything of life in New Mexico, or much of life anywhere, but there is no doubt at all of his purpose and energy. He and his assistant went up and down the territory, enduring great hardships, ousting licentious priests, marrying couples who had been living together and raising children for years, lifting the burdens of church taxation so that the poor might enjoy its services once more. He was generally revered and honored for his integrity, but some of the more powerful priests had loyal followers who regarded the young reformer as an impudent upstart. There were threats of rebellion when he ousted Padre Gallegos at Albuquerque, but he finally triumphed.

Padre Martinez of Taos was his most formidable antagonist. He had ousted priest after priest for immorality and the padre's immoral life was a matter of common knowledge. His offspring were numerous and acknowledged. But his power in Taos made him hard to attack. His relations by blood and marriage alone were an army which he commanded, and the poor still followed him faithfully. In 1856 he was still the vicar of Taos, and in addition to this power as a churchman he had become a politician of wide influence. He had sat in both of the two legislative councils which had been called since the American occupation, and he seemed likely in his old age to wield even wider influence than he had wielded before.

The padre's political doings gave Lamy the opening he needed. He let it be known that he disapproved of all political activity on the part of priests. The padre was sixty-three years old and weary of strife. He promptly resigned the parish of Taos, and Lamy appointed to the vacancy one Padre Damaso Talarid, a Spanish priest whom he had met in Rome.

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It was a tactless choice. Father Talarid was a Castilian and his attitude toward the New Mexicans was condescending. Padre Martinez continued to say Mass in the church from time to time, and doubtless he remained for most of the people their true pastor. A clash now was inevitable, and it came over the question of who should perform a certain marriage ceremony between two relatives of Padre Martinez. At once the town was divided into two camps. Talarid had his followers among those who hated the padre and these included such powerful persons as Kit Carson and Ceran St. Vrain, whose friends and relatives had died in the massacre.

The padre had resigned his parish, doubtless fully intending to keep his power. Now he was to be told what he could do and what he couldn't. Old and weary he was, but still indomitable. He promptly built a church of his own and went on serving as a pastor for all who chose to follow him—and his family alone could fill a church.

Now the issue was clear, and a clear issue was just what Lamy wanted. Twice he went to Taos to reason with the padre and in vain. He then suspended him from the exercise of all priestly functions. Padre Martinez went on saying Mass and preaching in his own church. He was followed into schism by one of his disciples whom he had educated in his own school, Padre Lucero of Arroyo Hondo. It was an unheard-of situation and it admitted of but one course. Both of the erring priests were solemnly ex-communicated.

The dread sentence of an eternity in Hell was read in a church crowded with the padre's loyal followers and also with his enemies. It was received in a dead silence, and there was no disorder, then or afterward, but old-timers remember that moment as one big with war. It is said the adherents of the padre were gathered on one side of the plaza and his enemies on the other, and that both parties were armed and ready. What prevented bloodshed is not certainly known. Perhaps the presence of Kit Carson did more to keep the peace than any other one thing. Relatives of his wife had been killed in the Taos massacre and she had been in the house when Governor Bent was murdered. Carson let it be known that he was ready to fight, and he was the mightiest warrior in the Southwest. The story is also told that someone sent an alarm to the United States troops who were still quartered near Taos, that they rode into the plaza just as fighting was about to start, and that when the bugle was heard the adherents of Padre Martinez went over the back fence. They had had enough of the United States Army the other time.

At any rate, Padre Martinez was officially denied communion with God through the church of Rome and he went right on to the end of his life communicating with God through the church of Padre Martinez. Nothing but death could break this man's spirit, nor his personal power, and he apparently feared neither the Pope nor the devil. He died in 1867 at the age of seventy-four and at his own request he was buried from his own chapel by his faithful fellow schismatic, Padre Lucero. It is said that in his will he made provisions of lard and bacon and flour for all the poor people who would come from distant ranchos to pay him a final homage. And they came and accepted his bounty and knelt at his bier —the swarthy men with whip-scarred backs who worshipped death in the image of a skull and power in the image of their indomitable padre.

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MUSIC

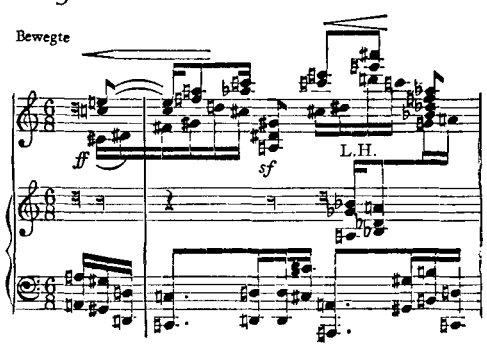
HERR SCHÖNBERG

By Arthur D. Pierce

"The main thing . . . is to seek!" That phrase from the preface of Arnold Schönberg's "Manual of Harmony" sums up this strange Viennese composer's musical philosophy quite as accurately as it patterns his artistic progress. Schönberg has been seeking—for what, Heaven knows!—ever since he began composing, back about 1896. His search has been attended by one of the most exhilarating exhibitions of critical head-smashing since the war over Wagner. His works have been hissed and denounced in all the capitals of Europe; in America, where audiences are more docile, indignant thousands have walked out. His disciples insist his music is the essence of clarity and simplicity, that only dunderheads are baffled by it, but others, including the late James Huneker, have regarded it as mere tonal anarchy, while in between stand the critics who fear to be Hanslicks, straddlers who decline to formulate judgments for fear that Schönberg may turn out, in the long run, to be another Wagner.

His name today is familiar, but it is doubtful if his music is more widely understood than it was before the World War. His gigantic "Gurrelieder"—which is being given this season for the first time in America—antedates Debussy's "Pelléas and Mélisande" and Strauss' "Sinfonia Domestica," "Pierrot Lunaire" antedates Strawinsky's "Sacre du Printemps." But "Pelléas" and the "Domestica" have grown familiar to most concert-goers, and a whole Strawinsky vogue has come and *gone, while Schönberg's music is still a* riddle to all save the elect.

Take the three little "Klavierstücke", his Opus 11: they have been available to students for years. Of all that he has written, they most nearly approximate études —études in which one might reasonably expect to find the key to the composer's method. Here is a bristling excerpt from No. 3:



In these short pieces Kurt Schindler found only that "the wrongest tone possible, the wrongest harmony thinkable was always struck," and of them, in Lenormand's "Modern Harmony," a footnote observes: "Finding his works unintelligible, we have scarcely ventured to quote Mr. Schönberg of Vienna." But Cecil Gray sees them as "straightforward in thought and almost classical in form and style." What sort of man is it who can raise such differences over a trio of dinky piano pieces?

He is a man who says: "I simply love Verdi's 'Il Trovatore'." He is one who writes for such immense orchestral and choral apparatus that he had to delay in-

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strumentation of the "Gurrelieder" until special music paper—with forty-eight staves instead of the usual twenty-four—had been manufactured for him. He introduced "O Du Lieber Augustin" into a string quartette, against incredible harmonies. He is a painter who does purple cows and whose black-and-whites Huneker found "pretty bad and not nearly as original as his music." He is a pedagogue, and his treatise on harmony is a Bible for the new musical supermen. He is a philosopher, and his oratorio, "Die Jakobsleiter," purports to express his cosmic theories. Finally he is a poet, and has penned several of his own libretti, which generally reflect the same neurotic, musty, depressing moods that are to be found in the other texts he has set to music.

Born in Vienna on September 13, 1874, Schönberg was largely self-taught, his first formal instruction coming at the age of twenty, from his brother-in-law, Alexander Zemlinsky. In virtual poverty for years, he resisted the temptation to write popular music and stuck to his seeking. Fritz Reiner sees him as the last of the romantics. Yet Schönberg stems from Brahms as well as from Wagner; he owes something to Reger as well as to Richard Strauss. No matter where the roots of his work may lie, however, the bulk of him is Schönberg and nothing else. Even those who find only ugliness in his music are usually ready to concede that it is an ugliness individual and unique. His works are not numerous when one recalls that his career as a composer dates back thirty-five years. Few of his compositions hint of spontaneity; rather, one smells both the academy and the lamp. His first efforts were songs, two in Opus 1, four in Opus 2, and six in Opus 3. All seem relatively orthodox. In Opus 4 he turned to chamber music, for which he was to show a great predilection, due no doubt to his having played much of it as a youth. This Opus 4, a string sextette, "Verklärte Nacht," is a superb reflection of "Tristran and Isolde," truly voluptuous writing for fiddles to jar the traditional austerity of chamber music audiences. It has been given frequently in America, and is the one composition of Schönberg which is generally accepted.

Acceptance, however, was not what he was seeking. In 1900 he set to work upon the bulky "Gurrelieder." This is a setting of nineteen poems, a cycle by the Danish poet Jens Peter Jacobsen. It tells the story of the medieval King Waldemar, married for political reasons to Helvig of Schleswig, while all the while he loves the Princess Tove, to whom he has given his castle at Gurre. Queen Helvig causes Tove to be murdered. Waldemar's grief is overwhelming, his rage stupendous. He roars blasphemies. He curses the gods. And in punishment, he is condemned to hunt nightly from dusk to dawn, galloping wildly across the skies. But love conquers in the end, even in Schönberg. When the night's horrors are past, the voice of Tove is heard and the work ends, says Egon Wellesz, "in bright magnificence, as a hymn to the returning sun and the awakening of the dead to life."

To depict this ballad musically, Schönberg requires five solo voices, three four-part male choruses, a mixed chorus in eight parts, a speaking voice, and an orchestra of four piccolos, four flutes, three oboes, two English horns, five clarinets, two bass clarinets, three bassoons, two contra bassoons, ten horns, six trumpets, one bass trumpet, seven trombones, a contra-bass tuba, six tympani, four harps, a celesta, a large percussion section, strings, and for a finishing touch, "some large iron chains."

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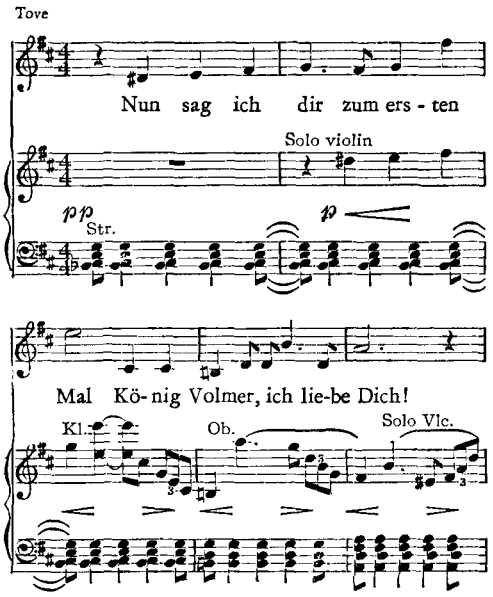
Schönberg's affinity to Wagner is shown in his use of leading motives. Alban Berg, composer of "Wozzeck," has compiled a guidebook for the work in which he catalogues 129 *Leitmotiven*, about twenty of major importance. According to D. E. Pike, the British critic, who heard the work in Amsterdam, "the treatment of these motives reveals Schönberg as a master of counterpoint; not the harsh, pitiless counterpoint of his later period but counterpoint saturated with passionate beauty." Here are a few measures sung by Tove:

After the "Gurrelieder" was well under way (the instrumentation was not completed until 1910), Schönberg turned to Maeterlinck's "Pelléas and Mélisande" for the thread of his one and only symphonic poem. When Stokowski gave the work its American première, ten years ago, there was little stir. It is remarkable, no doubt, for its complex contrapuntal development, but at bottom it remains mathematical music—*Augenmusik*, as Theodor Helm termed Beethoven's great fugue.

Passing over the six songs of Opus 6, there is next the D minor string quartette. This has been given in America by the Kneisels and Flonzaleys. It lasts forty-five minutes without pause, and Dr. Wellesz points out that in the whole of it there is not a phrase, not even a figure of accompaniment, which is not of thematic derivation. Yet it, also, is *Augenmusik*. It displays a remarkable understanding of quartette writing, not only in proportion and form but also in instrumental treatment, but to the ear it remains distinctly unsatisfying. Opus 8 consists of six songs with orchestra, and Opus 9 is the "Kammersymphonie," played twice in this country by the indefatigable Stokowski. Here again Schönberg makes extensive use of the *Leitmotif*, and Dr. Berg has prepared a guidebook, citing twenty-three themes. The work, while closely akin to the D minor quartette, is less crusty to the ear, perhaps because of the wider instrumentation.

Seldom heard, and apparently of little significance are the two ballads of Opus 12, the *a cappella* chorus, "Peace on Earth," of Opus 13, and the two songs of Opus 14. These were written in 1906-07, but they bear later opus numbers than the second string quartette in F minor, Opus 10, dating from 1908, which is hailed by the Schönbergians as marking the beginning of the composer's final divorcement from his classical heritage. This work is exceptional in at least two respects: one, that the second and third movements are settings of poems by Stefan George, and amplify the quartette with a soprano; the other, that "O Du Lieber Augustin" appears briefly, clothed in harmonies which would put to shame the worst labors of an inebriated German band.

Next, come the Opus 11 piano pieces—and, at this point, according to those in

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the know, Schönberg definitely reaches maturity. These pieces are taken as heralding his complete liberation from the musical discipline which he admits having once imposed upon himself. The last fetters are off. Now he moves into a new realm of musical freedom, frequently called atonality, but which he himself analyzes as follows:

> My music is not atonal. So far, tonality has consisted in using the seven notes of the scale in all their combinations. I could not set aside this principle, but my tonality uses twelve notes instead of seven. That is the whole difference, and all the new aspects of my music derive from this only.

While they bear a later opus number, the fifteen songs to poems by Stefan George, Opus 15, appear to have been written before this turn in Schönberg's method, since they reveal a relative simplicity lacking in anything he has written since. But there is no mistaking his new manner in the "Five Orchestral Pieces," Opus 16, which created a furor when given by Stock and the Chicago Symphony in 1913. These pieces have no programme, but Schönberg has given them titles as clues to his mental state during their composition. Unfortunately, the clues are hardly enough. Yet while this music is weird, strident, and at times completely baffling, it is also remarkably persuasive. If one cannot identify and understand the force behind these inky scores, one senses with certainty that a force is there. One wishes for phonograph records of this music, in the hope that close study would bring better comprehension.

From 1909 to 1911, Schönberg devoted his chief energies to stage works. "Erwartung", Opus 17, is a monodrama, the plot of which alone leaves a bad taste in the mouth. A woman awaits her lover. When he fails to keep the tryst, she wanders in the woods to search for him. In the darkness she touches flesh. It is his body. He has been murdered, apparently by her rival. Then follows a scene in which the lady fondles the corpse in a manner which outstrips Salomé's orgies over the head of Jokaanan. The music is said to be singularly horrible. "The Lucky Hand," Opus 18, a drama with music, presents Schönberg in the rôle of philosopher. The libretto is his own and symbolizes the futile struggle of Man against a sardonic Fate. The piece was given last year in New York and Philadelphia—again by Schönberg's chief American champion, Stokowski.

Inconsequential are the six tiny piano pieces of Opus 19. The shortest is nine measures long; the longest has but eighteen measures. Passing over the "Herzegewächse," Opus 20, for a super-coloratura soprano, celesta, harmonium and harp, we come to what is regarded by most as Schönberg's greatest work, "Pierrot Lunaire," composed in 1912. It consists of twenty-one poems of Albert Giraud, translated into German by Otto Erich Hartleben, and set for female voice, and varying combinations of piano, flute, clarinet, bass clarinet, violin, viola and violoncello. The vocal part calls for *Sprechstimme*, neither song nor speech but something midway.

The reciter is the moon-struck Pierrot, who half chants, half declaims the sensation of moon drunkenness, the loveliness of a pale, naked washerwoman, the neurotic effects of a Chopin waltz, an ode to a sick moon, a brief and astonishing vision of a woman about to strangle her lover. Decadent and almost trivial as the poems are, Schönberg has created out of them a work unlike anything ever heard of or dreamed of in music. The thing grips instantly, carries the hearer into a

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world strange and unreal, enchanting at one moment, sinister at the next; a world reflecting the stark, morbid horror evoked in prose by Poe. The music one almost disregards in the conjured atmosphere. One realizes, half subconsciously, that unearthly harmonies bruise each other in mid-air; that brittle tones are blasted into chromatic showers; that irresistible majors challenge immovable minors in a death battle of tonalities. The ghastly spell, woven by the intoning Pierrot is unbroken until the end. Then one realizes that "Pierrot Lunaire" is not a composition but an experience. The American première, by the International Composer's Guild, took place in February, 1923, Greta Torpadie superbly managing the singing-speaking tight rope act. To those present, it was an unforgettable event—whether they liked it or not!

With "Pierrot Lunaire," curiously, Schönberg seems to have written himself out. None of his subsequent compositions has created any deep impression, here or abroad, save possibly the third string quartette. Schönberg's orchestration of two Bach choral-preludes, the four songs with orchestra of Opus 22, the oratorio, "Die Jakobsleiter" and the serenade have borne out the assertion that, after "Pierrot," he set out to seek still newer forms of musical expression, in still more dismal and forbidding musical swamps. Even so loyal a Schönbergian as Cecil Gray is dismayed that his hero's talents should be so "recklessly and senselessly squandered on vast and monstrous delusions." Thus upon the "Gurrelieder", the "Five Orchestral Pieces", and "Pierrot Lunaire", rests his best bid for enshrinement among the immortals of the tone art. Even those who are baffled by these works generally concede that there is more than madness behind them. They hang together; they have substance even when they appear to lack form.

Some day, the whole Schönbergian scheme of things may be as clear as the Wagnerian scheme is today. There may be a super-Schönberg, dealing in tonal mixtures even more indecipherable and forbidding. But the reverse, alas, is quite as possible. Schönberg may remain insoluble save to a few. He may carry on, perhaps as the center of a cult, but as lonely in his music as Gertrude Stein is in her prose. I am far from being alone in believing that he has pushed tonal complexity to its utmost limits. Much of his music may end up quite as dead as the symphonies of Spohr. I cannot, however, vision oblivion, for the "Gurrelieder", "Pierrot", the orchestral pieces and perhaps certain of the songs. These compositions are too unlike anything else, and at the same time, too unlike each other to pass inertly from the répertoire. For they are not inert; they are tremendously vital, surcharged with energy, however much the motives of that energy may elude most music-lovers. Of this much, at least, I am confident, that Schönberg is not another Max Reger; that he will be neither forgotten, nor his influence ignored.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

SYMPHONY NO. 40, *in G Minor.*
Orchestra
By W. A. Mozart. *Victor*
$6 Album of 3 12-in. records *Camden*

This is a welcome addition to the growing library of recordings by Frederick Stock and his Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and it finds its place at once among the numerous phonographic performances of the same piece. What a perennial delight is this lyric effusion! Gem-like in the perfection of its form, it is wholly admirable—and continually surprising. Such undiminished melodiousness, such skill in transition, such unobtrusive magic of

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development and exfoliation, such unerring nicety in the choice of instruments, whether for a passing phrase or for an extended theme! This is music that lives as plastic sound. It is one of the central works in the musical repertory. The music-lover should know it as an enjoyment forever renewed. As for the student of composition, he cannot too well master its every detail. For him, indeed, it is a concentrated course in the tonal art.

MAZURKAS. *Piano*
By F. F. Chopin. *Columbia*
$6. Album of 4 12-in. records *New York*

Ignaz Friedman, compatriot of Chopin, plays twelve of the fifty-one mazurkas in which the composer glorifies the Polish national dance. We hear much in these days of confusion between morals and æsthetics, and the jungle rhythms of our ball-rooms. We forget that at the bottom of all music lie song and dance, twin expressions of a fundamental bodily rhythm, and that the noblest art in symphonic literature has no higher parentage. Chopin glorified the mazurka by instilling into it an emotional content, by poetizing it with mood and manner, by refining its 3/4 tempo and its characteristic beat into a deeply expressive subtlety of rhythm. He found a dance and left it a form. More than Strauss with the waltz, he vitalized the mazurka with exquisite ornamentation, with recondite harmonies, with melodies that still fall upon the ear gratefully, telling, even as they provide the music for the dance, what the dancers seem to be feeling and thinking. Mr. Friedman's interpretations, even of the more familiar mazurkas, are not always in the more common tradition of the concert-hall. Under his fingers they often sound new. He performs Op. 7, Nos. 1, 2 and 3; Op. 33, Nos. 2 and 4; Op. 24, No. 4; Op. 41, No. 1; Op. 50, No. 2; Op. 63, No. 3; Op. 67, Nos. 3 and 4, and Op. 68, No. 2.

BALLADES. *Piano*
By Frédéric F. Chopin. *Victor*
$8. Album of four 12-in. records *Camden*

The modern feeling is for security of interpretation, leaving as little latitude for personal versions as possible. "I have my opinion," remarked one of the finest of the younger pianists the other day, "of a composer who lends himself to a wide and conflicting variety of interpretations." It was intended as a half slur at Chopin, and was the statement of the virtuoso rather than of the musician. It is a thousand pities that we did not have the phonograph in Chopin's day; with all the early imperfections of the machine it would have left a record that would have been more trustworthy than aural tradition. It would have tended to rub off the glamour of distance, but it would compensate with its contribution to accuracy. Not that we agree with the virtuoso. Great composers have been known to play their compositions differently at different times. Latitude need not mean irresponsibility. . . . Alfred Cortot, among the unabashed romantics of the contemporary keyboard, even in appearance, plays the ballades—those in G minor, F major, A-flat major, and F minor—as if they were written yesterday. There is no obtrusive consciousness of style. Only the music is the thing. Cortot has an exceedingly sensitive touch to match the niceties of his conception; he has admirable control of his tonal volumes, and it is part of his delicacy to know when to abandon delicacy. The range of the chosen ballades admirably exhibits his pianistic powers.

TREES (*Joyce Kilmer-Rasbach*)
Baritone with Orchestra
HOME ON THE RANGE (*David Guion*)
Victor
$1.50 10-in. record *Camden*

Guion's song is a cowboy simplicity, and inoffensive. "Trees" is in different case, for all its popularity as poem and as melody. The poem is sentimentalized confusion of universes; only God can make a tree, but God also made the "fools like me" who can make only a poem. As for the tune, it is rather atrocious, being compounded infelicitously of suggestions, or unconscious remembrances, from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Song of India" and Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube" . . . John Charles Thomas, the singer, has always been good to hear, even in the old days of the Fritz Kreisler songs in "Apple Blos-

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soms". He has abandoned musical comedy, but his voice was far better employed with the honest mediocrity of that genre than with such *faux bon* as this.

SCORES

"CHANTICLEER", *Festival Overture, Op. 27.* *Orchestra*
By Daniel Gregory Mason.
$2.50 6 x 8⅜; 78 pp. (Miniature Score)
C. C. Birchard & Company
Boston

The motto of the composition is from Thoreau: "I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake the neighbors up." Mr. Mason writes lustily, with the aid and comfort of a full modern orchestra, yet in his attempt at a more or less humorous proclamation of Americanism he accomplishes nothing like the promise held out by the quotation from the anarchistic Henry. But it is a pleasant enough music, exhibiting technical skill and an enviable ease amid the armamentarium that is the contemporary band.

"THE ENCHANTED ISLE", *Symphonic Poem, Op. 11.* *Orchestra*
By Louis Gruenberg
$2.50 6 x 8⅜; 109 pp. (Miniature Score)
C. C. Birchard & Company
Boston

Mr. Gruenberg stands among the most talented of the newer American composers but he has made more original use of his gifts than in this fairly well-known tone poem. It is luscious with a Gallic heredity and shows its composer as the master of the orchestral palette. It has been said that Gruenberg is by nature full of melody and that he banks these melodic fires, fearing lest too much tune blot out his modernism. There is no lack of tune or fire, however, in his "Daniel Jazz", in which he catches the spirit and the rhythms of Vachel Lindsay and at the same time suggests a vein more native than that of his magic island. Gruenberg is of the few who have invested jazz elements with symphonic significance.

"AMERICA": *An Epic Rhapsody.* *Orchestra*
By Ernest Bloch.
$3 6 x 9; 181 pp. (Miniature Score)
C. C. Birchard & Company
Boston

Bloch, in his blending of Americanism and Messianism, takes his epigraph from Walt Whitman: "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you." His composition is historical not only in programme but in execution, as witness the really skilful contrapuntal use of our national songs. At the end, he seeks to contribute an anthem to the nation; it is as banal as any other of the pretenders to the throne of "My Country, 'Tis Of Thee". Much passionate and expert writing has gone into this rhapsody; it has excited many symphony audiences. Yet it is not among Bloch's finest pieces, such as the remarkable "Schelomo" for 'cello. It is excessively self-conscious, and at times flamboyant. It contains a *reductio ad absurdum* of the democratic ideal as applied to music. "America", though felicitous in many details, is not of the composer's best.

SHEET MUSIC

TROIS POÈMES *de Paul Valéry.* *Voice & Piano*
By Pierre-Octavie Ferroud.
The Elkan-Vogel Company
$1 10⅝ x 13¾; 10 pp. *Philadelphia*

The poems are "Le Vin Perdu," "Les Pas" and "L'Abeille," in French text only. The verses are somewhat *précieux*, and so is the music. Nothing about either, however, is common.

"FABLES DE FLORIAN." *Voice & Piano*
By Pierre Vellones.
The Elkan-Vogel Company
35 francs 10⅜ x 13¾; 35 pp. *Philadelphia*

J. P. Claris de Florian was an Eighteenth Century didactic poet (1755-1794). M. Vellones has set his frequently piquant verses to music that mirrors their sentiments without remaining too simple. It is, in fact, a piquant music, too, that underscores the text with sly commentary in the accompaniments. After a prelude for piano alone the composer fashions into song "Le

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Miroir de la Vérité," "L'Amour et sa Mère," "Le Voyage," "Le Poisson Volant," "Le Charlatan," and "Epilogue." There are singable English translations. For song recitalists they offer an opportunity to refresh audiences with something well out of the deep-worn rut.

BOOKS

ALEXANDRE TANSMAN, *Compositeur polonais.*
By Irving Schwerke. *Editions Max Eschig*
10 francs 5 x 7⅞; 114 pp; paper-bound *Paris*

M. Tansman is a young Polish Jew established in Paris, whence he departs periodically on tours that carry him across the continents. Born at Lodz, on June 12, 1897, he early exhibited marked musical gifts; his Symphonic Serenade was played by the Lodz Symphony Orchestra when he was twenty. In 1919, still in the Polish army as a volunteer, Tansman learned that he had been awarded both the first and second prizes in the national competition for composers—one for a romance (violin and piano), the other for a piano suite. Hereupon began his career as concert-propagandist for his writings. In 1924, in Paris, he married; he had already been taken up by the leading conductors and musicians of the day. His works, minor and major, are fairly well known in the United States, which he has visited in his numerous peregrinations. Koussevitzky, Stokowsky, Stock, Mengelberg, Monteux and lesser conductors have directed them. M. Schwerke has written a succinct monograph in which, after a few biographical details, he takes up the various aspects of the Tansmanian canon. There is detailed analysis of compositions, a list of unpublished works, a full catalogue, and a brief bibliography. The book is also issued in English by the Parisian publisher.

SCHUMANN: *A Life of Suffering.*
By Victor Basch. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3. 5¾ x 8¼; 243 plus xi *New York*

The sub-title and the opening pages of this book seem to promise a rather sentimentalized version of the composer's career. Very soon, however, it becomes evident that M. Basch (the volume is well translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips) writes from a thorough knowledge of the documents, and with musical as well as biographical discernment. Schumann's life was one of those in which the inner excitement is far greater than the outer—a life, as the author says, "monotonous in appearance, but in reality full of variety and more complex and dramatic than that of such enchanters as Liszt and Wagner, because fuller of deep experience and painful suffering."

THE MEN BEHIND THE MUSIC.
Edited by C. Henry Warren.
George Routledge & Sons
2s.6d. 5 x 7½; 156 pp. *London*

These sixteen essays, by almost as many critics, appeared originally in the *Radio Times* (England) and were meant to give a necessary minimum of biographical information about the composers who were being most frequently heard on the air. The familiar anecdotes appear, together with occasionally rarer material. Here and there is to be found a modicum of genuine criticism smuggled into the succinct narrative.

WAGNER IN EXILE, 1849-62.
By Woldemar Lippert.
Harrap & Company
10s.6d. 5¾ x 8¾; 217 pp. *London*

It would have seemed that about Wagner, at least, with his mania for self-explanation and for the printed word, we knew virtually everything. But no. The publishers of the present volume announce the appearance of the famous Burrell collection of Wagner's letters, edited by the noted Wagnerian authority, Dr. Julius Kapp. The present monograph on the composer's years of exile contains, too, much that is new, brought to light by the researches of Dr. Lippert among archives public and private, among police documents, and where not else. It appears that Wagner was recognized earlier than we have thought. And now, at last, we have complete information about that period of the Master's life which has hitherto been but dimly lighted. The translation is by Paul England.

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THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Men Who Govern Us

THE MIRRORS OF 1932. $2.50. 9 x 5¾; 247 pp. New York: *Brewer, Warren & Putnam.*

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND. $3. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 366 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

BOTH of these books suffer from the fact that they are anonymous. It must inevitably strike most readers as unfair that writers who conceal their own names so prudently should deal so freely with the names and reputations of other men, even though those other men belong to the subhuman order of politicians. But things being what they are in Washington, it is probably vain to ask for a greater frankness. At least three-fourths of the newspaper correspondents who infest the town work for papers that would not stand for plain-speaking for an instant. The proprietors of those papers, taking one with another, are about on a level with country bank presidents or the local dignitaries of Rotary. It would be flattery to call them rogues; they are simply stupid. If you offered one of them a direct bribe in cash he would probably kick you out, but if you invited him to dine with Charlie Schwab you would shake him, and if you had J. Pierpont Morgan to sit beside him his paper and his soul would alike be yours. Such fellows admire and worship power: that is why they run bad newspapers instead of staying in the lime and cement business. Lord Hoover, whose own weaknesses do not blind him to other men's, knows precisely how to handle them. He invites them to his intellectual opium-joint on the Rapidan for the week-end, and thereafter they are hisn. So it is demanding too much to ask Washington correspondents to sign such books as the present ones. It would be dangerous even to the few correspondents who have jobs with independent and unafraid papers, run by decent men, for Hoover is a very vindictive fellow, and getting news against his opposition, and that of his spies and parasites, would be an onerous job. Thus we had better content ourselves with thanking Yahweh that any books at all come out of Washington, and avoid testing them by standards that are exigent, utopian, and probably un-American.

It is instructive to note that the authors of both "the Mirrors of 1932" and "Washington Merry-Go-Round" take a very low view of Lord Hoover. What they observe in him chiefly, to put it plainly, is a sad weakness of character. He is more intelligent than either of his two immediate predecessors, and his head is packed with a great deal of useful and even valuable information, but there is something inescapably shabby about him—he is still, for all his experience of the world, the Iowa peasant, devious, suspicious and timid. No one in Washington quite trusts him, and hence no one really likes him. He has, like any other President, an entourage of flatterers, some of them political, some of them journalistic and some of them merely graftiferous, but he has very few actual friends, and most of them are as feeble as he is. Not many politicians in American history have ever been as callous about taking favors and not returning them. Did

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Woodrow Wilson get what he could out of Messrs. Harvey and Combs, and then drop them into his waste-basket? Well, Hoover has done the same with an almost endless line of benefactors, beginning with the Hon. Wild Bill Donovan, LL.D., and running down to Ma Willebrandt and the incomparable Colonel Mann. How long will he shed the radiance of his countenance upon Bishop Cannon? Probably not a day beyond the Tuesday following the first Monday of November of next year. Cannon is still too useful to be started down the chute, but it must be manifest that he is trembling on the edge: he has not been received at the White House for months. Once he has done his stuff in the next campaign, and the Southern lynchers and Bible-eaters are safely lined up for the Hoover prosperity, he will probably go the way of Claudius Huston and all the rest. Such enlightened infidelity, unfortunately, is abhorred by politicians—and Washington is completely political-minded. Thus the heir of Lincoln is sniffed at in his own *Kaiserstadt*, and there will be few tears if God sends a miracle next Autumn, and he is turned out of the White House.

The two essays upon him in the present books are searching and excellent, both of them. The one in "The Mirrors of 1932" is the better written and perhaps the more judicious, but the one in "Washington Merry-Go-Round" is the more rich in facts. Both authors, unfortunately, neglect two questions that deserve answers. The first is, Why was Hoover chosen to run the Belgian Relief racket in 1914? The other is, What was the cost of his primary campaign in 1928, and who put up the money? An answer to the first question would throw a lot of light upon his relations to the English, and explain many things that are now mysterious, including the origins of his proposal for a German moratorium. As everyone must be now aware, the Belgian Relief Committee's humanitarian purpose was only secondary; its principal object, at all events in the minds of the English, was to serve as an agency of Allied propaganda in the United States—and that purpose it surely achieved magnificently. Well, why was Hoover, and not some other, picked out to run the show? He was, at the time, a very obscure man. He had made some money by his mining schemes, but not many Americans had ever heard of him, and he was known to the generality of Englishman only as a figure in a somewhat unsavory lawsuit. London, at the time, was swarming with far more eminent Americanos, all of them eager to do their bit for the Motherland. Why was Hoover preferred above them all? I suspect that an answer to that question would make very interesting reading. And I suggest to the Hon. Charles Michelson, chief historian to the Democratic National Committee, that he give over some of his time during the next six months to finding out what it is.

The business of the primary campaign of 1928 is also worth looking into. It must have cost a pretty penny to round up the Hoover delegates, for in many States they had to be snatched from the very maws of the local politicians. In the South they were mainly blackamoors, and blackamoors never serve their country for nothing. What the total cost was I don't know, but I have heard no estimate that runs under $1,000,000. Who put up the money? Did Hoover himself? He came out of the war a rich man, but just how rich he was no one seems able to say. If he didn't finance the Claudius Hustons and Colonel Manns out of his own pocket, then who did? Al Smith had Raskob and Kenney to draw on, but who played the fat cat to

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the Great Engineer? I commend this problem to Dr. Michelson and his talented sleuths, and assure them that the exact figures, if they can be unearthed, will greatly enchant and edify the nation.

In "The Mirrors of Washington" there are also chapters on Al Smith, Coolidge, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dwight W. Morrow, Senator Joe Robinson (a sad specimen of the *Bauer im Frack*), Governor Ritchie of Maryland, Owen D. Young, Newton D. Baker and Gifford Pinchot. In "Washington Merry-Go-Round" there are chapters on the Washington diplomats, on the bespatted brethren of the State Department, on old Charlie Curtis, on the fatuous and pathetic Mr. Stimson, on the Hon. Mr. Dawes, on Andy Mellon, on the chief clowns of the Senate and House, on Morrow, on the White House secretariat, and on the Washington correspondents. The latter book is more malicious than the former, and hence rather more amusing. But "The Mirrors of 1932" shows sounder (if not wider) information, and a more reflective spirit. Both are well worth reading.

The Progress of Science

WHAT PEOPLE WANT TO READ ABOUT, by Dougle Waples & Ralph W. Tyler. $3.50. 8¾ x 5⅞; 312 pp. Chicago: *The University of Chicago Press.*

THIS volume, says the preface, "contains a report of the first two years' work on a study to find out what adults want to read. The necessary funds were provided by the Carnegie Corporation at the instance of the American Association for Adult Education and the American Library Association through their joint Committee on the Reading Interests and Habits of Adults. Some additional funds were later supplied by the Graduate Library School of the University of Chicago, by the American Historical Association's commission on the teaching of the social studies, and by the National Survey of the Education of Teachers".

So far, so good. One looks for the usual questionnaires, and finds them at once. The first, running to 575 questions—*e.g.*, What is Charlie Chaplin really like?, Should the United States grow her own rubber?, and Where do we get our prejudices?—is designed "to determine the reading interests of a group when it is easier to persuade a few members of the group to give an hour and a half of their time than to persuade seventy-five or more members of the group to give half an hour." The second, for rather more advanced customers, has ten more questions. The third, for the backward, has but 115. The fourth has two more—What makes a good sportsman? and What are the issues in American party politics? These questionnaires went out, according to their nature, to postal clerks, farmers, skilled tradesmen (whatever that may mean), factory workers, telephone operators, prisoners in a house of correction, high-school teachers, housewives, and college students. When they came back they were carefully scrutinized and tabulated. They showed—

Unfortunately, I can't tell you what they showed, for it is nowhere stated in plain English in the book. Instead, we get such things as this:

> Let n = the number of persons in the group.
>
> Let t = the number of topics in the check-list.
>
> Let $a, b, c, \ldots, n$ = the individual persons in the group.
>
> Let $p, q, r, \ldots, t$ = the individual topics.
>
> Let $a_p, a_q, a_r, \ldots, a_t$ = the rating by individual a of topics $p, q, r, \ldots, t$, respectively.

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Let Σa = the sum of the ratings of individual a on all topics.

Let $r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}}$ = the correlation between the group scores of two random halves of the group.

Let o_x = the standard deviation of the group scores on all topics.

Let Σp, Σq, Σr, ... , Σt = the total rating by all individuals in the group of topics $p, q, r, \ldots, t$, respectively—in other words, the group score for each topic. . . .

Then,

$$\frac{\Sigma a}{t} = \frac{\Sigma b}{t} = \frac{\Sigma c}{t}, \ldots . = \frac{\Sigma n}{t}.$$

Hence,

$$\Sigma a = \Sigma b = \Sigma c \ldots . = \Sigma n.$$

Also,

$$\sqrt{\frac{\Sigma a^2}{t} - \left(\frac{\Sigma a}{t}\right)^2} = \sqrt{\frac{\Sigma b^2}{t} - \left(\frac{\Sigma b}{t}\right)^2} = \ldots . = \sqrt{\frac{\Sigma n^2}{t} - \left(\frac{\Sigma n}{t}\right)^2}.$$

. . . Now the mean square deviation, that is, the square of the standard error, of the group score for topic p equals

$$n\left[\frac{(a_p^2 + b_p^2 + \ldots . + n_p^2)}{n} - \frac{(\Sigma p)^2}{n^2}\right] = (a_p^2 + b_p^2 + \ldots . + n_p^2) - \frac{(\Sigma p)^2}{n}.$$

I omit four whole pages, and thus spare you some dreadful equations: one of them is actually nine and a half inches long! Suffice it to state the conclusion:

Hence,

$$r_{11} = \frac{2r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}}}{n - (n-2)r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}}}.$$

Then equation (4) becomes:

$$\frac{(n-1)\sigma_x^2\left[n - (n-2)r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}} - 2r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}}\right]}{n\left[n - (n-2)r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}} + (n-1)2r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}}\right]} = \frac{(n-1)\sigma_x^2 n\left(1 - r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}}\right)}{n^2\left(1 + r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}}\right)} = \frac{(n-1)\sigma_x^2\left(1 - r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}}\right)}{n\left(1 + r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}}\right)}.$$

Therefore, the average mean square deviation of a group score for a topic equals

$$\frac{(n-1)\sigma_x^2\left(1 - r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}}\right)}{n\left(1 + r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}}\right)}$$

Therefore,

$$r_{\frac{n}{2}\cdot\frac{n}{2}} = \frac{\frac{n}{2}r_{11}}{1 + \left(\frac{n}{2} - 1\right)r_{11}} = \frac{nr_{11}}{2 + (n-2)r_{11}}.$$

Somehow, I like this new way of handling questionnaires, though I confess frankly that I can't understand it. It is plainly better than the old naïve way of casting up the figures and striking a few percentages. There is, indeed, something downright racy about it. I hope that Drs. Waples and Tyler print a similar report of their next two years' work. They undoubtedly have the gift.

American Journalism

COPY: *A Handbook for Reporters & Students of Journalism*, by Donald D. Hoover. $2.50. 8½ x 5½; 327 pp. New York: *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company.*

Mr. Hoover is assistant city editor of the Indianapolis *News*, which, according to the slip-cover of his book, is "ranked by journalists and educators as one of the leading newspapers of the United States." He has been in newspaper work ten years, "with the exception of a year as postmaster of the Virgin Islands." He has been "a member of the editorial staffs of both evening and morning papers", and once served the Associated Press as a "staff writer" in Washington. He was "the first Indiana newspaper man to use an airplane on an assignment which required speedy travel to a distant point." He is an associate editor of the *Quill*, the official organ of Sigma Delta Chi, "professional journalistic fraternity." He holds a commission in the Military Intelligence Section of the Army Reserve . . . Well, let us see.

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Item, he loves lush and touching writing, and reprints many specimens of it, including the Associated Press's celebrated bust of eloquence on the funeral of the Unknown Soldier. He shows how an obituary composed by an ignorant young reporter, Bill Jones, was converted into swell stuff by a talented city editor, Mr. Whiffen. This is how Bill did it:

> Mrs. Araminta Taylor, aged ninety-two, died today at her home, 5782 Johnson boulevard. . . . She was one of the pioneer residents of Smithville and had lived in the house in which she died since she was born, February 5, 1838. . . .

And this is how Mr. Whiffen put steam into it:

> A career of compassion—of years spent in administering to the poor and the unfortunate of Smithville—was ended today with the death of Mrs. Araminta Taylor, age ninety-two. In the shadows of the stately trees on the Taylor estate—trees under which Mrs. Taylor played as a child—death came as the first glint of the rising sun shone through the windows of the room. . . .

Item, he has a weakness for quotation marks and puts them around every word or phrase that strikes him as either cute or nobby. Thus he distinguishes *seeking mind*, *pick up*, *yarn*, *know-it-all*, *ad*, *cocky*, *clean copy*, *hand-shaking*, *panhandler*, *pried loose*, *deal*, *victim*, *green* (adjective), *big business*, *lead*, *chase* and *take* (the last three common nouns of the newspaper vocabulary).

Item, he is often shaky about the precise meaning of words, using *percent* when he means *percentage*, and *inherent* when he apparently means *constitutional* or *inalienable*, and employing *trenchant* quite irrationally to modify *premise*. He is capable of writing so sloppy a sentence as this one:

> In the statehouse is centered the business of the millions of citizens of a State, and as such a focal point all that occurs there is of interest to the newspaper reader.

and even this one:

> To the beginning reporter the small-town newspaper, or county-seat journalism, is one of the most important *aspects* of the journalistic field.

Item, when he seeks editorials to delight and instruct his readers he finds them, *inter alia*, in the *Christian Science Monitor* and the Washington *Star*! And then tops them with an argument for Prohibition from the Emporia *Gazette*!

Item, seeking specimens of good news writing, he discovers it in a story containing this appalling sentence:

> The resulting explosion threw it [gasoline] all over his clothing, enveloping him in flames; sprayed on to the cot on which Mary Alice, Florence and Donald were sleeping, and was even hurled into an adjoining room where Mrs. Klusner and the twins were asleep.

Item, he quotes gravely, as profound professional wisdom, such blah as this from a pedagogue at Columbia:

> The more the process of producing a newspaper is mechanized, the more necessary it is that the directing personnel should be men of character, insight and originality.

And so on. Mr. Hoover fills 316 pages with his observations, and says a great deal. I believe, indeed, that he says much more than he ever suspects—about current American journalism in general, and about the Indianapolis *News* in particular.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

CARLETON BEALS *was born in 1893 in Kansas, and won his A.B. at the University of California and his M.A. at Columbia. He has been a special correspondent in nearly every South and Central American country, and also in several European countries, including Spain, Italy, Turkey, and Russia. A more detailed account of him appears in Editorial Notes in this issue.*

W. J. CASH *is a North Carolina newspaper man. He is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

H. L. DAVIS *lives at Winslow, Bainbridge Island, Washington. He has just returned from Arizona, where he collected material for a book on American folk-lore.*

BENJAMIN DECASSERES *is an old Philadelphia and New York newspaper man. He is the author of a dozen books.*

HARVEY FERGUSSON, *the last instalment of whose serial, "The Rio Grande," appears in this issue, is a native of New Mexico, and spent most of his youth there. He is the author of half a dozen books, of which the latest is "Footloose McGarnigal."*

ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE *has lived in the South Sea Islands for several years, and has written a book about life there, entitled, "The Book of Puka-Puka."*

LLOYD LEWIS *is on the staff of the Chicago* Daily News. *He is the author of "Myths After Lincoln" and co-author, with Henry Justin Smith, of "Chicago: The History of Its Reputation." He is now writing a biography of General W. T. Sherman.*

ALBERT PARRY *was born in Russia, and served in both the Red and White Armies. He is now an American citizen. He has contributed to most of the reviews, and is now writing a history of American bohemianism.*

ARTHUR D. PIERCE *is chief editorial writer of the* Courier-Post *newspapers in New Jersey. He is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

JAMES RORTY *was born in 1890, in Middletown, N. Y. He studied at Tufts College, New York University, and the New School for Social Research. He is an ex-newspaper man, an ex-advertising man, and a free lance newspaper and magazine writer. For a brief period he was one of the editors of the* New Masses. *He has contributed to the* Nation, *the* New Republic, *the* Freeman, *the* New Freeman, Harpers, *and* Scribner's. *He is the author of two books of poems, "What Michael Said to the Census-Taker" and "Children of the Sun."*

JOEL SAYRE *is on the staff of the New York* Herald Tribune.

JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON, PH.D. (*Princeton*) *has been Edgar Allan Poe professor of English at the University of Virginia since 1919, and for six years was editor of the* Virginia Quarterly Review. *He has been engaged in Poe studies for fifteen years, and has written a number of monographs upon the subject. He has contributed to the* Century, *the* North American Review, *and the* Saturday Review of Literature.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

BEGINNING with the January issue THE AMERICAN MERCURY will set up a new department, probably to be called "The Soap-Box". It will include verses of a satirical cast, short pieces in prose, and various minor notes. Persons with a gift for English composition are invited to contribute, and prompt payment will be made for all accepted contributions. The verse should be not longer than sonnet length; the prose should keep within 300 words. In addition there will be room for queries from readers beset by problems of general interest, for answers thereto from the learned, and for various short memorabilia.

CARLETON BEALS, author of "The Black Belt of the Caribbean" in this issue, was born at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, in November, 1893. He received his A.B., *cum laude*, at the University of California in 1916. He also studied at Columbia University, where he received his M.A., at the University of Madrid, at the University of Rome, where he witnessed Mussolini's march on Rome, and at the University of Mexico. Although he has traveled widely in Europe and has ridden horseback through Northern Africa, by far the greater part of the last fifteen years he has spent in Mexico:

Carleton Beals

In Latin-America Mr. Beals has seen many revolutions. In Mexico alone he has witnessed four governmental upsets. He was on a train attacked by Villista rebels, and was held up by Mexican bandits and rode through the Catholic revolt at Jalisco in 1928. He was seized and held *incommunicado* by a Mexican general because of his articles in an American magazine. He was refused admittance to Guatemala, then given forty-eight hours in which to cross the country, because the authorities were angered by an article of his in *Current History*. Sometime lecturer at the National University of Mexico, he was on the staff of President Carranza in Mexico. In Nicaragua during the revolution, he found Sandino in San Ragael de Norte, while 5,000 marines and the whole American press were declaring the rebel leader had fled from the country to Honduras.

He has known personally or interviewed Premiers Data and Primo de Rivera of Spain; Mussolini of Italy; Presidents Carranza, De la Huerta, Obregon, Calles, Portes Gil and Ortiz Rubio of Mexico; President Orellana of Guatemala; Presidents Chamorro, Estrada and Diaz of Nicaragua; General Sandino of Nicaragua; and President Gonzales of Costa Rica.

His latest book is "Mexican Maze." Among his other books are "Mexico: An Interpretation," "Rome or Death: The Story of Fascism," "Brimstone and Chili," and "Con Sandino en Nicaragua." He is now at work on a bibliography of Porfirio Diaz.

Continued on page xxviii

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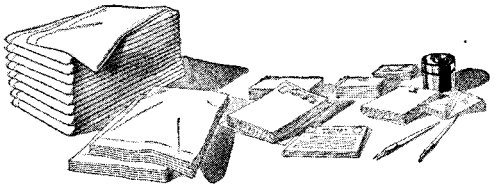

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Continued from page xxvi

W. J. Cash, author of "Paladin of the Drys" in this issue, is a Southern newspaper man. His past articles in The American Mercury have been the following: "Jehovah of the Tar Heels," July, 1929; "The Mind of the South," October, 1929; and "The War in the South," February, 1930. He was born in Gaffney, S. C., on May 2, 1900. His ancestors—Irish, Scotch, and German—were farmers who had been living in Piedmont Carolina, south and east of Kings Mountain, since the early days of the Eighteenth Century. "All of them," he says,

> were considerable landowners, and most of them were slaveholders in the days of the cotton oligarchy. In religion, they were mainly Calvinists — Baptists and Presbyterians — but I never heard of a Methodist among them or a minister of any sect. One of them, a waggish old fellow with a notable reputation as a connoisseur of the liquors to be had in the back country, was a militant atheist, much given to spouting Tom Paine and to dramatic expositions of his convictions.

W. J. Cash

Gaffney, the town of my childhood, was a rather drab village, ringed about by cotton-mills. At one of these mills, located about a mile from the town proper, my father was in charge of the company-store. The house in which we lived stood isolated in a little stream-split valley, midway between the town and the mill. Beyond a little black nurse-maid, who filled me with preposterous notions, particularly in regard to sex, and an occasional visitor, I had no companions save my little brother, despised from the height of my superior years. I literally played with the wind and ran with Pan, spending whole days in the tops of maple trees, and sometimes leaping down to flee in incomprehensible terror before the rustling of the leaves and the rippling of the brook beneath. The keening of the five o'clock whistles in the morning drilled me in sorrow. And for years, under the influence of the Baptist preacher's too-graphic account of the Second Coming, I watched the West take fire from the sunset with a sort of ecstatic dread.

I learned to read very early, and it speedily developed into a passion, one which I have never lost. I read tons of trash, but all that was printed was grist to my mill, and so by the early 'teens I had got through much that was excellent and still more that was astounding pabulum for a child. When I was old enough, I went for some years to a school attended mainly by children from the mill village. A little later the family removed to my mother's ancestral village in North Carolina. Here I worked on my grandfather's farm in the Summer—hating it heartily—and, in school term, went as a day pupil to a boarding academy which the Baptists maintained. Most of the boys and girls there were six or seven years older than I was, and the principal business in hand was the making of love. Inevitably, I myself promptly fell into the tender state, but the charmers laughed at me as an infant, and so, for two years, I suffered horribly. A bit later, after I had shot up to my growth, and had developed a deep voice and some capacity as a debater, I had better luck. After high-school I spent a year at work, drifting from Sparrows Point, Md., to Camp Wadsworth, S. C.,

Continued on page xxxii

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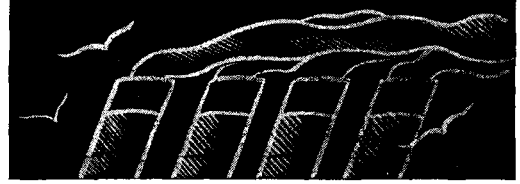

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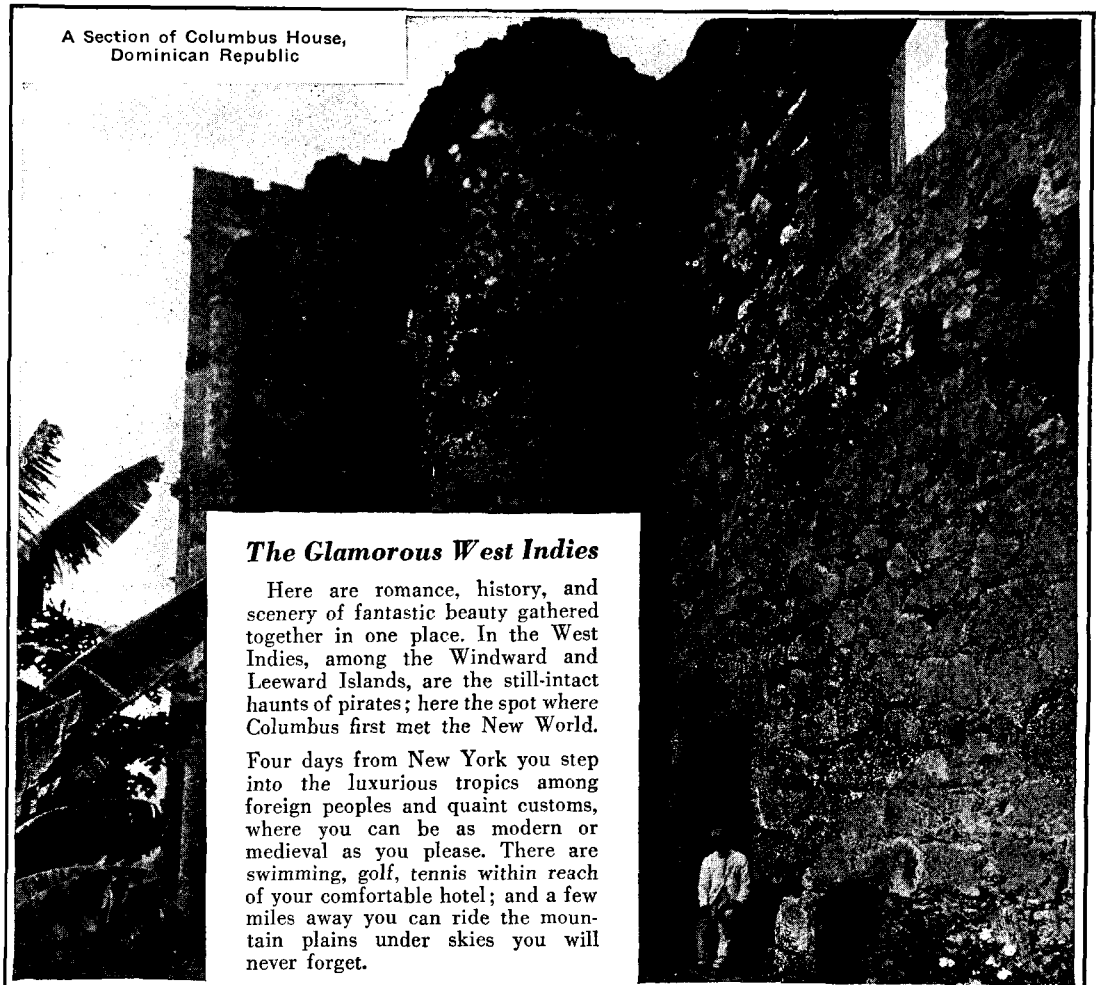

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Continued from page xxviii

and Jacksonville, Fla., and doing time as tally-clerk, timekeeper, carpenter's helper, etc.

In the Fall of 1918 I entered Wofford College, in Spartanburg, S. C., enlisted in the S. A. T. C., and, after serving God and country for three months, rose to be a corporal. From Wofford I came eventually to Wake Forest College, N. C., from which I was duly graduated with the A.B. in 1922. The next year I returned to Wake Forest and studied law, though I think I never had any notion of actually practicing that, to me, dullest of professions. In college, I spent my time in reading desultorily, in editing the college newspaper, and, above all, in demonstrating my capacity with reference to the particularly vicious brand of corn-liquor which flourishes in those parts.

On leaving college, I got a job on a newspaper, but left it soon after to become an instructor in English at Georgetown College, a Baptist institution in Georgetown, Ky. There I lost such illusions as had survived college, suffered an incipient nervous breakdown, and discovered that I had no business in a sectarian institution. Later, I served a term as an instructor in a private school for boys.

Then I got a job on the Charlotte, N. C., *News*, serving successively as reporter, assistant to the city editor, and then as State news editor. In 1927, threatened with a complete nervous collapse, I went abroad, drifting through Brittany and Southern France afoot and on a bicycle, and visiting Northern Italy, Southern Germany, and the South of England. Counting myself practically cured, I came home in December of that year, and returned to the Charlotte *News*, where, among other things, I did some editorial writing and conducted a weekly column. But the breakdown put in its appearance again, I landed in a hospital, and eventually had to give up work and retire to the ancestral village. For a short time, in the Fall of 1928, I edited a country weekly in a nearby town, but that soon had to be abandoned. My health is still not first-rate, but for the last six months it has been improving steadily, and I now entertain hopes of being able to get down to writing a book on the psychology of the South.

ARTHUR D. PIERCE, author of "Herr Schönberg" in this issue, of "Stokowski" in the issue for March last, and of "Color and Music" in June, sends in the following autobiographical notes:

My past is singularly lacking in the spectacular. There is one incident, however, which may be of some interest. Tschaikowsky, as is well known, did not commit suicide, nor did he die of cholera, as some still think. I murdered him. I did it in a little town called Atco, almost midway between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, retaining the best features of each. I was about twelve or fourteen years old at the time. A magician came to town. It was Hermann, not the great Hermann, but his son. It seems that he wanted someone to play the piano during his performance to distract the attention of the audience from his hands. One audition, and I had the job. The audience, I assure you, was abundantly distracted. In that, my one and only public performance for profit, I murdered not only Peter Iljitch but also Franz Lehar, Emmerich Kalman, Victor Herbert, the composer of

Arthur D. Pierce

Continued on page xxxiv

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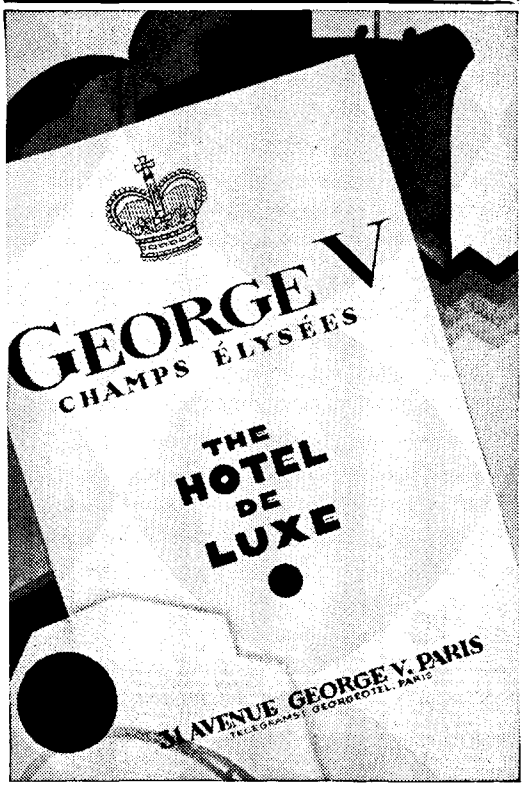

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Continued from page xxxii

"The Old Gray Bonnet," and others too numerous to mention. For the evening, Hermann paid me $2. The union tried to expel me. It couldn't. I wasn't a member.

I was born in Camden, N. J., precisely 401.6 feet southwardly from the house where Walt Whitman passed away. I arrived too late for the funeral, not until November of '97. My downfall came in high-school. I had been an editor of the school magazine for two months before I was informed of the fact. Then they asked me to write some editorials. I am still writing them. There was, however, a strange interlude of nine years during which, for no particular reason, save perhaps the semi-monthly check, I worked as a civil engineer. During that period my interest in music continued. I mastered the "Black and White Rag," Irving Berlin's "Araby," and Ray Goetz's "My Mother's Rosary," after which I felt fully prepared for a course in harmony, counterpoint, form, etc., under William F. Happich of Philadelphia. As a result I learned that consecutive fifths should never be used unless one wants to use them, and that movie pianists were adepts at making long strings of diminished seventh chords, which, if placed end to end, would reach one hell of a long ways.

My symphonic education took place at the concerts of Dr. Karl Muck, whose Boston Symphony used to come to Philadelphia five times annually, and under Stokowski, aided and abetted by pocket scores and the Victrola. After reading what passed for musical criticism in the Philadelphia newspapers, I suggested to my paper, the Camden *Courier*, that it have a music page. Harry Saylor, then managing editor, said: "You write it!" I did—for six years, during which time my life was threatened three times, angry subscribers clamored for my resignation, and I was barred from the performances of the Philadelphia Civic Opera. Then the managing editor offered me a full-time job on the copy desk, from which I reverted to type and became an editorial writer for the *Courier-Post* newspapers, my present occupation.

Against Mr. Ulric Whitaker's article, "The Finance Company Racket", printed in August, Mr. Milan V. Ayres, analyst to the National Association of Finance Companies, files various caveats. They may be summarized as follows:

Mr. Ayres objects to Mr. Whitaker's statement that the interest levied upon buyers runs to "from 35 to 50% *per annum*." He says that on contracts running for twelve months the "carrying charge usually amounts to about 8 or 10% of the original unpaid balance", and that if one-third of the cash price is paid down "a charge of 8% on the remainder amounts to only 5.3% of the total cash price". But inasmuch as the outstanding balances are constantly decreasing as payments are made, 8% interest on the original amount comes to 14.8% on the unpaid balances, and 10% comes to 18.5%. Mr. Ayres, however, contends that "these charges should not be considered as interest, but as payment for a service". The profit to the finance companies, he says, is small. In 1929 that of ninety-one companies doing a business of more than $2,500,000,000 "amounted to only 1.23% of the total volume of business done."

Mr. Ayres protests against any inference that "the finance companies gain some sort of subtle advantage from the fact that they sometimes use chattel mortgages and sometimes conditional sales contracts in connection with instalment sales." He says that they are compelled to choose in accordance with the varying laws of the different States. He says that "the use of the garnishee and the assignment of wages" is not peculiar to the companies, and that they do not habitually "require a purchaser to as-

Continued on page xxxvi

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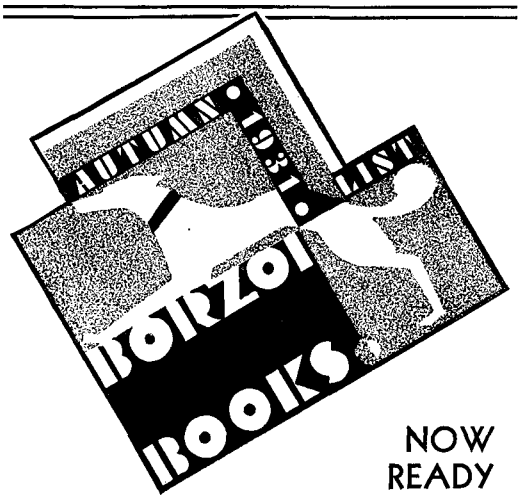

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The Autumn 1931 catalogue describes the Borzoi Books to be published during September, October and November. Among the many books listed, these should be of particular interest to Mercury readers: *Living My Life* by Emma Goldman, *The Care and Feeding of Adults* by Logan Clendening, M. D., the new books by Sigrid Undset and Mrs. Dwight Morrow and the second volume of *A Cultural History of the Modern Age* by Egon Friedell. You are invited to write to Mr. Knopf for a free copy of this latest Borzoi catalogue.

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BY JACK LEVIN

Research Staff, People's Legislative Service, Washington, D. C.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY DR. JOHN H. GRAY

THE activities of the public utility corporations in the United States are here described for the benefit of the man who is neither an economist nor a legal expert. The subject is obviously of crucial interest and importance, for it concerns every man and woman in the country who, directly or indirectly, pays for electric light, gas, telephone or municipal transportation service.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

sign his wages in blank at the time of making his purchase." "Very few companies," he says, "ever resort to this process until a default has occurred, and even in such cases they use it rather infrequently."

Mr. Ayres contends that non-recourse transactions, in which the dealer does not endorse the buyer's note or otherwise guarantee its payment, constitute "probably considerably less than half of the cases." He thinks it is unfair to hint that the companies compound a felony when "they make settlement with a fraudulent dealer." This procedure, he argues, "is often the truest mercy", and he believes that "it will hardly be contended that to forgive one's debtors is invariably criminal but to prosecute them is always virtuous."

He says that the purpose of the questionnaire which Mr. Whitaker denounced is not "to deprive the buyer of his rights against either the company or the dealer", but to "prevent and detect dealer fraud." He says that the companies make no profit out of defaults, but "on the average lose money in very serious amounts". He says that additional legal proceedings are impossible in many States, and that in those which permit them it is frequently impossible to collect deficiency judgments.

Finally, Mr. Ayres protests against Mr. Whitaker's use of the word "racket" in discussing the finance companies' business. He says that "in the vast majority of cases it is legitimate and law-abiding, and a necessary factor in modern progress." If there had been no finance companies "there would probably not be half as many automobiles owned in this country today as there actually are" and "the price of cars would be much greater than it is, and the quality lower". He says that the largest finance company is owned by General Motors, and another of the first four by Ford, and that other large corporations make extensive use of them. "If they should reduce their charges by 2% of the face value of the paper handled," he says, "nearly all of them would be in or near bankruptcy by the end of a year."

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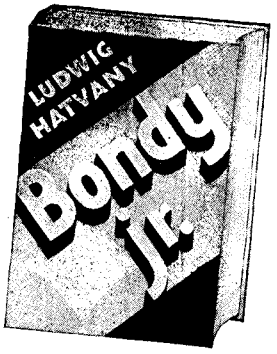
If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners and wine and coaches and beautiful clothes and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be king.—*Macaulay in a charming letter to his little niece.*

BONDY JR.

By LUDWIG HATVANY

Translated from the German by Hannah Waller



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DR. BOLTON

was born in Wilton, Wis. in 1870, was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1895 and later received his Ph. D. from the University of Pennsylvania. His many years of research on Spanish-American history in Mexico have resulted in his discovery of many valuable documents, and the publication of numerous books by him on Spanish-American subjects. Since 1919 Dr. Bolton has been head of the History Department of the University of California and since 1921 the Director of the Bancroft Library. He is also one of the editors of the Southwestern Historical Quarterly and of the Hispanic-American Historical Review.

OUTPOST OF EMPIRE

BY HERBERT EUGENE BOLTON, PH.D., LL.D.

Sather Professor of History and Director of the Bancroft Library, University of California

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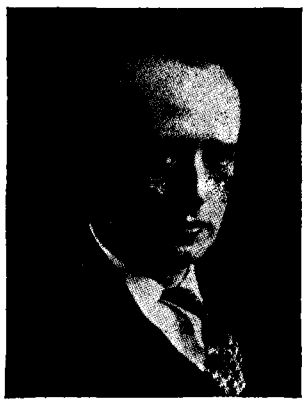

WILLIAM GERHARDI

was born in St. Petersburg in 1895, the son of a British manufacturer who had settled in Russia. He attended schools in St. Petersburg and was graduated from Worcester College, Oxford. During the war Mr. Gerhardi served in the British Cavalry as a cadet, lieutenant and captain; and in 1917 was attached to the British Embassy in Petrograd where he was an eyewitness to the Russian Revolution in all its stages. From 1918 to 1920 he served on the staff of the British Military Mission to Siberia. Mr. Gerhardi is now living in London.

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was born in Baltimore, Md., on September 12, 1880. He was graduated from the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute in 1896 and in 1899 first entered journalism as a reporter on The Baltimore Morning Herald. Since that time he has been by turns literary critic, political correspondent, editor and author. In 1924 he founded and became editor of The American Mercury. Mr. Mencken continues to make his home in Baltimore.

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